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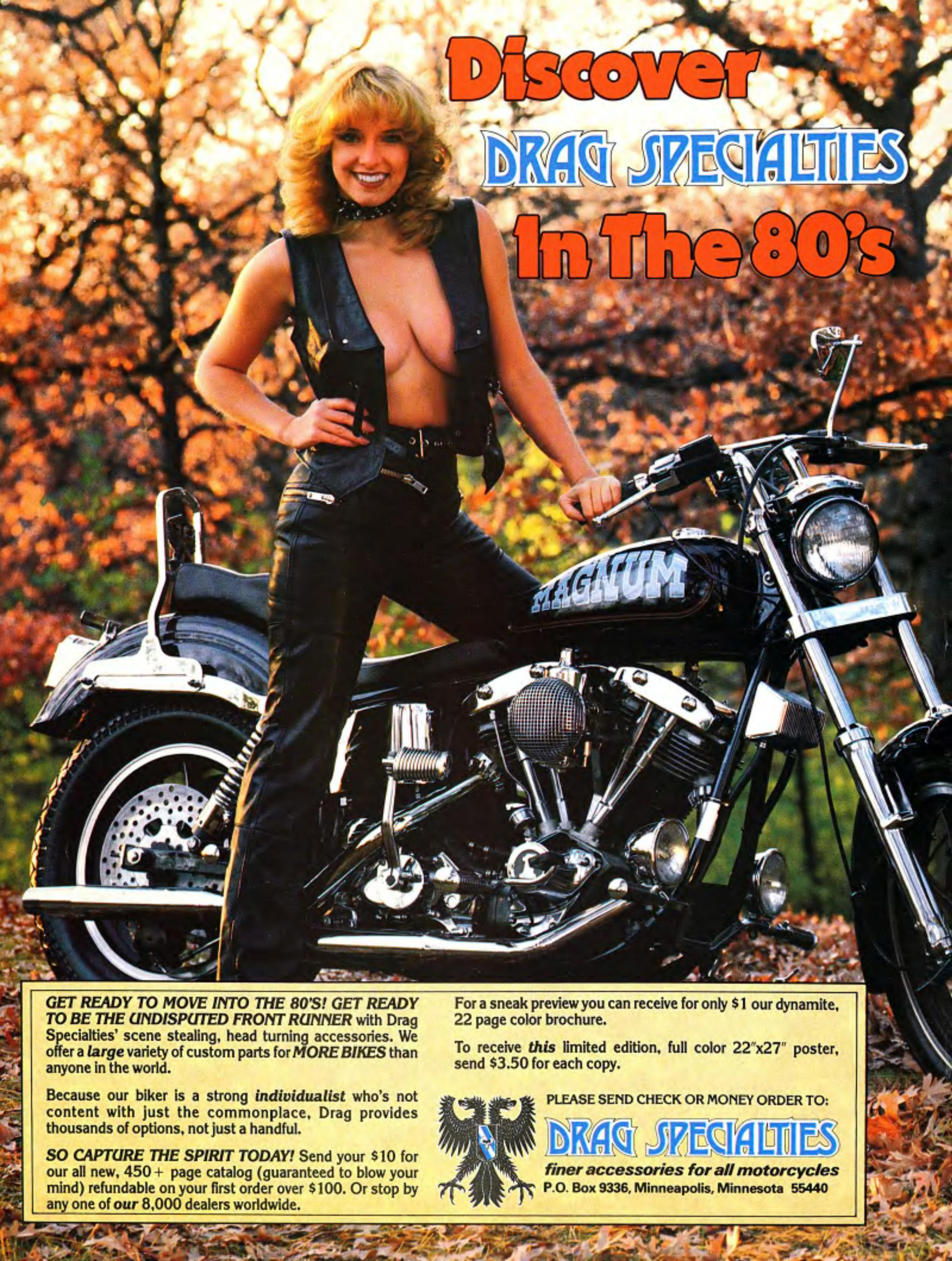
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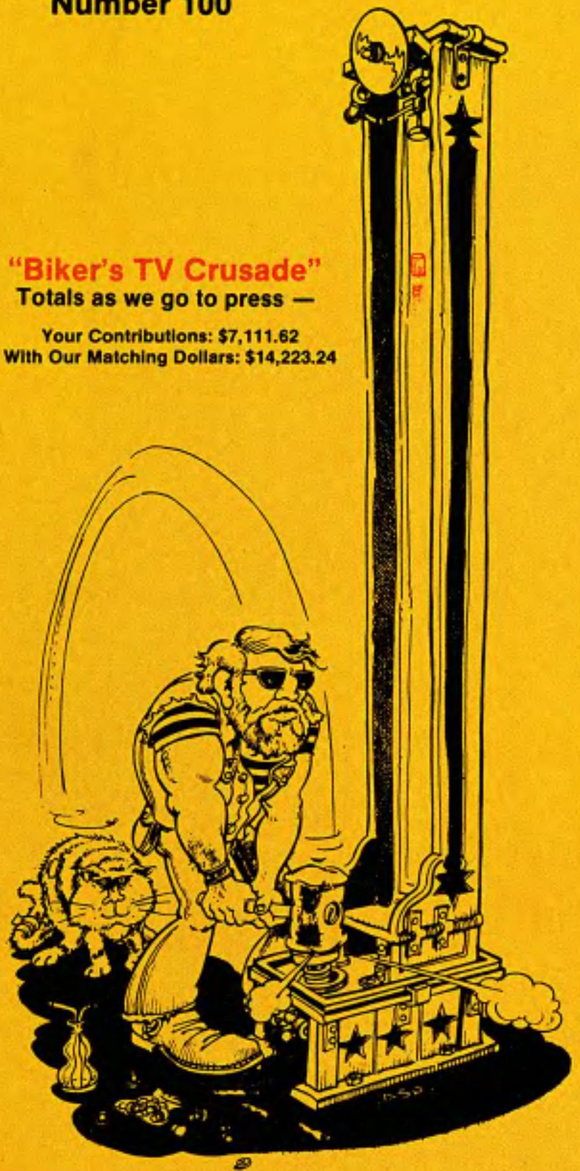
Number 100



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Cover photo of Natalie and Bob by Pete Chiodo

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I'm sleepin' better tonight. They're sprayin' the fruits and nuts outside, but I can rest easy because the ricketies-in-tennies people down Texas way are sweatin' my morals again. Now they're considerin' the bannin' of ''suggestive, obscene, subversive, lewd, and immoral T-shirts'' because, they say, ''90% of all crimes are committed by people who have been wearing T-shirts.'' If I wasn't hungry, I'd puke.

The foreign tire called Continental (you may have seen their ad with the headline ''The ContiTwins are not number one with Harley riders yet!'') just told us they didn't want to be associated with our type of magazine. So what? Nothin', I guess, but it's sorta like someone kickin' your dog--ya know what I mean?

Winner of the month: He wanted to crash a party and spotted one in progress. He walked right in and was promptly asked to leave, so, wanting to prove he was a swell guy, he offered some coke all around. He fucked up--it was a party at a deputy sheriff's home, and everyone attending was a cop.

What's this petty theft shit? A man in Colorado was recently thrown in the slammer for petty theft. What did he steal? A soft drink? Candy bar? Pack of cigs? Nope--he had class--he ripped off a copy of Easyriders.

What's the fuckin' Navy comin' to? First, they took away the girls' favorite--the tight, thirteen-button bell-bottoms. Now they've issued a no-beard-below-rank-of-petty officer rule. They believe beards and pot go together, and we all know everyone from petty officer up to admiral would never touch that shit. Right? Right.

This dude takes his ol' lady to a shooting range to get her familiar with his .22 automatic. She points, snaps one off, the hot casing ejects and goes down her dress between her jugs. Startled, she hops around, tryin' to get at it. Doing so, she sends a slug sailin' through her ol' man.

He hadn't had a piece of tail in two weeks and he was hurtin'--so much so that he squawked his head off to anyone who'd listen. One time he yelled 82 times in 30 minutes, lettin' all the chicks within hearing distance know he was ready. By doing so, he won his owners $150 in the 28th annual Rooster Crowing contest. Being deprived of his sweeties made him crow his ass off, but also gave him a bad case of stonies (roosters do have nuts, don't they?).

When you think you have problems, consider a recent day in poor ol' Elton's life. First, some bitch jumped into his cage at a stop light and robbed him of $150. He then went to a pool hall near the stop light to see if anyone saw the bitch, only to be robbed again--this time for $300 in travelers' checks the bitch had overlooked. Depressed, he returned to the safety of his home to report the crimes and, when he got there, he found his house had been burglarized. They'd taken everything, including a 400-pound safe. He went back to bed.

Did you hear about the guy who was wire-tapped by the FBI and who, when he found out that fact, sued the Bureau because his finding out made his bleeding hemorrhoids worse? I guess some of us would shit too if we found out the FBI was tappin' our phones--enough to blow the 'roids loose.

Man bites dog--or something like that. A man is suing his female superior for sexual harassment. He allegedly was demoted by her after he had sex with her. Did she overreact to a bum lay?

The police see pot plants growin' in this yard. They take the plants and put a receipt in the mail box. The plants' owner comes by to check his weeds, shits, gets the receipt, and promptly goes to the police station to lay claim to them. He did, they did. He's inside lookin' out. ■

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider

WORDMONGER

Pleases Her

☐ I really get the grins from your column.

Juggs
Milltown, Mich.

Showin' Cock Photos

☐ In response to all the dumb bitches who want to see men's meat in your mag: Once and for all, you dopes, *Easyriders* isn't for you. Grab a copy of *Playgirl* and check out the fags on the fur rugs or the ones half hiding behind open car doors. I think that rag is more your speed. Any righteous lady wouldn't think of wanting men's "treasures" plastered all over *Easyriders*. Why don't you try finding the real thing to satisfy your hungers? That's if you're women enough.

Val
Bayonne, N.J.

☐ I, for one, am a woman who would rather look at 120 pages of Harley-Davidson's 80 inches of raw power than 3 inches of dead meat.

Marilyn
Gibsonton, Fla.

☐ If you don't want cock shots, I'll send you some with them not quite showing; but I really think you bros should stand tall and be proud, not ashamed, to have it all hang out in your favorite mag. Besides that, I have three guys waiting to pose for me. Would you deny me that pleasure? You'd be making a lot of ladies happy and I know you guys love doing that!

Mary Ann Helle
Justice, Ill.

■ Get 'em to pose for you, babe, but don't send 'em to us. We make 'em happy with the real, warm thing.

Just Rollin' Along

☐ In response to that comment made by John Boy in your July issue, titled "No Thanks," page 8, I'd hate to say the same about the bros I've carted up behind me on my scoot (except it would be eatin' pussy instead of suckin' dicks)!

It goes both ways, but I don't classify position according to sex. I'm not a women's libber either; just rollin' with the times and bein' myself.

Lady Star Dust
New Canaan, Conn.

A Tip On Tech Tip

☐ Just read an article in issue #98 on how to hone your own knife. Good article! Especially the part about the 10-degree angle. I think that's where most dudes fuck up trying to get a real sharp edge.

I've got a pretty good pointer you didn't cover. Heliarc welders use a tungsten-steel rod about 8" long and 1/16" in diameter in their welding stinger. After you get that good edge with a stone, a few rubs on that tungsten rod will give you a damn sharp blade.

Bill Andrews
Rosamond, Calif.

Mags Bring Sunshine

☐ Last month my ol' lady brought a copy of *In The Wind* to me in jail. I'd just like to tell you guys that your mag kicked up more feelings in me than a fistful of letters from home. Both of your mags have brought a lot of sunshine into this hole.

I'm a Vietnam vet, and your "Vet Voice" column has given me more advice and insight than the VA ever has. You're helping me realize I'm not alone and, I hope, showing some other people where we're at.

Bob Coughlin
Brattleboro, Vt.

An Error

☐ You people come up with great stories about scooters and the lifestyle, but sometimes you fuck up when the subjects stray away from bikes. The story called "Forty-Mile-Run" in issue #96 was very enjoyable 'cause, although fiction, any soldier knows it coulda happened in combat. Stranger things have.

But you fucked up when a character in the story "jacked a round into the chamber" of a Thompson submachine gun. Can't be done without firing the piece. The Thompson doesn't have a hammer; it's a blowback-operated weapon that fires from an open bolt position like the M3AI "greasegun" or the old BAR.

Edit the fuckin' stories for technical accuracy, will ya?

Chief
Giessen, W. Germany

Family Works Together

☐ I've been ridin' for 20 years and have had over 15 different bikes, mostly stock, mostly foreign. I've made some modifications and had some done by friends and shops. But for the first time I'm buildin' a putt from the ground up. It's a '64 pan that I'm rebuildin' with shovels. I'm doin' the moldin' and paint — everything I can do short of platin' and windin' my own coils. And for the first time I've established a true relationship with my scoot. I thought I knew what it meant to love a bike, but I was so wrong — until now. The thing is, it ain't just me. My ol' lady has been bustin' buns on it, too; cleanin', polishin', packin' bearings. Even the rugrat is in on it. We are all closer now — me, the ol' lady, my son, and the putt. We all know who comes first — me. And the scoot is second. But the ol' lady is happy. She didn't know Harley oil felt so good. Thanks, bros, for the inspiration.

Gus
Lancaster, Calif.

Strange Letter

☐ I used to belong. I don't any more.

I believed in the code and backed my bros at every turn. They did the same for me.

When there was business to take care of, we took care of it. Fast, mean, and efficient. The other guys never had a chance.

We'd walk into a bar or a cafe and everyone knew us. Assholes would hang around and try to join us, but we'd drop the slightest hint and they'd be gone. We were elite and everyone knew it.

The chicks were always there too. Free ass just because we belonged, because of what we were — separate, doing our thing. Piss on the citizens.

Sometimes some asshole would fuck with one of us. He always paid, and I mean through the nose. "Stay outta my life, outta my way." That's how we felt and how we lived.

And party? Hell, no one ever topped us there. Booze, broads, good dope, whatever suited. We had it.

And then I stood back one day and looked at the whole scene. The power, the belonging, the elitist nonconformity, the fear in outsiders' eyes, and the deep-down sense that all this was wrong — for me at least.

So what did I do? I put on my boots, jeans, and T-shirt and went out to fire up my H-D.

I rode straight to the local police department and told them what they could do with my badge and ID card.

Like I said, I don't belong any more.

Phoenix
Phoenix, Ariz.

Digs Wind #5

☐ For the past two months now I've been checkin' out *In The Wind #5*. I've been readin' *Easyriders* for about the past four years and finally got around to gettin' a subscription. But this was the first *In The Wind* I'd seen.

I gotta lay it on ya. I ain't sick of it yet. After lookin' at it for two months now, I'm still pickin' it up every day and seein' something I missed.

Lobo
Fort Grant, Ariz.

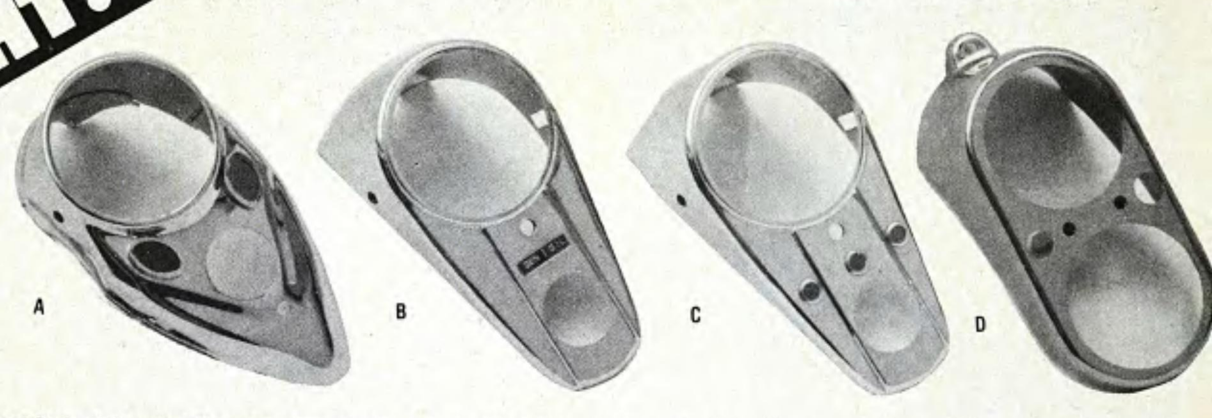
Somethin' For Women

☐ I hope you print this, because all the ol' ladies who don't know, should. And for those who do, great. But for those of you who do or don't believe in the Bible, God didn't make women from man's head to be above him,

HEAVY WEIGHT!

FAT BIKE STUFF

NEW!



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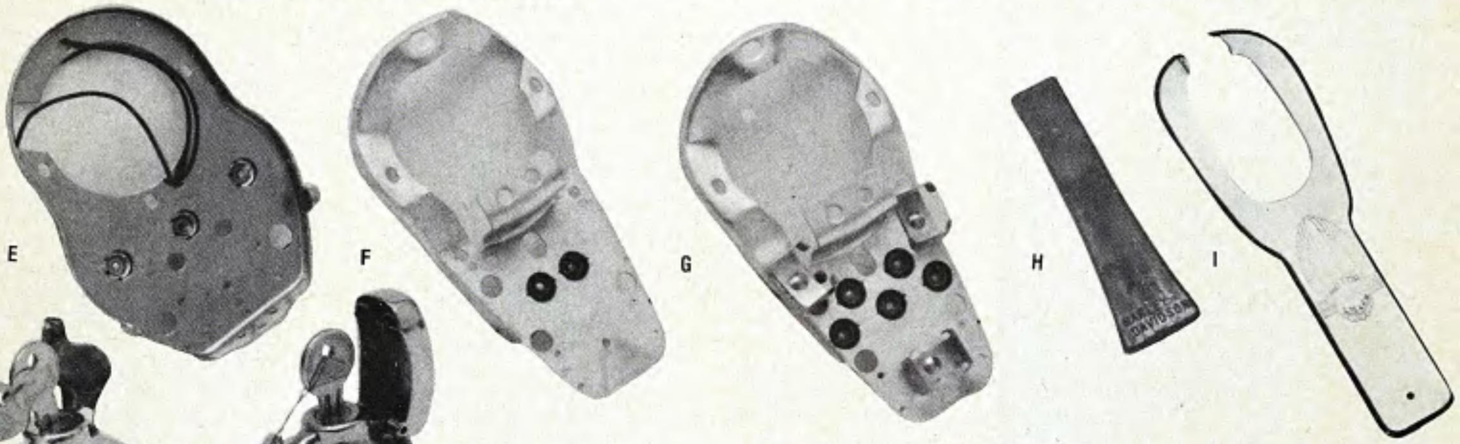

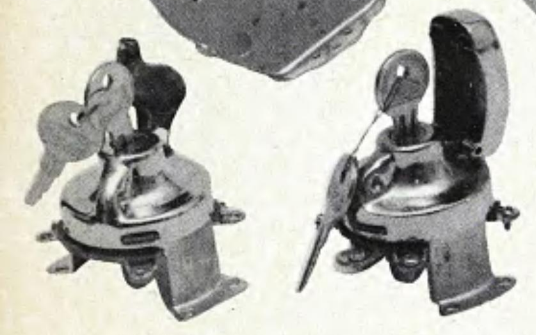

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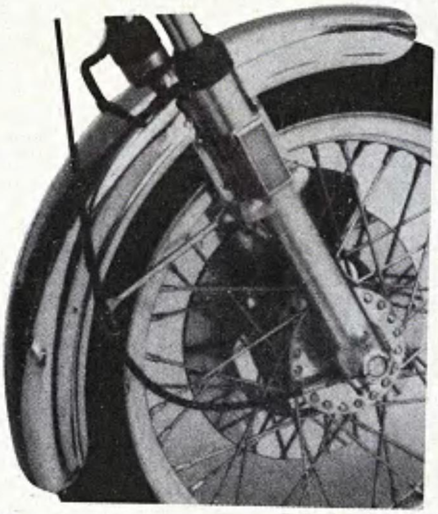

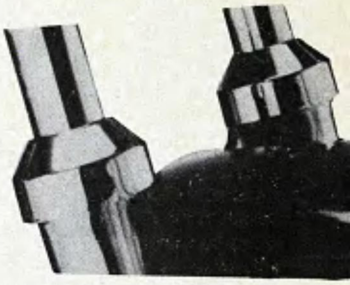

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but from his rib to be beside him. And if we all have to fight over who's in front and who's in back, what the fuck are we doing here anyway?

Are you listening, Stormy from Hagerstown, Maryland?

One hell of a lady
Kansas City, Mo.

Family Tradition

☐ My husband gave me his *Easyriders* and told me to read your story "A Family Tradition." I almost cracked up laughing. The story described my husband to the letter. I don't think my husband ever realized he was like that, but when he read the story, he saw it in himself. I'm sure there are a few more just like him. It's difficult to live with him sometimes, but his honesty and strength are part, or most, of the reasons I love him so much.

Connie Forrester
Elizabethtown, Ky.

Distasteful Bikers

☐ I used to think bikers were distasteful, outrageously disgusting people. Now that I've been with one for almost a year and have come to know his bros, I must say they really are distasteful and outrageously disgusting, and I love 'em.

Mad Dog's Ol' Lady
Ontario, Canada

No Letter Writer

☐ I told myself I was never ever gonna write you guys again because I never get a letter printed.

Cindy M.
Bayville, N.J.

Saw The Light

☐ I'm not a street biker per se. I'm a dirt biker and have never gotten into streeters very much. However, after looking at *In The Wind #5*, I have been persuaded to change my way. I think I'd rather be covered with girls as opposed to mud and dirt.

See you on the road and in the wind.

Sundance
Santa Ana, Calif.

Harley Heaven

☐ I get your magazine every month for the list of prisoners who want mail (Male Call). In reading the "Tribute to Brothers Lost" column, I notice a continual reference to "Harley Heaven." My question is, what is and where is Harley Heaven? Is there a Harley religion or cult that believes it has its own motorcycle heaven?

God states in the Bible that there is one Heaven (also known as the Kingdom of God) and there is a Hell, a real Hell. Christ states in John 3, verses 3 through 6 (look it up), that only people who are born again will get into God's Heaven. All others, who die and are not born-again Christians, whether they are bikers or ministers of big, fancy churches, go to a real Hell for suffering and torture forever. Being born again is a free gift from God. It costs nothing. It is quite obvious that Harley Heaven is not the same place as God's Heaven.

I would appreciate it if you would print this letter in the magazine. You may print my complete address so that anyone who wants more information on getting into God's Heaven can write.

Thank you very much for your time.

Jay Eshbach
P.O. Box 6998
Burbank, Calif. 91510

10th Anniversary

☐ Hey, I just got through reading the 10th anniversary issue. It's really fuckin' fantastic. I wish now I'd had the chance to read all of *Easyriders* from the very first mag to this issue.

Rosie's ol' lady
Ladoon, S.C.

Big Apple

☐ Ya suckers finally printed something decent! I'm from New York, five minutes from that fuckin' city of Manhattan.

When I flipped through #97, I couldn't believe my eyes! I had to wash down a six-pack before I believed it. A fuckin' article about puttin' around the Big Apple. I've been doin' it for years and believe me, I know!

And you even mention The Pit. A righteous place with righteous people. I should know. I used to work around the corner. Hey, Mad Mike, okay!

Gypsy
New York, N.Y.

200-Year-Old Flag

☐ Was flippin' through one of your rags (don't remember which one) and happened to come across some dude ridin' ya about havin' 15 stripes on yer flag on the contents page. Well, here's somethin' fer ya.

"For 23 years, from 1795 to 1818, *The National Banner* held 15 stripes instead of 13. The original flag ordinance prescribes that on the admission of each new state, a stripe, as well as a star, should be added to the flag. On Jan. 13, 1794, stars and stripes were added for Vermont and Kentucky. Until 1818 the flag contained 15 stripes and 15 stars. On April 4, 1818, Congress restored the original number of stripes to the flag, and it has remained thus since that time, with only the addition of stars as new states joined the Union."

Just goes to show ya, you fuckers would have been right about 200 years ago. Oh, what the hell. As they say, it's the thought, right?

Rev. Reaper
Bismarck, N.D.

Dead Aim At Joan

☐ We have the distinguished honor of being on a committee that is raising five million dollars ($5,000,000) to place a statue of Joan Claybrook in the Hall of Fame in Washington, D.C.

This committee was in a quandary as to where to place the statue. It was thought not wise to place it beside the statue of George Washington, who never told a lie, or beside Richard Nixon, who never told the truth, since Ms. Claybrook could never tell the difference.

We finally decided to place it beside Christopher Columbus, the greatest New Dealer of them all. He left not knowing where he was going and upon arriving did not know where he was. He returned not knowing where he had been and did it all on someone else's money.

Over 5,000 years ago, Moses said to the children of Israel, "Pick up your shovels, mount your asses and camels, and I will lead you to the Promised Land." Nearly 5,000 years later Roosevelt said, "Lay down your shovels, sit on your asses, and light up a Camel; this is the Promised Land."

Now, Ms. Claybrook's goal was to steal your shovels, kick your asses, raise the price of Camels, and mortgage the Promised Land. If you are one of the fortunate people who have money after paying taxes and buying helmets, we will expect a

We're proud to announce that the second largest (*Easyriders* is first) motorcycle magazine on the newsstands is *Iron Horse!* So, if you like this mag, check out *Iron Horse* — on sale everywhere!

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Ima Biker
Chanute, Kan.

P.S. It is rumored that the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration is going to change its emblem to a condom. It stands for inflation, protects a bunch of pricks, halts production, and gives a false sense of security while one is being screwed.

Why? Why? Why?

☐ I've just one question about the centerspread in *Easyriders* #96.

Although the situation is fucked and it's my luck, why does that panhead have a handlebar clutch along with a suicide jock shift? Explain that one! Don't blame the herb.

Jim
Hinesville, Ga.

■ Out Berdoo way (near Los Angeles) we found that a lot of the men shift their bikes with a foot on the jockey shift. Tough on long-legged men, but it's a head twister for nosepickers.

Spreadin' Stories

☐ I just finished the June issue and it was righteous as usual, but why the hell did you start spreading your stories all over the fucking magazine instead of leaving them in one piece like you did in the beginning?

Bobby Dean
Frankfort, Ky.

■ Sometimes the people in the art department think more of their problems than of the readers.

A Snortster

☐ I was reading the July '81 issue of this rag, and guess what I found? On page 50 in the "Downtime" column, about the second paragraph, it says, and I quote, "You see, a couple of weeks back I was riding home from work on the old Snortster."

Tell me, what the fuck is a Snortster?

Everstoned
Santa Ana, Calif.

■ It's called a Freudian slip.

Urine Test?

☐ I am presently incarcerated at Niantic Prison for Women. Something's beginning to smell in this place.

Just recently the institution has come up with a test that can detect marijuana or THC in the urine. It seems kinda funny that no other prisons in Connecticut or federal prisons, for that matter, have come up with such a thing.

Several women are catching 0-20 days deadlock for their supposed "dirty urines," and on top of that, they lose 60 days good time for this Class A discipline.

I've been trying to get information as to whether or not such a test has ever even been devised or is in existence in any form, but I've yet been unable to come up with anything concrete.

If you guys have any knowledge or info regarding this, I sure would appreciate your filling me in on the specifics, such as what equipment is used for this test and the time elements between intake of the cannabis substance and the discovery in the urine.

There sure are a lot of gals goin' down behind this.

R.R.
Niantic, Conn.

No Death Wish

☐ "Beatin' The Reaper" concerns me and everyone I know who rides. The article by that mindless Oregoon is so blatantly stupid that I fume when I think of the damage done to all who accept such shit as truth and their reaction toward all who choose two wheels for their ride.

I hope your rebuttal is reprinted and posted on every tree, circulated by every biker, and otherwise seen by those taken in by such garbage.

Tex Campbell should get a Pulitzer Prize for his reply.

Pissed Off
San Francisco, Calif.

Subscriber Survey

☐ Hey, what is this shit about a confidential reader questionnaire? I guess it's all right, but do you expect me to tear off the protective subscription cover you mail my rag in? You've got to be kidding! If you knew what kind of hell they go through in the hands of my bros around here, you'd know what I mean.

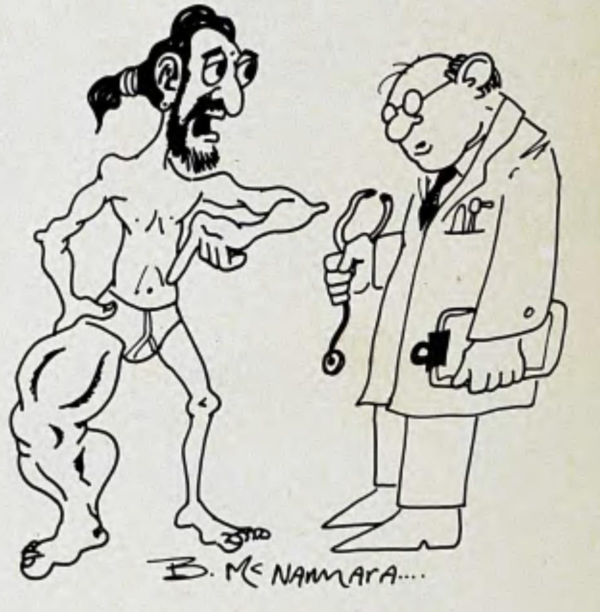
If you want me to answer it, you'd better send another one. After all, I do try to keep them intact for future reading.

Which reminds me, I figure you owe me about twenty-five bucks because I just had to build another shelf to stack my *Easyriders* on.

Top Hat
Zephyrhills, Fla.

Have anything to say? Want to bug the staff about its mistakes? Want to give a well-deserved pat on the — back? Poison pen letters, porno mail, threats of violence, love letters, propositions, and demands for payment may all be sent to the Wordmonger, Easyriders, *Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.* ■

Easyriders



"Nothin' to worry 'bout, Doc. I own a Sportster."

A Mystery

Thanks to our alert and thoughtful readers, we were sent news clippings of an article entitled "Cycle Gangs Join Ranks of Terrorists." Seeing that headline, our first reaction was, Shit, so now it's terrorism!

What does "terrorism" or "terrorist" mean to you? Webster says that terrorism is "the act or process of terrorizing" and that it is "the systematic use of terror, especially as a means of coercion."

To most people the word "terrorist" would conjure up a person who bombs churches full of people, bombs small villages, killing innocent people, kills Olympic athletes, etc.

So it doesn't take a Rhodes scholar to figure out that the headline is a little much. Allegedly, the headline and the accusation that motorcycle gangs are *"true* terrorists" were statements by Police Chief Thomas Gallagher, head of a southeastern Pennsylvania task force on outlaw motorcycle gangs. He supposedly made the statements at a meeting of the Philadelphia Crime Commission, and they were reported worldwide by United Press International. We are reprinting one of the UPI news clippings. At the end of the article, you will note that Chief Gallagher has allegedly said that "a modern motorcycle club owns stock in Easy Rider [sic]." This is a flagrant lie. You will also note excerpts from our attorneys' letter to Chief Gallagher and United Press International.

As we go to press, our lawyers have received a response from Chief Gallagher, which we are also reprinting. He denies having said what the article states. We have requested additional information, and when this matter is resolved, we will advise you. But because we were able to nail down one error of fact, we also feel that the "terrorist" generalization apparently espoused by Chief Gallagher has no substance: as we all know, to the straight citizen, *all* bikers are outlaw bikers.

THE TRENTONIAN, FRIDAY MORNING, MAY 29, 1981 • 19

Philly Cop Chief: Cycle Gangs Join Ranks of Terrorists

PHILADELPHIA (UPI) — The head of a task force on motorcycle gangs said Thursday the outlaw bikers have joined the ranks of international terrorist organizations.

Chief Thomas Gallagher, head of a southeastern Pennsylvania task force on outlaw motorcycle gangs, made his comments at a meeting of the Philadelphia Crime Commission.

Drawing on 20 years of experience studying outlaw bikers, Gallagher has followed the path of outlaw bikers in several U.S. states, Canada where they are expanding rapidly, England, Holland, Germany, Denmark and Australia.

"Motorcycle gangs are true terrorists, no different from European terrorist organizations," he said. "They are financed by and work for organized crime.

"They are a multi-million dollar organization which performs professional contract hits and deals in narcotics, gambling, union and anti-union enforcement — anyone who will pay them," he said.

William Davis, a state trooper connected to the task force, said the current outlaw club membership numbers 500,000. "I don't know if that scares you, but it scares me," he said.

The old image of the outlaw biker in "colors," with long hair and a chopped motorcycle is changing, said Gallagher.

"They are going underground," said Gallagher. "They've cut their hair, they're not riding motorcycles. They are more sophisticated. They carry their bikes in vans. They are much quieter than before."

Nevertheless, a task force prosecutor, John Reilly, recently said the summer of 1981 was ripe for gang warfare along the East Coast from Canada to Florida, chiefly because of a massive recruiting drive launched by the club.

Gallagher's task force makes its home base in the Philadelphia suburb of Delaware County, which was until five years the stronghold of the Pagans, one of the nation's four largest outlaw clubs, and the Warlocks, a local club.

He said the task force has in the past fews years traveled to California, Connecticut, Texas and Ontario to work with law enforcement groups embroiled in wars on outlaw bike clubs.

Gallagher said the modern outlaw motorcycle club has also begun to get financial backing from "right-wing multi-millionaires who think they are backing neo-Nazi, Ku Klux Klan and other right-wing extremist groups."

Along with an impressive arsenal of explosives and weapons, the modern biker club sometimes boasts a helicopter, a DC-8 airplane and stock in two magazines connected to the clubs, Supercycle and Easy Rider, Gallagher said.

June 26, 1981

Dear Chief Gallagher:

We are attorneys for Paisano Publications, Inc. which publishes, among others, the magazine *Easyriders*. It has come to the attention of our client that at a meeting of the Philadelphia Crime Commission, you made a statement concerning our clients and their magazine which has absolutely no basis in fact. As the head of a task force on motorcycle gangs your statements are capable of great influence. Accordingly, we are writing to dispel your misconceptions and to demand a correction of the wrong you have done to our client.

As released by UPI and reported in numerous newspapers, your statement arose amidst a discussion of outlaw motorcycle clubs, and was, in part, as follows:

"Gallagher said the modern outlaw motorcycle club has also begun to get financial backing from 'right-wing multi-millionaires who think they are backing neo-Nazi, Ku Klux Klan and other right-wing extremist groups.'
Along with an impressive arsenal of explosives and weapons, the modern biker club sometimes boasts a helicopter, a DC-8 airplane and stock in two magazines connected to the clubs, Supercycle and Easy Rider [sic], Gallagher said."

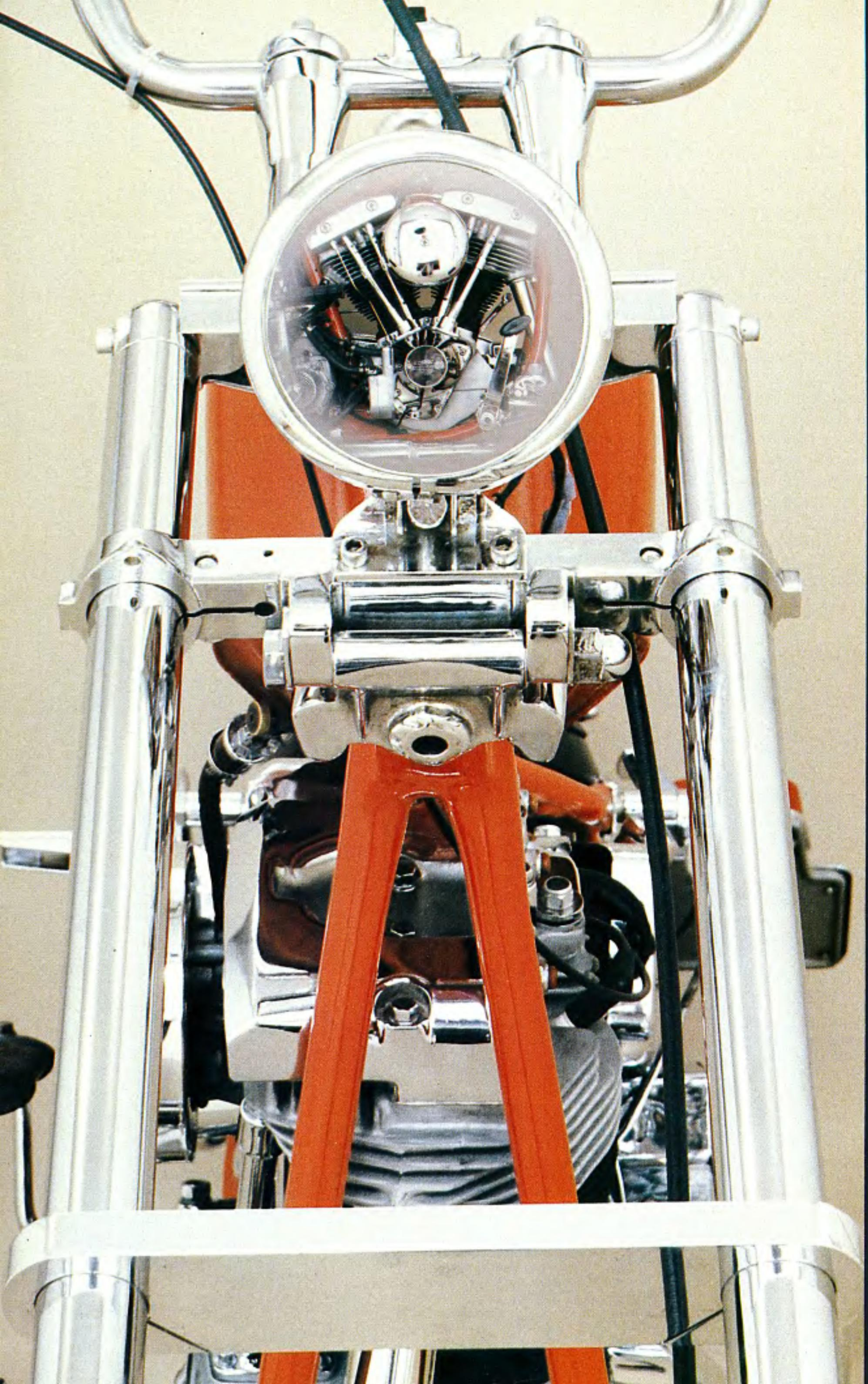
Our clients are outraged that one in your position would issue such a defamatory statement concerning *Easyriders* when there is absolutely no factual basis for such a charge. Paisano Publications, Inc. is a closely held corporation with only three shareholders, *none* of whom now have nor ever have had any connection whatsoever with outlaw motorcycle clubs.

Unless quickly and thoroughly retracted, your comments may have an irreversibly negative impact upon our client's advertisers, dealers, readers, and subscribers.

We are certain that you recognize the responsibility inherent in your position and the potential for harm to our clients if your misstatement goes uncorrected. Accordingly, we demand that these statements be retracted in a manner sufficiently public to both reverse the harm that has been done and prevent future harm.

Very truly yours,
PACHT, ROSS, WARNE, BERNHARD & SEARS, INC.
By Edmund C. Barton

Continued on page 104



STRAIGHT ARROW

Tex and Spider were engaged in a private juice-and-smoke session. Spider was yellin' at Tex as I walked up. "I tell ya, he'll snivel or have some reason like an ingrown toenail — that lazy asshole hardly gets out of bed, let alone ever workin' at night." Then his beady, bloodshot eyes spotted me coming near the open door and he said a little louder, "There he is now, most hard-workin' man on the staff, a good soldier, really

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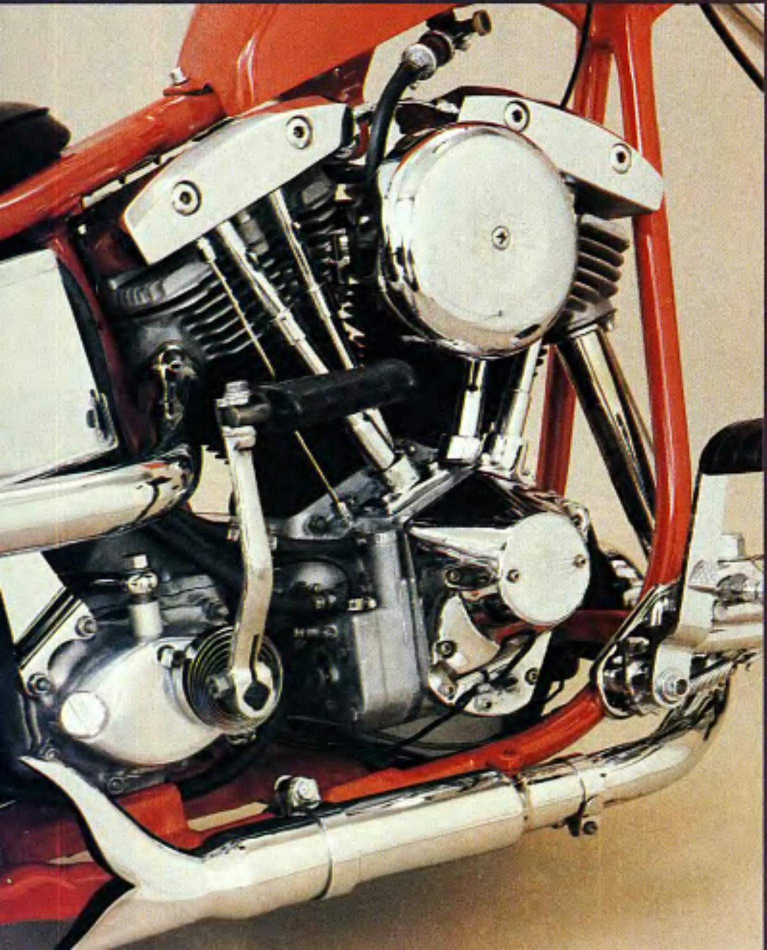
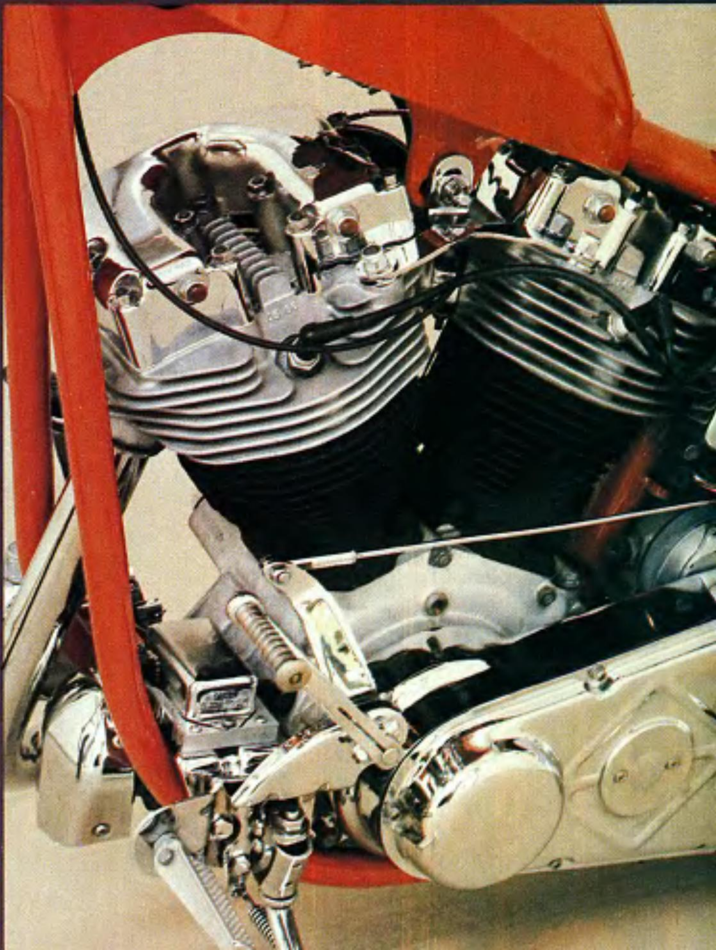
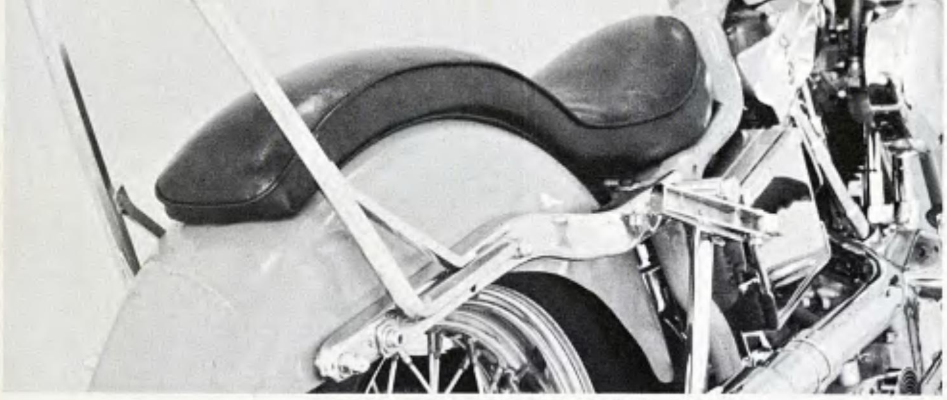
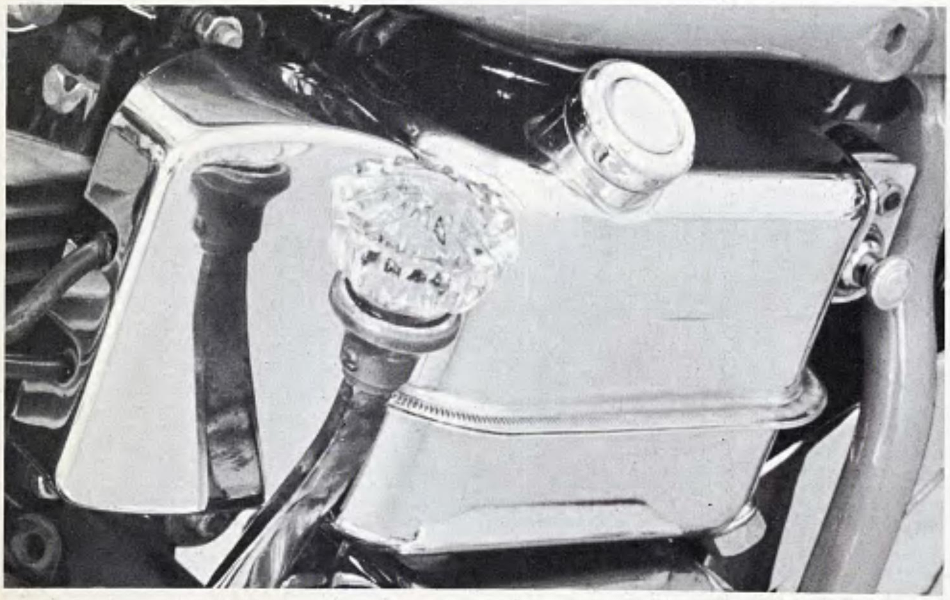






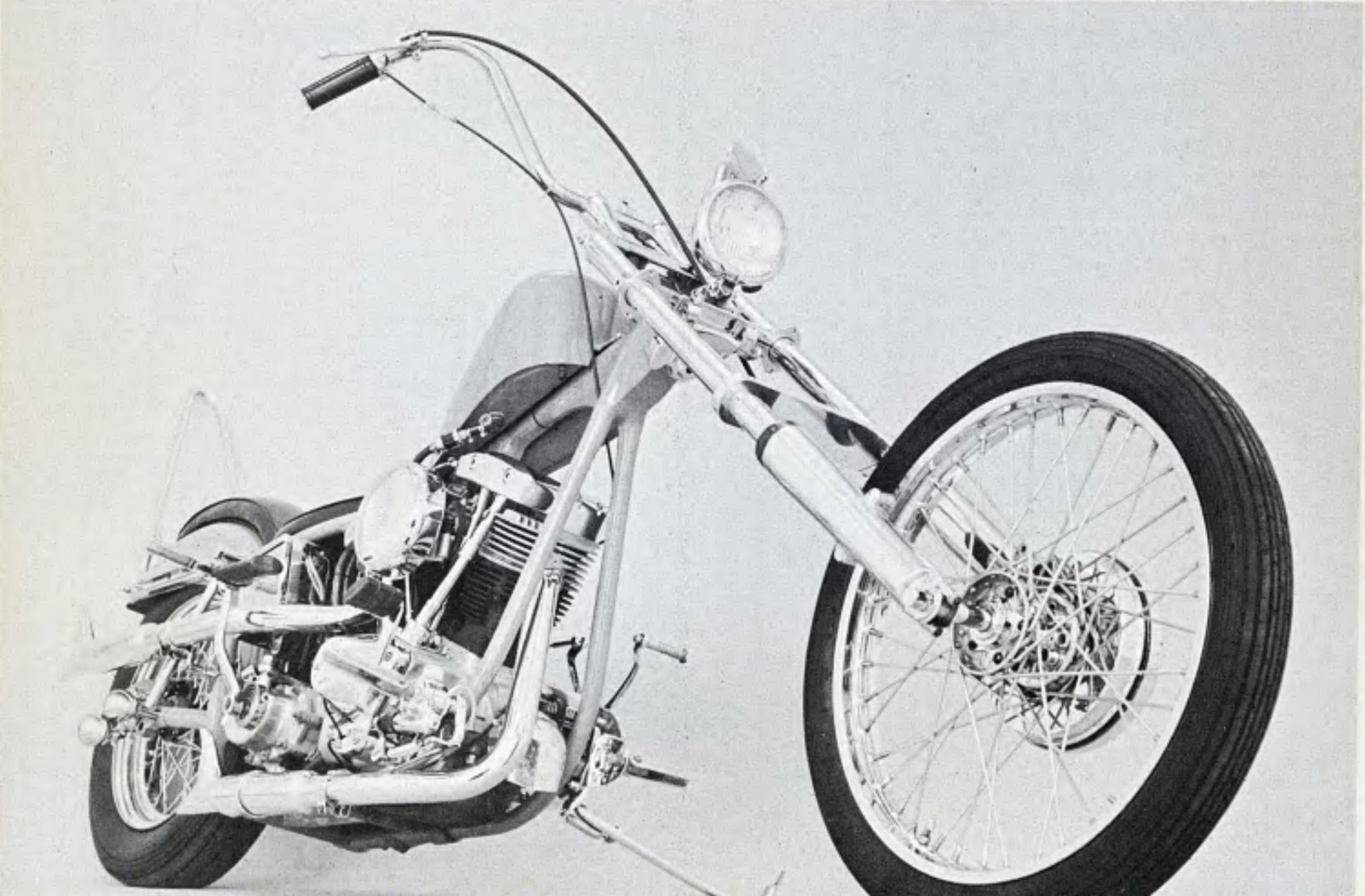


straight arrow, a guy that'll do anything for ya."

I knew I was had now. Spider never says anything complimentary to you unless you have a pocketful of crank or a long-legged cutie on your arm. I had neither, so I knew this must be the axe or I was bein' prepped for an eatin' out. Spider believes you're expected to do an excellent job and says nice things if what is done is better than expected.

His white-ringed nostrils flared as he zeroed in on me. "Beast, my man, how'd ya like to do ol' Tex here a favor?" He continued before I could say no. "I'll pay for your gas and a couple of burgers if you'll cover this bike and interview the owner while Pete shoots." He handed me a slide that looked like cats had been scratchin' on it, so all I could see of the bike was that it was red and a Wide-Glide.

I must have looked apprehensive, because he quickly



added, "Snort this, smoke this, and take this with ya." I was dazed and slightly glazed as he shoved me out the door. "Be at Pete's studio at eight tonight. We want some night shots for a change, so be there or be square!" he shouted behind me as he shut the door.

After I'd waited for over an hour for the sled to arrive, the buzz was starting to wear off. I was mumbling epithets, getting irritated about being stood up, an' Pete was getting sore at me for punching cracks in the studio walls, when the nice roar of a Harley filled the night. I went outside to see a **blue** Wide-Glide. The rider told me the bike I was scheduled to shoot had blown an oil line a few blocks from the office and that he had gotten a call to rush a new one to his bro.

When the bike with the new oil line arrived, I took one look and almost shit. This Wide-Glide with the fancy handmade fishtails and beautiful red paint job also had strutted swingarms. Thanks to Wymore's bro who'd rushed the oil line to him, we got a good bike shot in time to meet our already overdue deadline.

All right, so Spider was right: so I sniveled, but not too much, even though I knew that only 10 miles away I was missin' an orgy. I knew it was a good party 'cause what's a party without a fight? There were two. What does that tell ya other than I am "hard-workin'. . .a good soldier, really straight arrow, a guy that'll do anything for ya?"*

—Beast

*Editor's note: Gag.
Spider's note: I lie a lot.

Owner: Jim Wymore	**City:** San Pedro, Calif.	
General	**Frame**	
Fabrication by: Jim Wymore	Year: '72	
Year and make: '72 H-D	Builder: H-D	
Model: FX	Type: swingarm	
Value: ?	Rake: ⅜ in.	
Assembly by: Jim Wymore	Stretch: none	
Time: three weeks	Other alterations: none	
Chroming by: Supreme	**Accessories**	
Engine	Bars: apehangers	
Year: '72	Risers: 6 in.	
Model: 74	Fender(s): modified Electra Glide	
Rebuilder: Long Beach Harley	Headlight: Bates	
Ignition: H-D	Taillight: red	
Displacement: 74 cu. in.	Speedo: none	
Lower end: late model	Front pegs: yes	
Balancing: Houdini	Rear pegs: yes	
Pistons: two	Electrics: stock	
Cases: none pending	Gas tank: Sportster	
Heads: yes	Oil tank: stock	
Cam(s): stock	Oil system: stock	
Lifters: solid	Primary cover: tin	
Carb(s): Bendix	Seat: black	
Air cleaner: round	Sissybar: chrome	
Pipes: shotguns	Height: 14 in.	
Muffler(s): homemade fishtails	Material: hex ⅝ in.	
Transmission	**Forks**	
Modifications: none	Type: Wide Glide (adjustable)	
Year: '72	Extension: 12 over	
Shifting: jockey	Builder: H-D	
Engine sprocket: 23	Special features: trimmed trees	
Trans sprocket: 24	**Wheels**	
Wheel sprocket: 51	**Front**	**Rear**
Painting	Size: 21 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: owner	Hub: Star	Hub: stock
Painter: Tony	Rim width: 2½ in.	Rim width: 3½ in.
Color: firecracker red	Tire: 3.25	Tire: 5.10-16
Type: acrylic enamel	Brake: stock	Brake: stock
Special paint: applied carefully		
Other special modifications: Crystal door knob on jockey; equipped with cigarette lighter.		

Photos by Pete Chiodo

DOWNTIME

by Scar

It was your basic balmy summer night. A Tuesday with nothin' goin' on except the swarmin', dive-bombin', blood-suckin' mosquitoes attackin' with regularity. So what the fuck, the best way to mix it up was to make some movement. Get out an' ride.

I figured I'd gas up, then start at one end of town an' work my way across to the other side, rootin' out whatever I could find. After gassin' up, my first stop was at my bro Ritchy's. Ritch rides a Triumph. A green Bonneville. Stock parts. Custom paint. Pretty steady. I turned the panhead's twenty-one into his driveway, past the landlord's main house and back to the converted barn where Ritch lives. I shut the scoot down an' looked inside. He wasn't in plain view, so I ventured around the corner of his rustic shed to the back yard.

There he was, sittin' in the lotus position on his tight rope. No shit. He had an eight-track tape goin' on top of the cooler. Out of it was hoppin' a sprightly tune that I recognized as bein' by the Grateful Dead. A quick-beat thing, but it didn't stir Ritch in the least. He's the kinda guy who doesn't show his cards. You don't think he's payin' attention to the music, but in reality he's totally absorbed in it. Fools some people. He'd more than likely had the same tape runnin' all day. A real thinker. We sometimes think he tries to will his bike to run.

Decided not to scare him. Since he didn't wake up when I arrived, then I wouldn't blow his trance now. So I liberated a cold one from his box an' kicked my tired ass back. I reckon the tape went awhile, puttin' me in the ozone. Ritch woke me with a "Hey, shitface!" an' a shot to the shoulder. Zapped me right out of the Grateful Dead fantasyland.

"Yeah, I got pretty mellowed out on the music too," he said with a laugh. "Hey, man, ya eaten yet?" "Naw, an' I'm hungrier'n a Dodger ticket scalper," I said. We decided to fire up the sleds an' hit it over to the best free food place we knew of: Red's. This dude is a gardener type. A real green thumb. He lives in a trailer five miles from Ritchie's. We took a few joints and our growlin' stomachs for a fill-up.

Red's ol' lady, Sparky, greeted us in the driveway. "Hungry again, boys?" She'd read our minds. Again. "There's still some chili left from yesterday if ya want some." We switched off the gas and stampeded for the trailer. Red was comin' out of the shitter when we barreled through the door. "Howdy, Red, where's the chili?" Chucklin', he motioned to the refrigerator and bent to put on an album. We were twistin' the gas burners to cook the leftovers when, from the complex stereo Red had invested in, came the words "I sat down to my supper; it was a bottle of red whiskey." Coincidence? Well, we were eatin', an' Red was drinkin' his Jack. It was "Dire Wolf," from the new Dead album, Red informed us. We held back tellin' him we'd just heard the whole thing, an' stuffed our mugs instead.

As side one got goin' with an old traditional song, "The Race Is On," Red continued to fill our heads with more Dead data. While we munched, he said that this was a double, live album, full of nothin' but acoustic songs. Red was on the Dead's mailin' list an' got all the latest info about the band. He told us this record was recorded on both coasts in September and October of 1980, in New York an' San Francisco, both Dead strongholds.

It was recorded for the express purpose of gettin' on tape exactly what you would have heard if you had been able to make it to the show. Everything, the highs an' the lows. The Dead stand behind their music. The engineer behind the job was Dan Healy. He's been with the Grateful Dead for fifteen years an' knows the sounds the musicians are reachin' for. Guess it was on him to give them to us precisely as they went down. Healy had earned his raisin pie.

It was like ya were sittin' on the floor in front of Garcia, Weir, Lesh, Hart, Kreutzmann, an' Brent Mydland. Complete with the sounds of the crowd, minus the pushin'. No muddy sound cloggin' up Weir's soft voice an' strummin' guitar on "Dark Hollow"; likewise Jerry Garcia on "China Doll." Clean as a whistle.

There're sixteen songs on the vinyl. Some we'd heard; others not. Like an old-timer by some lady named Elizabeth Cotten, "Oh, Babe, It Ain't No Lie." It's more than six minutes long an' is as delicate as points on a distributor. Ya can hear Garcia's fingers hittin' the notes, a howl from a fan, the trickle of keys on Mydland's piano — everything is so low key and quiet that Jerry is literally whisperin' the lyrics. And you can hear every damned syllable.

Red was talkin' how it was a rush to hear the Dead do these old songs. "It's like they firmly refuse to go with the crowd, new wave or whatever. They are the ultra-conservatives of the rock world, after breakin' ground for these loudmouth assholes ya hear of these days. The fuckin' Dead pioneered it before the zit-faced punks were out of their shit-filled diapers." Red was on a roll.

The music wasn't only mellow ballads, but boppin' gems that made ya stomp yer feet. Bouncin' acoustic. Great versions of "Monkey and the Engineer," "Rosalie McFall," the drummer's choice: "On The Road Again," an' maybe the best renderin' of "Cassidy," from Weir's solo *Ace* album, we'd ever heard. They extend themselves on a couple of songs, "To Lay Me Down" an' "Bird Song," then make ya forget yer even listenin' on "Been All Around This World," "Jack-A-Roe"an' "Ripple". Playin' it loose, but with heart.

The record's also got some between-songs banter from Bob Weir, somethin' yer not likely to hear at the concert with all the commotion that goes on. Somethin' about the tragedy in the songs — just like real life. The more we listened, the more that became the feel of the record — real live.

Red said he heard that there was gonna be a follow-up to this strictly acoustic business, an all-electric double, live deal from the same shows as on **Reckoning.** Now that will be a solid mindfucker in the truest sense.

The phone rang, an' in an instant we were out the door, jalapenos burnin' our lips, chile salsa coatin' our guts. We helped Red an' Sparky lock up an' get his Sporty out of the garage an' warmed up. He'd gotten a call from one of our brothers, Spike. Seems he had just got a new album he wanted us to hear. Said it was called **Reckoning,** by The Dead, an' was just like bein' at the show, but without the pigs. Also said if that wasn't enough he had some refreshments to perk us up. 'Nuff said. We hit the highway hard in the cool of the dark. As we wound our way through the hills to Spike's, I kept slappin' my chaps to what was in my head an' in our hearts, "On the road again, sure as a bone, natural born easy." ■

TAKING BOBBY HOME

By Richard Bennett

For midnight, it was incredibly hot. Rivers of sweat poured down my face and the air was so muggy the sweat would not evaporate, would not cool my skin; the salty moisture blew across my face and burned my eyes. They were red rimmed, and anyone who didn't know me very well would probably think I'd been crying. I was riding east and the moon had just risen. It squatted, yellow and full and squarely in the middle of the Harley's handlebars. Balanced —like maybe if I were to lean just a little to the right or a little to the left, it would roll off the bars and smash itself to bits against the racing black asphalt.

Safely tucked away inside the green army duffel bag my back rested against was the brass urn. Bobby's ashes were in that urn, and although Bobby himself was gone there was still that feeling of closeness we'd had while he was alive. Call it spiritual or call it crazy or whatever, but somehow I knew that there was still more to Bobby than just ashes in a brass urn. This was our last run together and it was the first time I'd ever known Bobby Baker to pack behind anyone.

Couldn't be helped, though, and that was why I was piloting Bobby's putt instead of my own. He'd planned it that way. Even dead, Bobby was still the planner while I just plodded along through life, taking things as they came, enjoying the good and making the best I could of the bad.

Planning things came naturally for Bobby, and I guess that's why the letter didn't surprise me all that much when it showed up in my mailbox two days after he'd crossed over to somewhere else. I don't know who (if anybody) mailed it, and I don't know how it got in my mailbox so fast after he died — hell, it didn't even have a stamp on it.

But how the letter got there didn't matter; what it said did. I knew it by heart:

Bro,

It's come to this now, Cuff, and I don't like it. I never was one to ask favors, always rather take care of business myself, but sometimes a man just ain't able and he has to turn to a friend. Looks like you're elected, 'cause there ain't nobody else in the world I'd trust.

You know how I feel about California. It's a good place to visit, lots of pretty gals (God, how I loved to love them gals), lots of sights, plenty of good rides, parties — you name it and California's got it. I been visiting here since '63 and that's a helluva long time for me to hang my hat anywhere.

But now it's time for me to go home. Me an' my putt, we've hit every state 'cept Arkansas — I'm still scratchin' my head tryin' to figger out how the hell I missed that one — and for the most part, you were right there beside me.

Back to the favor. I want to go home now. If you'll go to the Shady Lawn Funeral Home (great name, huh?) over on Fifth, they'll hand over what's left of me to you. There shouldn't be much, just some ashes in a jug or something. You know how I've always carried on about home, about our stately old mansion and thousand-acre cotton farm. How the east boundary of our place runs for more'n a mile along the Tennessee and about how clean and fresh that river is.

Sometimes a fella don't mean to lie, things just come out that way. Take that thousand acres. It was more like twenty, but it always ***seemed*** *like a thousand, maybe more. Pa did plant some cotton from time to time, but it never did make much. And that mansion? Make it a 10x50-foot house trailer. But the river is there, Cuff, the Tennessee. Not for a mile of course, but it is on the eastern boundary of our twenty acres. Muddy and sluggish now, but it ain't always been that way.*

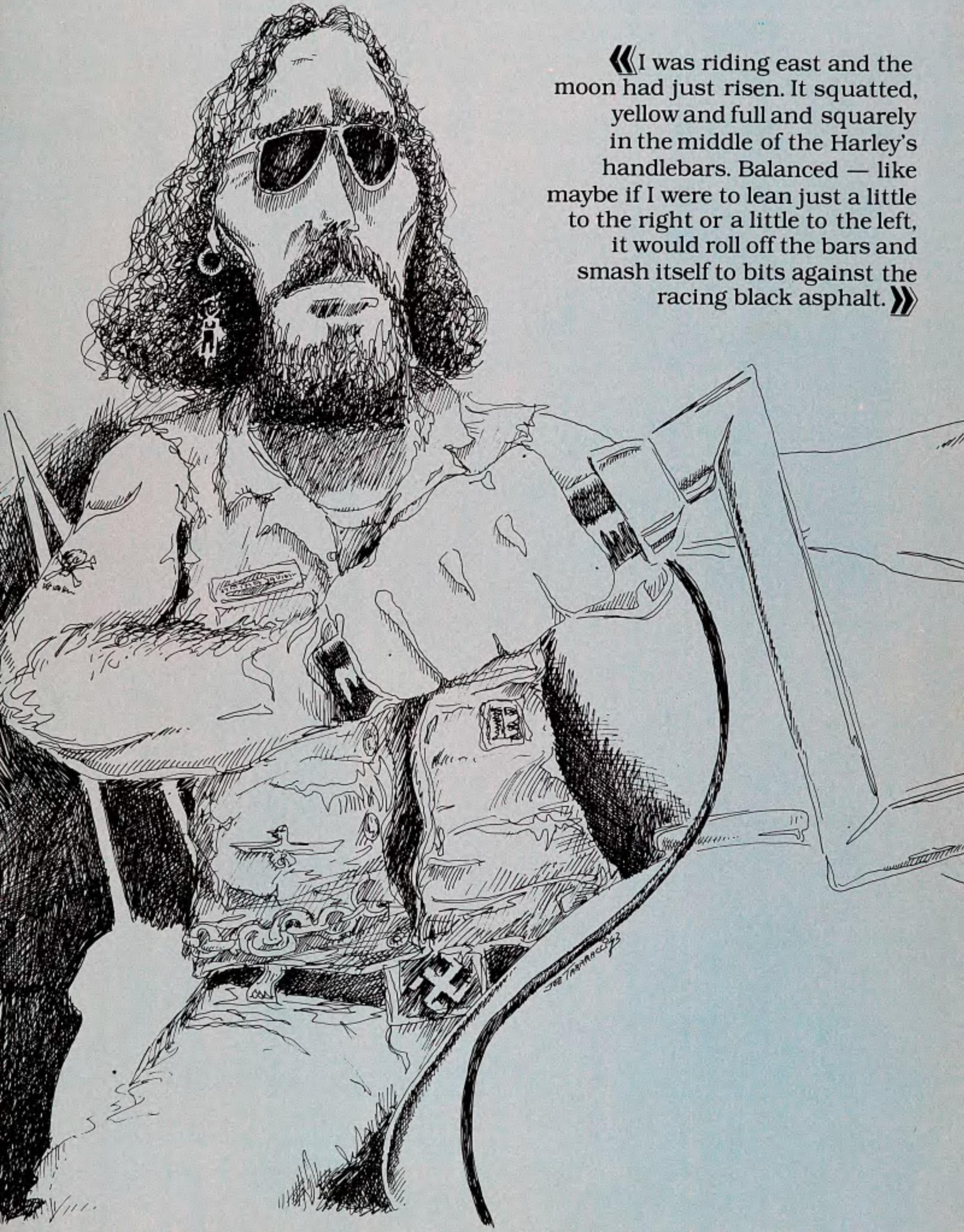
Scottsboro, Alabama, is the name of the town, and if you'll go to Curtis's Shell Station (I don't remember the address, but you can look it up in the telephone book) and ask ol' Hank Curtis where the Baker place is, he'll tell you. Hank'll be there, that's for sure. Some things don't never change.

Our place ain't much (funny how I keep callin' it ***our place,*** *'cause there ain't nobody left in the family 'cept me now). It's all grown up and weeded over and the trailer ain't there no more, just a black place where it burned. Five hundred yards from that burned-out place, going east, you'll come to the Tennessee. Big old live oak tree there with a crooked limb that hangs out over the water. Got my first piece of ass under that tree. That's where I want you to scatter my ashes. Shouldn't be no trouble, 'cause around there the wind is always blowing out of the west, right out over that river. Then (an' I know you'll understand) I want you to shove my ol' Sporty in too. It's deep there, so ain't nobody gonna ever pull her out. Ain't nobody ever rode my putt but me, and then there'll be you when you take me home.*

Continued on page 94

Illustration by Joe Tabaracci

«I was riding east and the moon had just risen. It squatted, yellow and full and squarely in the middle of the Harley's handlebars. Balanced — like maybe if I were to lean just a little to the right or a little to the left, it would roll off the bars and smash itself to bits against the racing black asphalt.»



DEUTSCH POSTERS

A lot of straights wonder what the so-called fascination for German medals is among some motorcyclists. It started after WWII when the chopper or fatbob look began with returning veterans, who used their mustering-out pay to buy motorcycles and immediately removed the excess garbage from them — called "bobbing" them. With the AMA types being ape for 10-year pins, run pins, rally pins, you name it — the non-member veterans wore the German medals they brought back from The War.

Later they were worn to shock — to get a reaction from people. Through the years, as authentic medals disappeared, enterprising people started producing fake German art. To an experienced eye, no one could fake the craftsmanship involved in the intricate designs, nor could anyone afford to duplicate the quality that went into everything the Germans produced — they simply could not afford the time to, even if they had that pride of workmanship the Germans obviously had put into everything they did.

Bike people have always respected this quality, the attention to detail, the excellent workmanship; and this appreciation of their designs is largely the reason that Third Reich paraphernalia is worn by so many motorcyclists today; that fact and, of course, the fact that everyone else is doing it.

This general appreciation for German designs is the reason we are featuring these posters that appeared during the Third Reich period. Even though they don't feature Harleys, we felt the bold poster designs would be of interest, for, as far as we know, this is the first time they've been published here — we found them in an old dusty book published forty years or so ago. —Bookworm

Heraus! Alldeutschlands Söhne!
Ein Deutscher Gang zu Trutz und Trost
von Max Zerbst
Musik von Gustav Drechsel
Herausgegeben mit Genehmigung d. Bayer. Landeskomitees vom Roten Kreuz.
Preis 1 Mark. Die Hälfte fliesst der bayer. Sammlung des Roten Kreuzes zu.
Es erschienen: Original-Ausgabe
Erleichterte Ausgabe
Klavier-Ausgabe

ZÜNDAPP
NÜRNBERG
DAS MOTORRAD
FÜR JEDERMANN
ZÜNDAPP GES.M.B.H. NÜRNBERG

A·D·A·C
ALLGEMEINER DEUTSCHER AUTOMOBIL-CLUB
GRÖSSTER VERBAND DEUTSCHLANDS FÜR MOTORSPORT
BODENSEE-SPORTWOCHE 1924
VOM 14. BIS 17. AUGUST
FÜR KRAFTRÄDER, KRAFTWAGEN, MOTORBOOTE u. FLUGZEUGE

VICTORIA
IIN-800
MOTORRÄDER
VICTORIA-WERKE A.G
NÜRNBERG

UTILITY MONSTER

One bike, instead of three

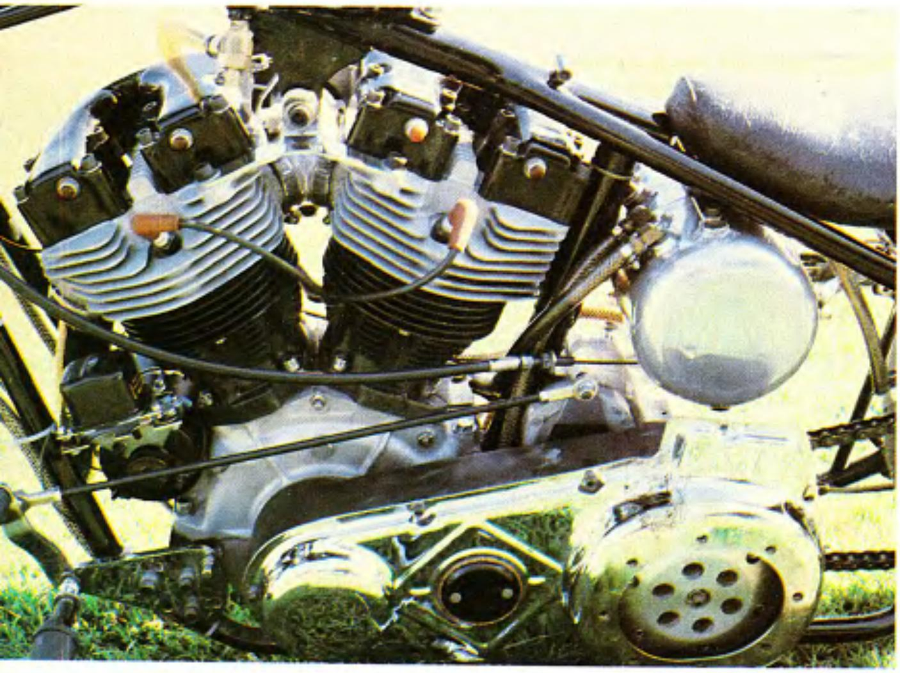
Some bros have a putt for every occasion that's likely to crop up — barhoppin', draggin', cruisin' or crashin'. Whatever the thrill, there's a ride for it, but not for the owner of this 100-inch animal.

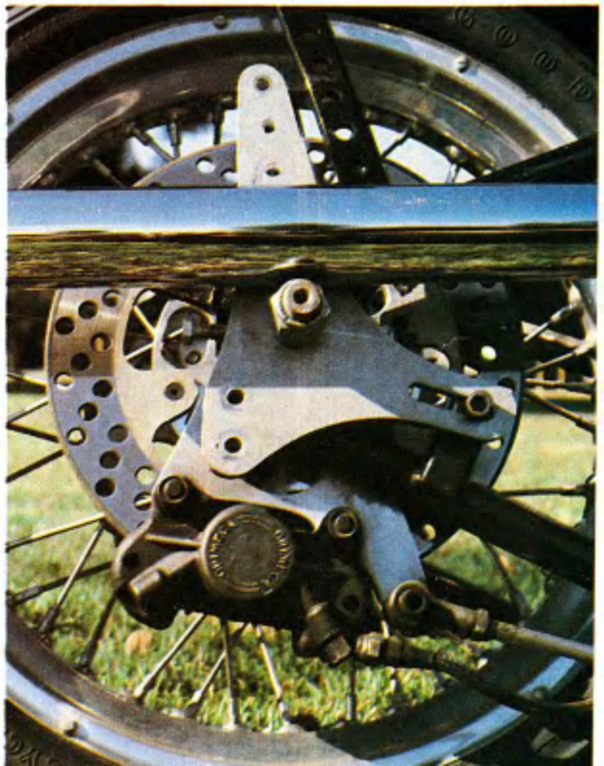
Kentucky started this baby as a mild-mannered 74, then pumped it up to 80, then 88 inches before finally muscling it to the century mark. I guess it's like reds, the more ya eat the more ya want. There's a couple other things like that, but I'm sure ya know a few other possibilities yerself.

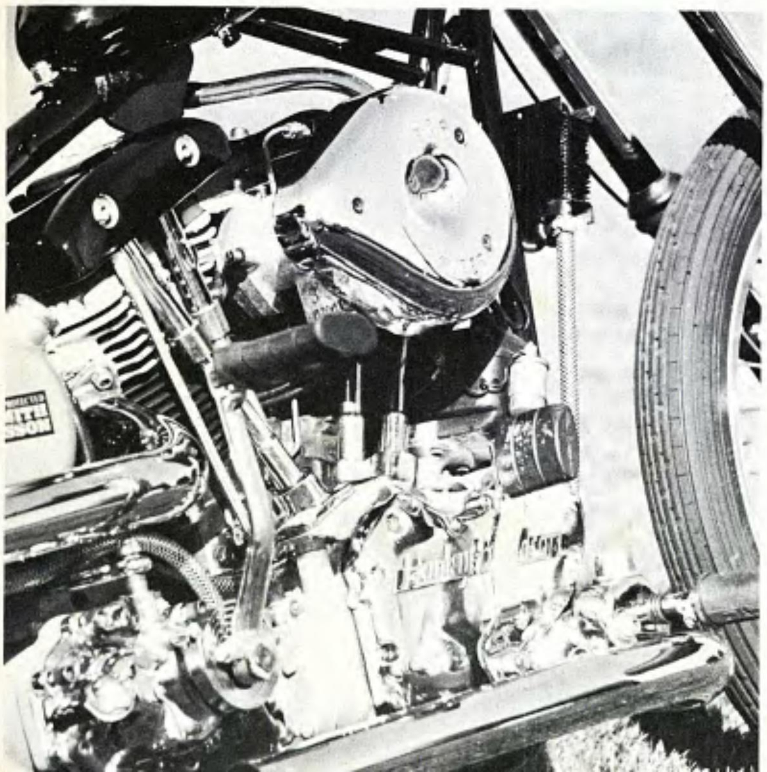
The scoot's a party mover, too. The night before the photo shoot Kentucky was tearin' up the town and, as a result, ya might detect a taste of post-party sludge in her crevices. We're clean freaks when it comes to feature bikes, so Kentucky got the rags out for a quick wipe-down.

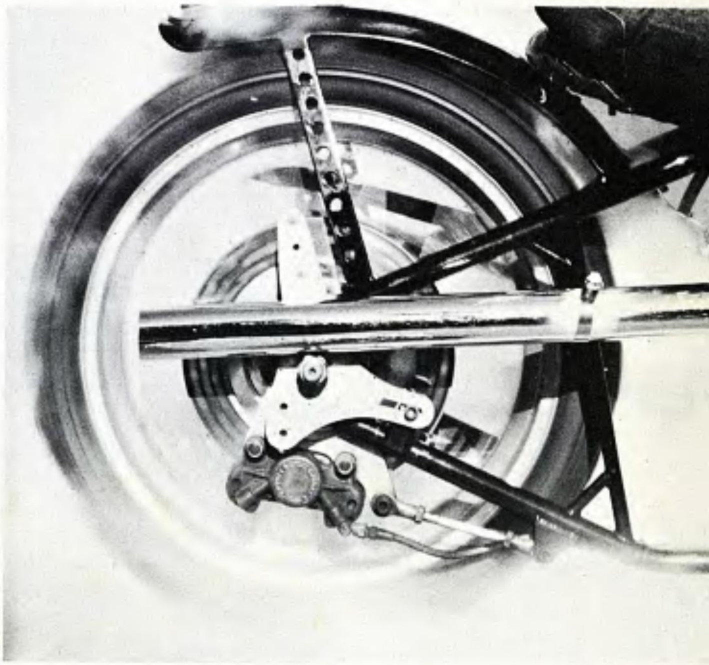
Kentucky says that several cams and even more sprockets are a part of the scoot's mechanical wardrobe, enabling him to ride under any road conditions, open roads or city tangles. He gears her up for long runs, has a setup for in town, and several for the drags.

As you can see, everything is lightened where possible. All garbage is eliminated. This follows the traditional chopper pattern of stripping off the bullshit for looks and performance. Never bein' satisfied, Kentucky made a shit load of changes on it. He says he's always comin' up with another modification here or there. He's also got a mini-oil-sump system on the bottom of the 100-inch engine. Those 100 inches give credence to his statement that, "It's never been beaten anywhere, anytime." And that's not just bar talk. —Buck









My Sweet Texas Rose

By Savage Williamson

What woke me up that Saturday morning was the little guy inside my head beating on the back of my eyeballs with a sledgehammer. Recollections of the big party at Tootskie's the night before began to filter through, and I started to work up the nerve to open one of my eyes for a look-see at wherever the hell I was.

That's when I noticed the smell, a putrid, nosehair-singeing stink that conjured visions of a skunk puking up dead fish. My guts began to squirm, and I had to fight to keep control. I tried to keep from breathing as I slowly and painfully inched an eyelid open.

The ceiling directly over the bed had a huge mirror plastered on it, and I took a long stare at the awful scene reflected there.

Good God, what had I done?

Scattered on the bed beside me was about an acre and a half of spotted bedsheets, hopelessly attempting to cover what looked like a beached whale. Her legs were cocked at right angles, and with a gag I realized suddenly where that hideous stench was coming from. I closed my peepers again and prayed for a deliverance that I knew would never come. My belly sent signals to the spit glands in my mouth that the volcano was about to erupt.

Determined to act like a man about the whole affair, I forced my eyes open again, and after steeling myself with a 60-second bloodshot gaze at the mirror, I elbowed myself up for a good look at this monstrosity.

That was a mistake. My movement on the bed stirred the beast, and those huge orange-peel legs locomoted her quarter of a ton into a slow roll. Like the lady she was, she ripped off a rapid series of burbling machine-gun farts in my direction as she heaved to.

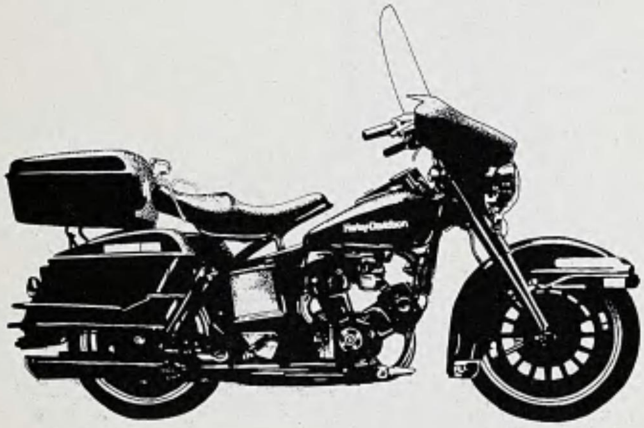
Then I heaved, too. Her putrid-eggs/rancid-cheese/burning-rubber bouquet filled the room and my nose, and my poor stomach just couldn't take it anymore and jettisoned its cargo. While I hung over the edge of the reinforced bed, heaving my toenails out into my boots

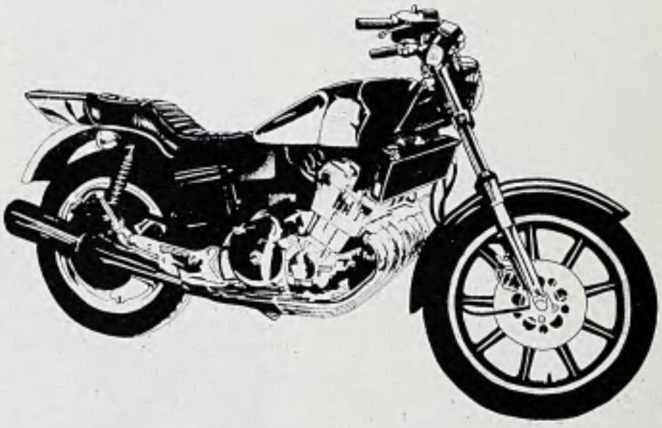
Continued on page 81

Illustration by Hal Robinson

KLEENEX
BLOOP
BEER

TOMORROW'S HARLEY?





Editor's Note: What is the future of Harley-Davidson? The new factory brass say they want to appeal to the "gentleman biker" which, of course, means all of us, whether they know it or not, but what does that mean is going to happen to their designs as they fight off the Japanese invasion?

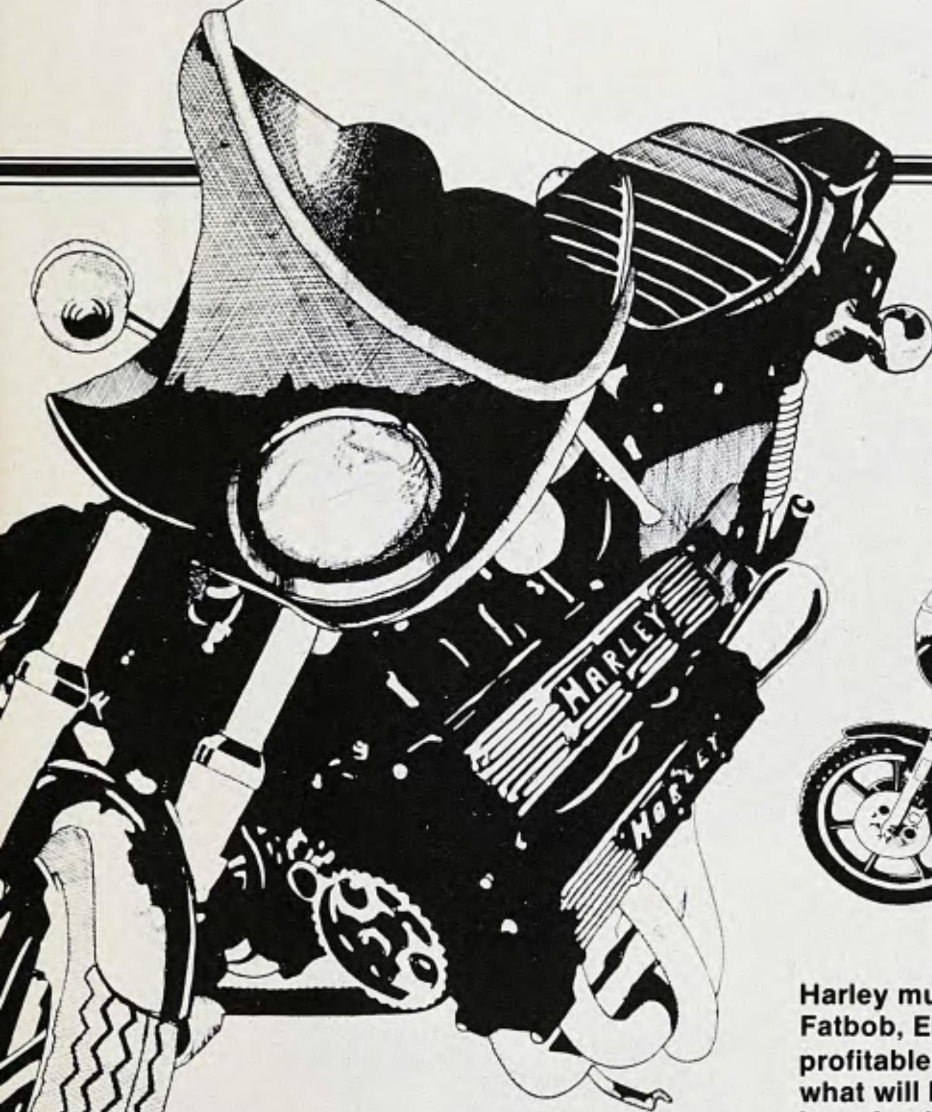
Kerry Chivers, author/artist, sent us the following, expressing what he feels could happen. He's located in Australia, a country that worships the Harley as the U.S. does, and although his designs have the "bench" look of Japanese bikes, who knows where the new owners of H-D are going to take it? Ya gotta wonder about a company that says they're interested only in a "gentleman biker rider." Who are they excluding when they say that? (Grin, grin)

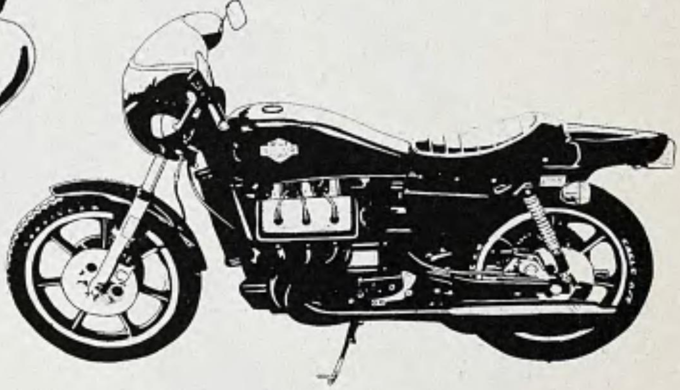
The rumor that Harley is to have a new power plant designed by Porsche has taken many Harley enthusiasts by surprise. Even Harley-Davidson, it seems, is not immune to the ravages of time, technology, EPA regulations, and competition with the Japanese. The Harley is not so much a bike as it is an experience. The throbbing pulse of the big, torquey V-twin is an integral part of this experience; without it, the machine is no longer a Harley. Dare we imagine a Hog with a two-stroke or rotary engine? No matter how a new engine package is integrated into the traditional lines of H-D, it has lost a lot of its character.

One way out of this impasse is to compete with the Japanese directly and market a range of engine designs — making fours, triples, sixes, and even exotic twins in a number of configurations. Such an expansion would help Harley reach those motorcyclists who ordinarily wouldn't ride a Harley. Unfortunately, Harley doesn't have the money to be able to compete so directly with foreign imports. The Aermachi line of machines was such an attempt; it failed because the Japanese made a better machine cheaper.

The V-twin is by no means dead, as the new Honda CX500 and the Yamaha twins prove. Harley could update its own twin along the lines of the V-twin Yamahas. The large-capacity twin would have a 75-degree layout for maximum smoothness, with an overhead cam activated by a rubber-toothed belt. With the addition of water cool-

Story and illustrations
by Kerry Chivers





ing, the engine could have a much tighter tolerance for longer life and quieter running, allowing H-D to subdue the internal engine noises and yet keep a bit of the exhaust note. A four-valve-per-cylinder design would aid the breathing of the motor and help it gain the extra revs needed to generate high horsepower. The ultimate step would be to add turbocharging to the unit like that of the new Honda CX500 model that is controlled by a microchip waste gate. The resultant twin could compete directly with four-cylinder bikes of the same capacity.

Would such a machine be a Harley? Most probably not to the loyalists. To them it would be as much a Hog if it had a BMW engine in it! To discard the traditional twin for another layout is to lose the only market H-D has guaranteed to it. Any attempt to make a new Harley must be run alongside the traditional Fatbob, Electra Glide, and Sportster lines so profitable to the company. It is possible this is what will happen with the Porsche engine introduction.

Any new machine in the Harley stable must be either cast in the Harley mold or be a totally new beast divorced from any association with the image. Let's look at the "Harleyization" of a new engine design. The motor must be big, macho-looking, and integrated well with the bike it is sitting in — preferably a bike that has kept the Harley lines.

Many common four-cylinder designs or even a triple could be used on a Harley; it would be a bit like the Laverda triples in looks, but able to match the Japanese machines in performance. Using a large capacity, the machine could be designed with the four-valve cylinder so popular in large-bore bikes today. Using at least a 1200 capacity, four-valve cylinders, alloy engine block, fuel injection, and electric start the machine could become a strong competitor to the oriental bikes with, of course, a much higher price tag because of the limited production.

Another engine possibility is a six-cylinder similar to the Kawasaki and Honda sixes. Super-weight Harleys are nothing new. The buyer pays a weight penalty but has an awesome amount of power on tap. Using fuel injection, liquid cooling and belt drive, this machine could be extremely smooth and powerful.

Another version is the inline V6. By setting the cylinders in a 90-degree fashion the engine could be kept quite small, as it would have only three crankpins. Such a unit would fit in well with the Harley anodized black in a black frame. With only the highlights showing in bare alloy the package would look quite formidable. The fuel injectors could go beneath the fuel tank, with only the inlet tubes showing to keep the lines clean.

With the addition of an extra couple of cylinders, we have arrived at that greatest of American inventions, the V8. The eight-cylinder bike is no stranger to motorcycling; during the fifties Ducati made them in 350cc and 500cc capacities, and these proved themselves rather fearsome little bikes (albeit with a bad tuning problem because of the eight carbs). The advantages of the V8 are obvious: No one is going to sneer at a new Harley if it sports eight cylinders, no matter how far removed from tradition it is. The V8 need not be very bulky or complex. With a capacity of 1200cc, the engine would have a cylinder capacity of 150cc. The engine block, with Porsche 928-style linerless cylinders and water cooling, would be about 3cm shorter than the engine of the CB750 Honda. This block would be set in line with the frame instead of across it as on the Honda;

Continued on page 86

He Calls This The Burn!

He's the numbnuts who keeps an eye on us to make certain we're doin' our job properly. The old sayings, "You can't shit an old shitter" or "You can't con an old con man" best describe this broken-down scooter tramp. He's done it all, had it all done to him, heard about it, or knows someone who's done it. Ya can't get *anything* past him.

Because of this, you can be assured of fast, efficient handling of your subscription. As far as he's concerned, it's that way or else. He will accept no excuses — even when you're telling the truth — all he does is put "the burn" on ya (the look you see above) and that settles it.

The editorial trash in the next building can fuck off, come in loaded, hung over, half-dead, dead, broken-up, anything, and get away with it, but we must punch a time clock (on time, or else), dress properly, pass a fingernail inspection, and get to work immediately — no chit-chatting or ass-grabbin' — nothing.

So subscribe today and keep alive the myth that old bikers never die. Besides, if he didn't have this job, he'd go back to putting the burn on women that pass him in the park, and he might get the shit kicked outta him by a 200-pound bull dyke.

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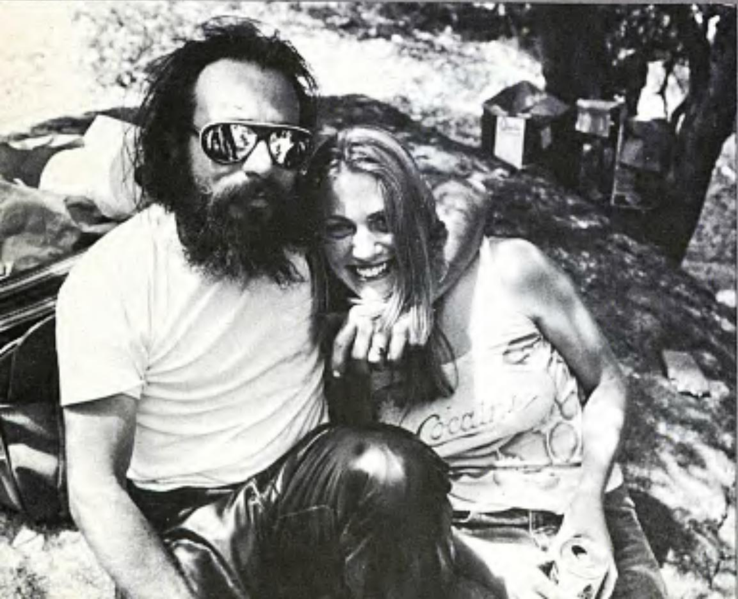
KERN RIVER RUN

by K. Ball



I don't know whether you brothers read these rundowns, but I'm going to tell you about the Kern River run of 1981, as my brother, Toby, and I saw it. It's the first major run of the season for West Coast scooter people and it included winding mountain roads, a raging river, brotherhood, sharp scooters from all over the state, shapely bronzed women, blazing sun, drugs, rowdiness, cops, good-hearted local people and burnin' rubber. Not bad for the first run of a season.

But let me take you back to the Friday morning before Memorial Day, at 3:00 a.m., when my rock 'n' roll alarm went off and I poured my beady-eyed self into the shower and then onto my orange shovelhead, and headed out onto the cold, dark streets. The scooter sounded strong in the cool morning air. My leather blocked the mist and my flapping chaps kept it from my Levied legs. It was a short jaunt to Toby's shop, where I found a brother not ready to split lanes into the hills, but asleep. I sounded reveille, and before the sun hit our dark shades, our bikes were thundering over damp asphalt expressways out of the city and into the hills.

Kern River is north of Los Angeles about 150 miles. Toby and I thought about our brothers rolling comfortably out of the south over the Sierra Madre on wide freeways that drop

Continued on page 111

Photos by K. Ball

Ol' Lady Contest

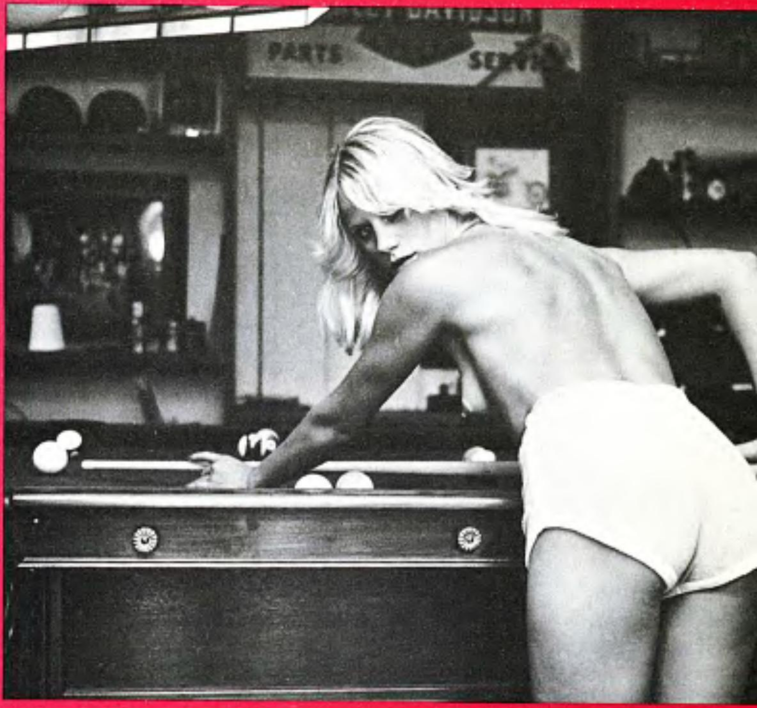
It's a Tie!

It was a squeaker right down to the wire. The votes went first one way and then the other as each day's mail came in. First it was Gayla; the next day it was Terysa.

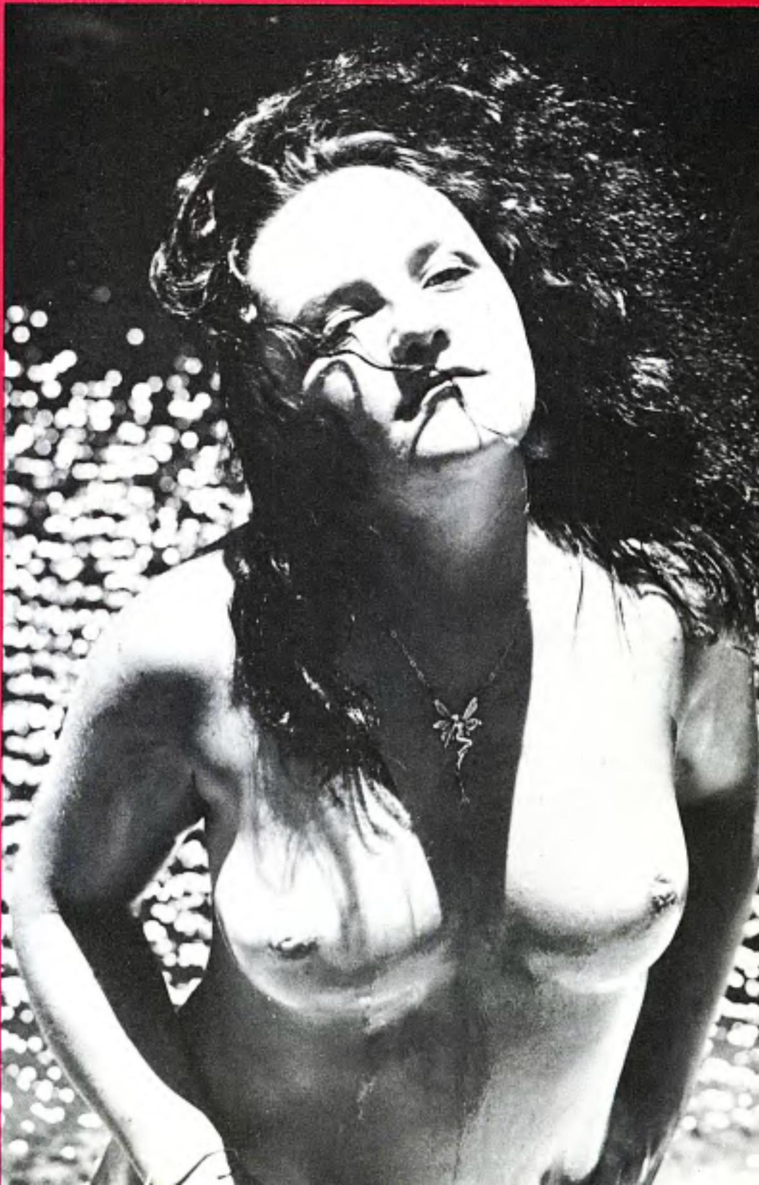
The keeper of the sock with the money was about to have a shit fit. It looked like a tie, and that would mean he'd have to cough up *two* $1,000 checks, bring *two* women to Los Angeles, just double all the expenses — and he had already been pissin' and moanin' about the cost of *one* winner each year. The more the asshole grumbled, the more everyone hoped it would be a tie vote, and with all that positive thinkin' goin' against him, he didn't stand a chance: it was a tie.

You readers have selected Terysa Fenty of the Bronx, New York, and Gayla Higgins of Merced, California.

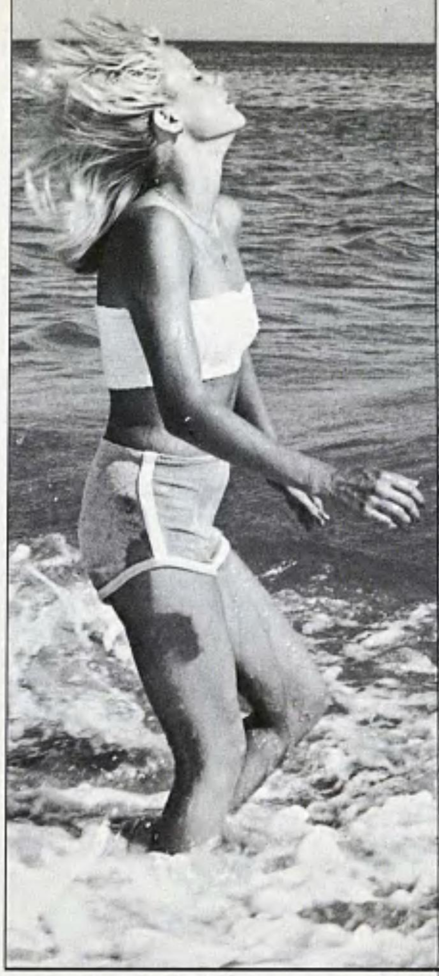
It appears that an equal number of readers like blondes and brunettes: Terysa has very dark hair and Gayla is very blond.



Photos by Pete Chiodo, Billy Tinney, and Woody



Gayla



It never seems to fail — girls always seem to look different in person than they do when photographed. With most girls you aim a camera at them and they light up, the result being a girl far more beautiful than the girl you see standing right in front of you. It's like magic — a truly amazing phenomenon.

When I first viewed the pictures of the two Ol' Lady Contest winners, there was nothing to indicate their height and, when Gayla showed up at the office, I was pleasantly surprised by how small she was — a 110-pounder and almost tit high to most of the slobs in the office. She wore tight Levi's and a tight-fitting tit top that squashed her tits down. At first glance she looked like a pretty, long-haired little boy — with lipstick on. Later, when she removed the tight top, her breasts popped up nicely — so much so that we told her the top didn't do her justice.

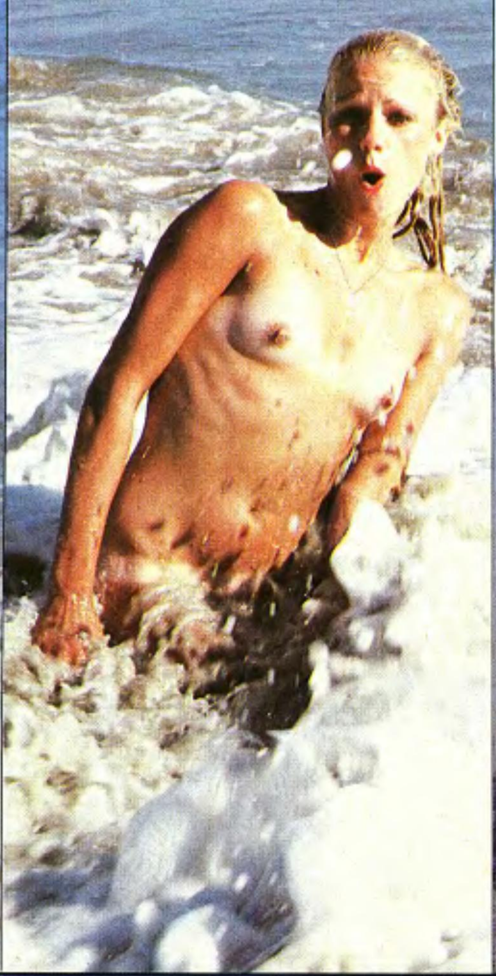
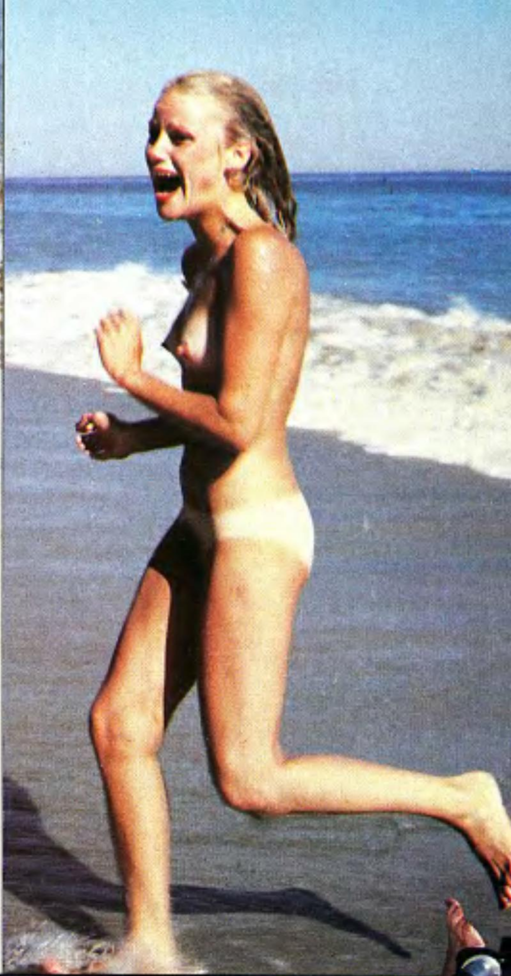
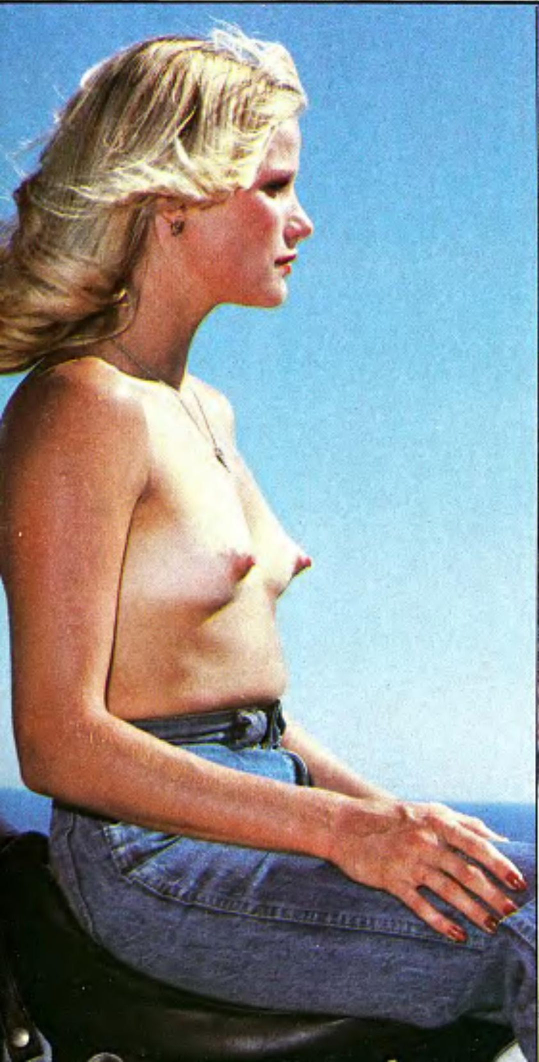
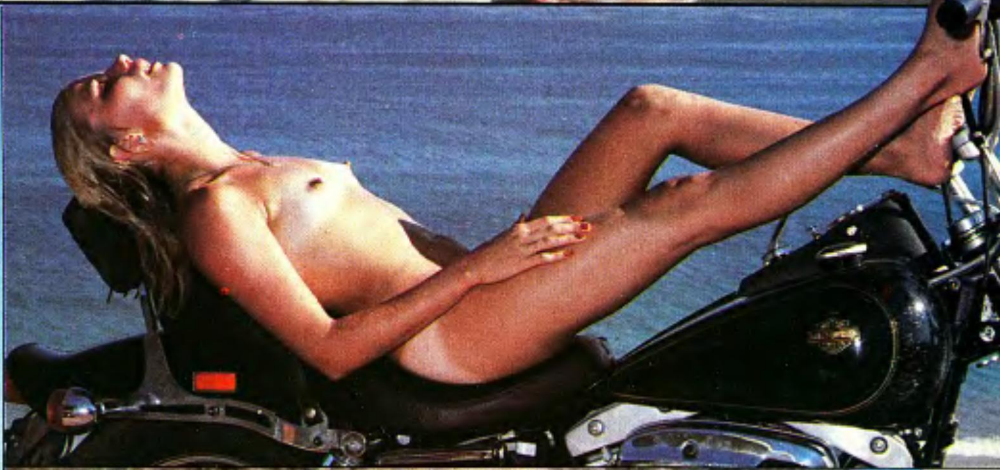
The weather out here in the land of fruits and nuts is usually nice and mild in June, but this year the weather went apeshit and hit 100° — the week both winners were in town. So it didn't take a rush to the brains to decide to take some photographs at the beach. Gayla, although from California, is from the midlands where it gets damned hot. Being so far from a beach, she had never seen an ocean before, so she really tripped out on the opportunity to skinny dip in the beautiful Pacific.

Once she took off her clothes, she revealed that her Levi's didn't do her ass any justice, either. She had a perfect figure for her 110-pound frame.

Gayla had also known a model and so, much to our relief, fell into every pose almost automatically. As soon as we requested a pose, she easily slid into it. For someone with no professional background, she did remarkably well and made our job much easier. You may not know it, but it's not easy to pose a girl and make her look as good as she is in every photo — especially an amateur. Amateurs are usually not at ease, are stiff and awkward to pose. But Gayla went at it like a pro. Her personality was up all the time. Because she was up, she made everyone else up and happy.

Gayla spent a week in Los Angeles, and we all hated to see her go. But we had a magazine to produce, and a distraction like Gayla is not conducive to getting the job done. It took a lot of dedication and self-discipline to keep our eyes on the ball and not a few miles away — you know what I mean.

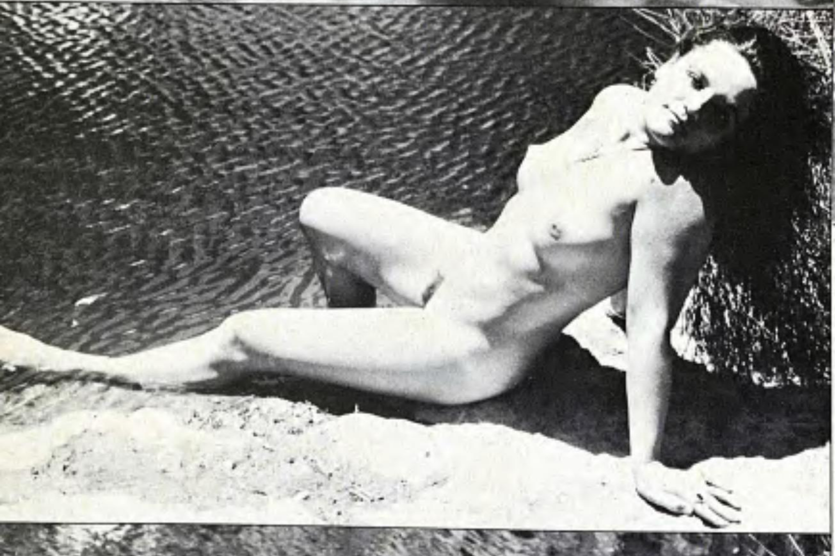
—Dog Breath

Photos by Pete Chiodo

Terysa

Photos by Billy Tinney and Woody



Bronx Beauty

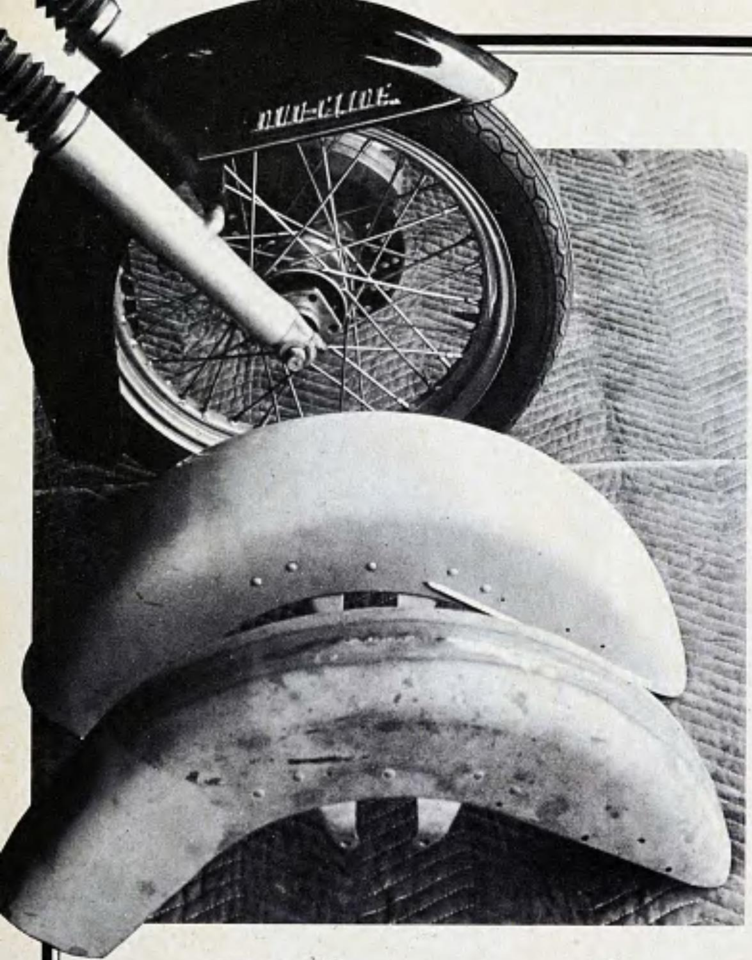
The plane touched down and out she stepped. Billy Tinney and I had no trouble at all spotting her; after all, we had an out-of-focus Polaroid print of her and instructions to photograph her arrival. She was easy to spot, 'cause soon as she saw our T-shirts she screamed, "All right, *Easyriders,*" and started bangin' both of us on the back harder'n a two-hundred-pound biker.

When she broke out a pint of J.D. black label from her purse, passed it to us, then chugged what was left, we knew we had a real biker ol' lady on our hands.

Hell, she would have made a fine biker: she was tattooed, raised more hell than a Tasmanian devil, and partied harder than most bros.

Those guys back in the Bronx really know how to pick 'em. You couldn't ask for a better ol' lady. She partied, posed, then planed it right back home to her man.

Her ol' man can be proud of her. She showed what it means to be a good ol' lady, and she did it with class. That's it! The best way to describe Terysa — she has lots of class. —Beast



Slush Guard

Fuck the rain; fuck the snow; I'm going riding!

I was sitting over at my bros' house, listening to their stories about what a neat summer it had been: all the sun rays, hard bellies, beer, adventures, and such. You know how it goes. It's sorta like "Can you top this?" Well, the more bullshit that they slung around, the more I wanted to get in the wind. You see, I had the misfortune to have spent the entire summer with a leg cast up to my ass. And other than riding in a pickup truck on the runs a few times, I spent the biggest part of the summer in front of the boob tube, sucking on some suds and getting fatter. It's totally screwed to watch your brothers and sisters taking off on a run for a weekend of fun.

The only problem I could foresee was keeping the slush off me and my scoot. A front fender was in order, but not just any store-bought front fender — one with a bit of class! I'd heard that sectioning a wide-glide front fender would make a fat bike like mine look tits. So I grabbed a couple of sixers and some doobies and headed down to my good friends at Ark Engineering for some surgery on a wide-glide front fender I'd traded for.

First, we had to find the center line of the fender, which was accomplished by measuring the width and marking it in several places. Then I measured my tire. I figured two inches out of the center for my nineteen would get the job done. With an old bandsaw blade, I scribed on the inside of the fender the two inches that were to be cut out.

Next came the trick part. I put the fender on the bandsaw table and started cutting it. What a racket! Nevertheless, by cutting from both ends of the fender, then taking a few snips with a tin shear, I completed that part of the job. Then Randy tack-welded the two halves together in several places on the inside before flipping the fender over and welding it from one end to the other.

If you have the patience, the same thing can be accomplished with a regular gas welding outfit and a saber saw. It just won't come out as neat. But remember that old saying: "Bondo hides all sins."

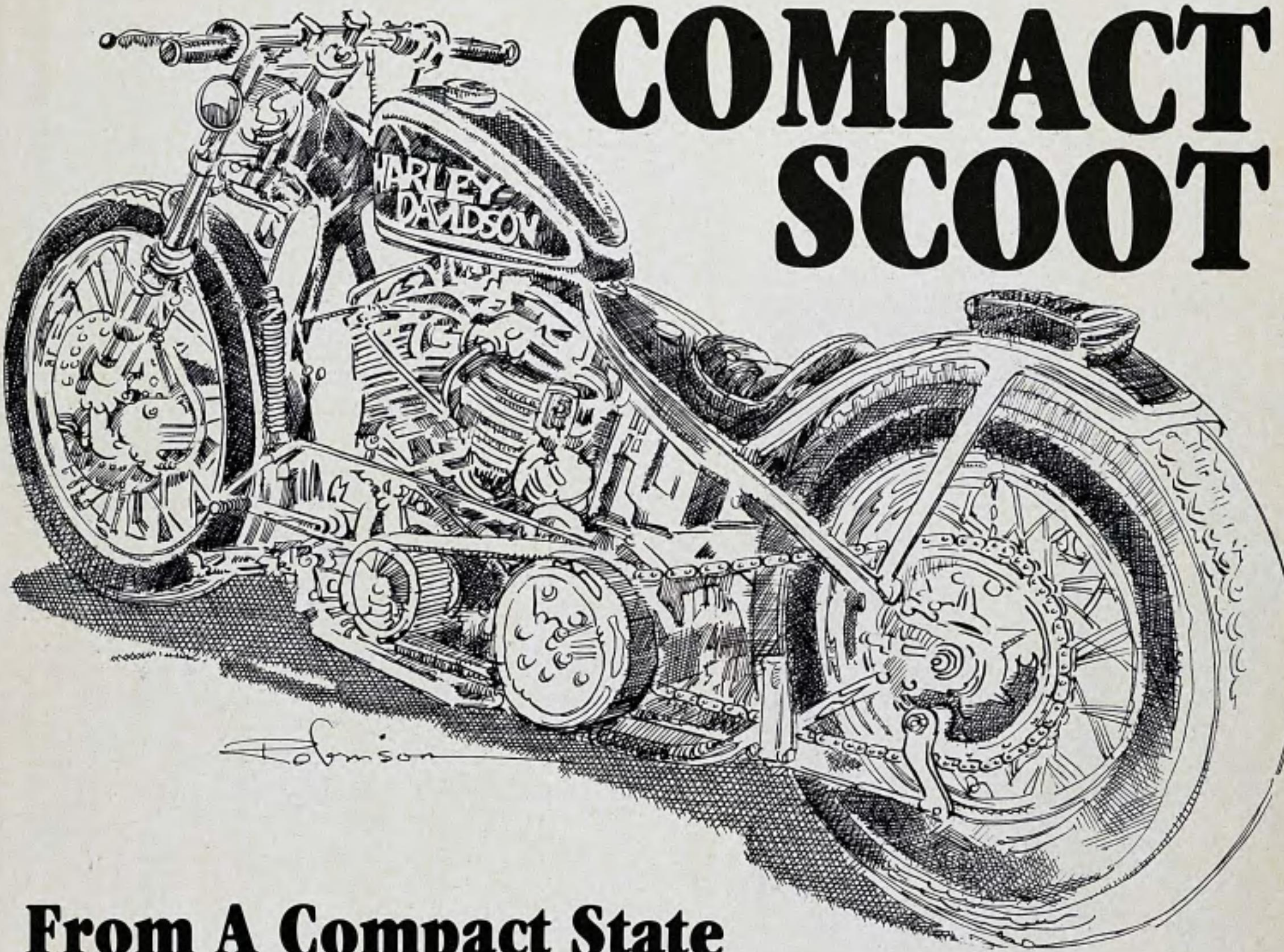
I took the fender home, beat down the rough areas, and bondoed the shit out of it. Then I took it to another friend, who painted it. I also found some old Harley emblems to put on it. Finally, it was out on the road.

Hey, guess what. I've fucked up the other leg now. I guess I was having too much fun.

— Knarly

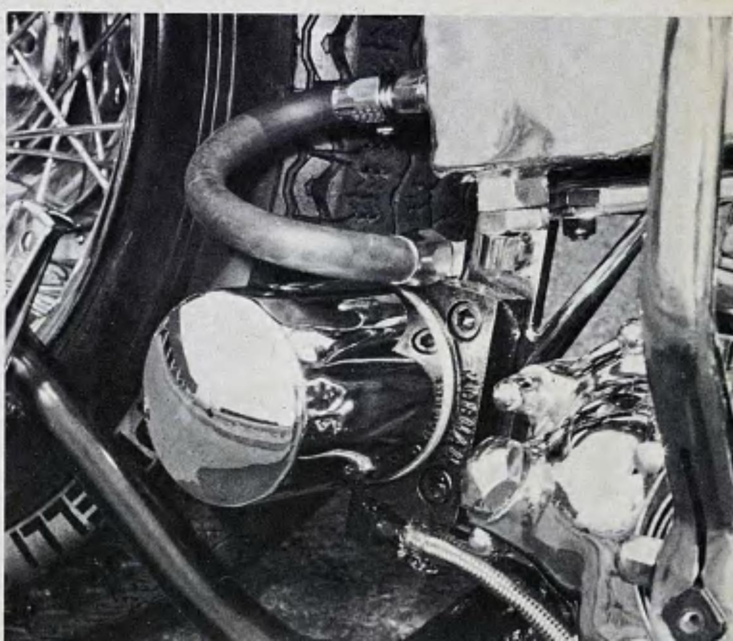
Photos by Kim Peterson

COMPACT SCOOT



From A Compact State

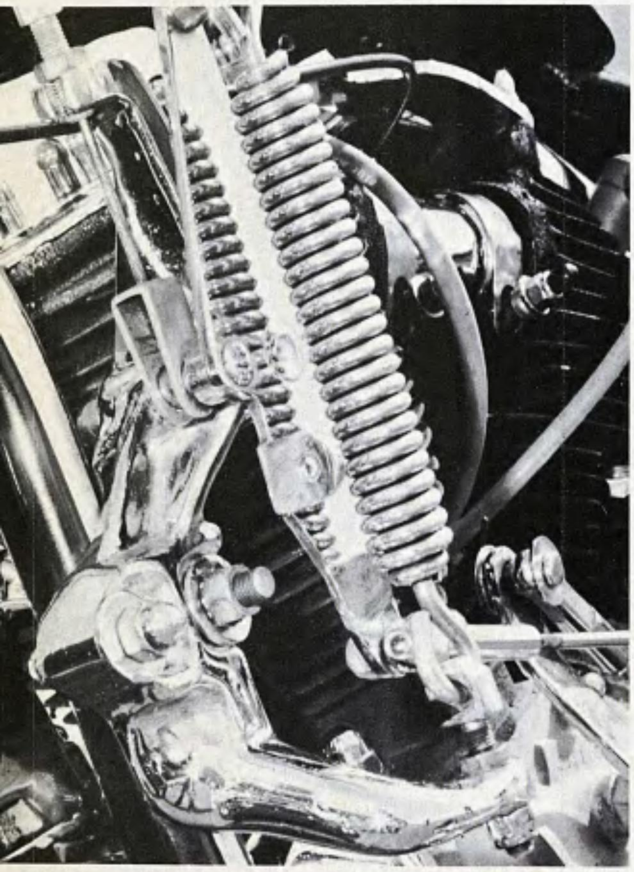
You may think living in a part of the country where distances are as squeezed down as the fork springs on a fully loaded dresser ain't exactly the greatest; but actually, puttin' around a puny province like Massachusetts, Connecticut, or Rhode Island does have a few advantages. If you wanta deposit that local loudmouth sitting down at the end of the bar into the next county, it ain't no big deal. All you gotta do is heave 'im over the fence outside. Or, when the heat's about to pinch you for doin' 91 in a 55, that friendly state line is just a few

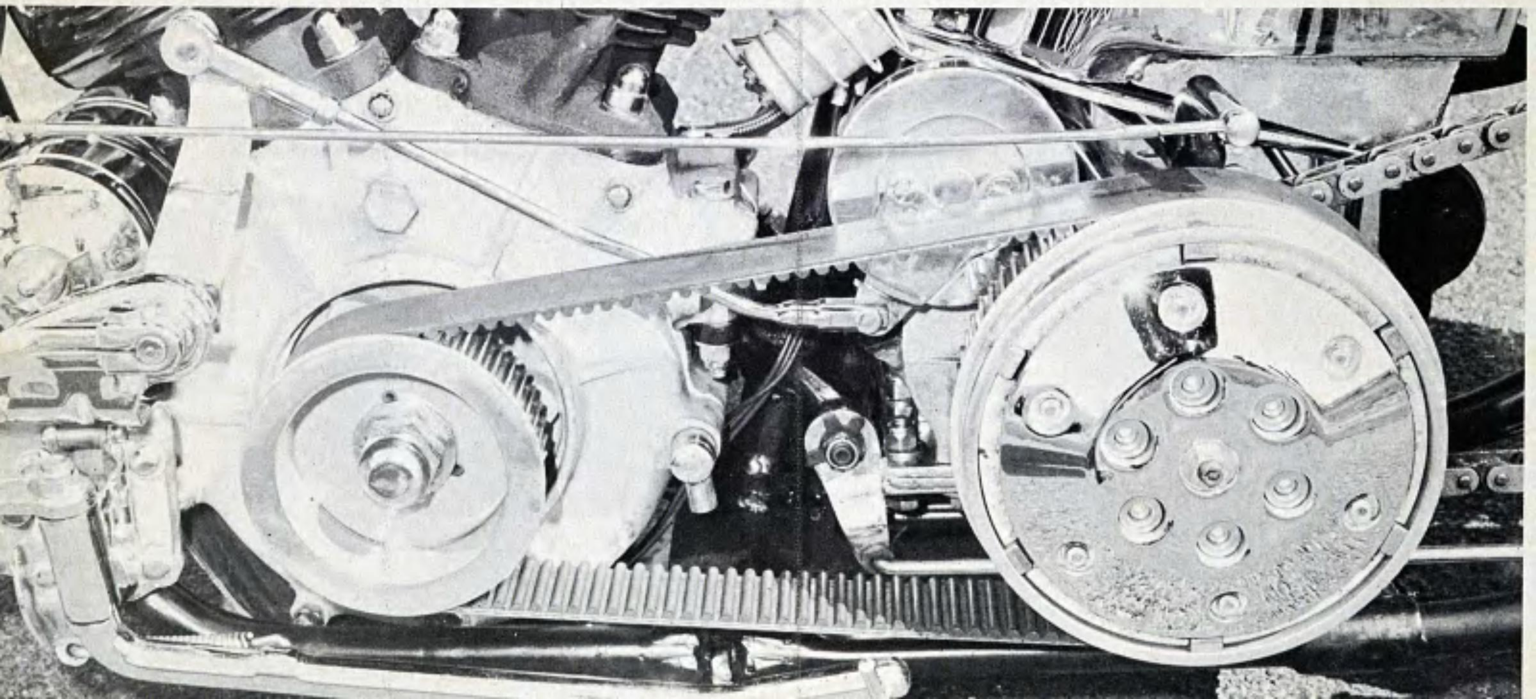


quick turns of the rear 16-incher away. And talk about jammin': You can visit fine females in five of these shrunken colonies in a single afternoon.

Okie, bein' from the northeast part of the country, is a veteran in small-state survival. He built the ride you see on these pages compact and low down for good handlin' and stoppin' on the converted cow paths often found in these parts. The kind of horsepower

Owner: Okie	**City:** Boston area	
General	**Frame**	
Fabrication by: owner	Year: 1948	
Year and make: 1951 H-D	Builder: H-D	
Model: Big Twin	Type: cradle rigid	
Value: for sale	Rake: ⅝ in.	
Assembly by: owner	Stretch: none	
Time: more than a little	Other alterations: tabs removed	
Chroming by: South Shore Plating	**Accessories**	
Engine	Bars: ⅞-in. drag	
Year: 1951	Risers: none	
Model: FL	Fender(s): front Harley hummer	
Rebuilder: owner	Headlight: 4-in. Bates	
Ignition: Hunt magneto, capacitor	Taillight: catseye, bracket by Okie	
Displacement: 96 cu. in.	Speedo: none	
Lower end: S&S stroker	Front pegs: Anderson	
Balancing: yeah	Rear pegs: Anderson	
Pistons: 9.5:1	Electrics: 12-volt, Bosch reg.	
Cases: bead blasted	Gas tank: Sportster	
Heads: ported and polished	Oil tank: by owner	
Cam(s): Sifton 468	Oil system: late-model pump	
Lifters: Sifton solids	Primary cover: open	
Carb(s): S&S, GBL series	Seat: Cycle Fabrications	
Air cleaner: zip	Sissybar: none	
Pipes: 2 in., by owner	Height:	
Muffler(s): yeah, sure	Material:	
Transmission	**Forks**	
Modifications: Andrews guts	Type: Cerrani glide	
Year: 1948	Extension: 2 in. under	
Shifting: foot	Builder: owner	
Engine sprocket: Phase 3 (24)	Special features: steering damper	
Trans sprocket: 23	**Wheels**	
Wheel sprocket: 51	**Front**	**Rear**
Painting	Size: 19 in.	Size: 15 in.
Molding: Brad of Cycle Fab	Hub: Honda	Hub: H-D
Painter: Dave Perewitz	Rim width: 2½ in.	Rim width: 5 in.
Color: black, red, and blue pearl	Tire: 3.25 Cont.	Tire: 165 R Pirelli
Type: acrylic lacquer	Brake: dual disc	Brake: mech.
Special paint: silver leaf, striping		
Other special modifications: More than you ever dreamed of.		



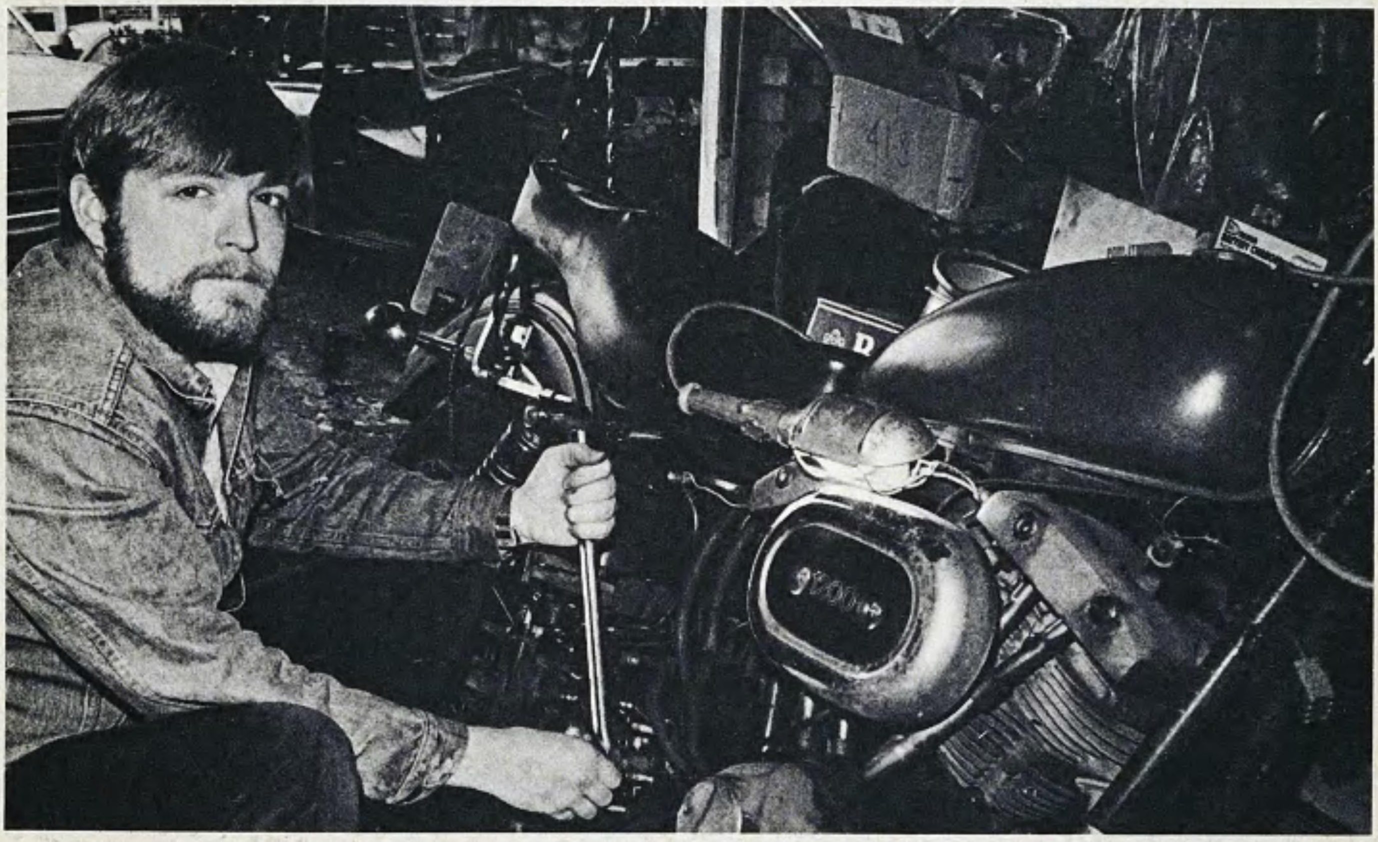


HARLEY-
DAVIDSON

HARLEY-
DAVIDSON

that this 96-inch mill makes all gets put to good use. Whether the scoot is scattering leaves on a country lane or flashing its details at a gas stop, it's intended to keep everyone's eyes wide open. At the speed Okie and his scoot travel, if you blinked they'd be a state and a half away. —Sniveler

Photos by Jake



American Sailor Saves His Harley From British Bike Thief

London, England — A thief chose the wrong motorbike to make off with when he tried to steal tough American Timothy Oser's Harley-Davidson.

Oser, a petty officer in the U.S. Navy's London HQ, saw red when a friend rushed in to tell him his £2,000 motorcycle was being stolen from a parking space outside the American Embassy.

Oser charged out and dragged the thief from the saddle of the FX 1200cc. He pinned the thief to the ground with a knee on his chest and a hand on his throat until the police arrived.

Keith Cowen, 36, of Surbiton, Surrey, pleaded guilty to stealing Oser's machine and taking another motorcycle when he appeared before London's Marylebone Street court.

He was said to have told police he was going to steal the machine to strip it down and sell the parts.

Cowen also admitted receiving stolen jewelry and having cannabis in his possession when he was arrested.

He had 18 previous convictions, and was sentenced to a total of six months imprisonment, suspended for two years, and fined £30. He was also ordered to pay Oser £185 compensation for damage caused to the bike.

Afterwards Oser, 25, of Richfield Road, Bushey Heath, said he did not regard himself as a hero.

He said: "I ran out of the building and into Grosvenor Square, where I saw somebody taking off with the bike. The thief had stalled it, and I ran out to him and pulled him off.

"I did what any Harley owner would have done.

"He should have known better than to mess with a Harley owner. He picked the wrong bike to mess with."

The thief — an unemployed motor mechanic — was wearing a parka coat and crash helmet. He had torn out the ignition system and hot-wired it to start the bike. Other damage was caused when the bike toppled as Oser waded in.

He is extremely proud of the American motorbike, which has a larger engine than many European cars.

Oser is married with a 17-month-old daughter, Tina. He has been in England for two and a half years, working in the data-processing section of the Navy HQ in North Audley Street.

His ol' lady Terri, has her own opinion of her husband's action.

"She thinks I should have hit him a few more times," joked Oser. — from *Post-Echo*

Used Force — Cop Suspended

Lakeland, Florida — A motorcyclist who was shot at five times by a Lakeland police officer during a chase pleaded guilty to six traffic charges stemming from the incident and was fined $272.

Thomas Edward Smith also pleaded guilty to four other traffic charges stemming from an encounter four days earlier with the same police officer — Hugh Larry McRorie. Smith was fined $98.50 for those charges.

McRorie, 42, is scheduled to appear before the city's Civil Service Board to appeal part of his punishment. He was suspended for four days.

Lakeland traffic court records show McRorie charged Smith with driving a motorcycle without a headlight, no valid license tag, and no inspection sticker or driver's license.

Four days later, McRorie saw Smith driving the motorcycle without rear-view mirrors and chased him five miles at speeds up to 90 mph.

During the chase, McRorie — also riding a motorcycle — pulled alongside Smith and tried three times to kick him off his bike. As the two neared Saddle Creek Park, McRorie fired five shots at Smith's rear tire, flattening it.

The motorcycle fishtailed off the road and into a ditch. Smith, who wasn't hurt, ran a short distance and then climbed ten feet up a pine tree.

The officer charged Smith with driving the motorcycle without eye protection, mirrors, a valid license tag, or inspection sticker. He also was charged with reckless driving and fleeing to elude a police officer.

Police Chief Lawrence W. Crow, Jr. later suspended McRorie four days without pay — two for using unnecessary force in the kicking incident and two for violating a departmental policy against shooting at fleeing misdemeanor suspects.

McRorie appealed the two-day suspension for the kicking. — from Gary Kimbler, *The Ledger*

Florida May Drop Helmet Law

1981 could be the first year motorcyclists doff their helmets legally since the early 1960s, and the prospect brings joy to some and consternation to others.

Will more people die with the abolition of mandatory helmets, or will better hearing and peripheral-vision expansion save lives?

These are the issues the Florida Legislature is debating right now. Chances are very good, barring a veto by Gov. Robert Graham, that the wearing of helmets will be made optional by lawmakers.

The fact attests to the lobbying power of ABATE (A Brotherhood Against Totalitarian Enactments), an orgaization of Florida motorcyclists with a branch in Sarasota, determined to overturn the mandatory helmet law.

For years ABATE members have been staging peaceful protests, usually huge motorcycle rallies where riders drive bareheaded from one city to another. These protests were made with the cooperation of local law enforcement agencies. Lawmen agreed not to arrest the riders if they obeyed the traffic laws and gave them warning of the protests.

The slogan was, "Let those who ride decide," meaning motorcycle riders should be the ones who decide whether or not to wear a helmet. Representatives of ABATE argue that helmets don't always help save lives; indeed, helmets can contribute to accidents.

Legislators in Tallahasee were sympathetic to ABATE's arguments. Even so, a favorable Senate Transportation Committee vote on S.B. 674 was attained only with the provision that riders 16 to 21 must still wear helmets. In the House, the Transportation Committee recommended that riders under age 18 must still wear helmets under H.B. 791.

The two houses will have to reconcile these discrepancies before a bill can be sent to Gov. Graham. — from *Sarasota Herald Tribune.*

November Events

Sunday, November 1, 1981, CBA/ABATE of Charlotte, N.C. Fall bike show and swap meet, Metrolina Fairgrounds, Hwy. 21, Charlotte, N.C. For more information call (704) 536-8535, (704) 399-8109, or (704) 394-5934.

Bikers' Blood To Burned Kid

Lorain, Ohio — Recently a pack of many-sized bikers, tattoos crawling around their arms, bandannas wrapping their heads, wearing black leather vests and black cotton T-shirts, invaded the blood bank at St. Joseph Hospital.

There were close to 25 in the waiting room. They came from

Medina and Vermillion, Litchfield and South Amherst. They were members of Dirt and Grime and the Spokesmen motorcycle clubs, friends or family to 13-year-old Davey Leatherwood.

Davey had been severely burned when some gasoline he was using ignited and engulfed him in flames.

He was still in poor condition. He went through about 30 pints of blood after one operation. He'll go through more as a result of further surgery. Unless the blood supply is replenished, a pint of blood costs upward from $30. So in blood alone, medical costs are close to $1,000, and the father, who is laid off work, was concerned about meeting the payments.

That's where the two motorcycle groups came in.

Larry Stidham, secretary of the Spokesmen, got a call from Davey's father, David, also a Spokesmen member, saying his son was going through a lot of blood. "People always think bad things about motorcycle people. But we do help out," Stidham said. "We're not as bad as everyone thinks."

A few years ago the bikers got together to donate blood to an Elyria police officer who lost his leg following a motorcycle accident. They are now discussing setting up their own bank for any family member or friend who needs help in the future.

"Crazy" Jack Lewis rides with Dirt and Grime. He doesn't know Davey but showed up anyway. "I never met the kid, but I want to help out. You never know, we might need a favor sometime later."

Nurses at the blood bank, accustomed to an average eight donors a day, asked some who were waiting to come back a day or two later. One biker looked up at the nurse who had just finished taking a pint of blood and asked, "Done? Take another one."

Karl Heidberg, head of the Lorain County Blood Bank, said the blood would be kept at the hospital and credit given to Red Cross for as many pints as Davey used. He said between 30 and 50 pints of blood were needed.

"We find motorcycle people have always been the ones who come out and help in these situations," Heidberg said. — from Clare Ansbury, *The Journal.*

Helmet Bill Defeated In Maine

Augusta, Maine — After lengthy debate the House of Representatives rejected a proposal that the state again require motorcycle drivers to wear crash helmets.

"I'm not sure that it's the job of the Legislature to legislate common sense," said Rep. Martin Hayden, D-Durham.

A state helmet law was repealed in 1977. The action came after several rallies by motorcyclists who defied the law by not wearing helmets as they gathered across the street from the Statehouse.

Police watched the rallies but refrained from making arrests, saying there were too many people ignoring the law to make arrests effective.

"The Legislature did not make a mistake in 1977," said Rep. Richard E. McKean, D-Limestone. "The statistics show there have actually been fewer fatalities among motorcycles since the law was repealed.

"If we spend our time considering this bill, perhaps we should consider requiring crash helmets for drivers and passengers in cars, because there are 36 times more head injuries from car accidents than from motorcycle wrecks," said McKean, who often drives a motorcycle to work and wears a helmet.

Sponsors of the bill were Reps. John L. Tuttle, R-Lewiston, and G. William Diamond, D-Windham. — from Bangor *Daily News.*

United States Motorcycle Laws

	Special M/C License	Helmet	Eye Protection	Lights on at all times
Alabama	No	Yes	No	No
Alaska	Yes	Yes[1]	Yes	No
Arizona	Yes	Yes[2]	Yes	No
Arkansas	Yes	Yes	Yes[3]	Yes
California	Yes	No	No	Yes[6]
Colorado	Yes	No	Yes[3]	No
Connecticut	Yes	No	Yes	No
Delaware	Yes	Yes[1-4]	Yes[3]	No
Florida	No	Yes	Yes	Yes
Georgia	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes
Hawaii	Yes	Yes[2-4]	Yes	No
Idaho	Yes	Yes[2]	No	No
Illinois	Yes	No	Yes	Yes
Indiana	Yes	No	No	Yes
Iowa	Yes	No	No	Yes[6]
Kansas	Yes	Yes[5]	Yes	No
Kentucky	Yes	Yes	Yes[3]	No
Louisiana	Yes	Yes[2]	Yes	No
Maine	Yes	No	No	Yes
Maryland	Yes	Yes[4]	Yes	No
Massachusetts	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
Michigan	Yes	Yes	Yes[7]	No
Minnesota	Yes	Yes[2]	Yes[3]	Yes
Mississippi	No	Yes	No	No
Missouri	Yes	Yes	No	No
Montana	Yes	Yes[2]	No	Yes
Nebraska	Yes	Yes	No	No
Nevada	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
New Hampshire	Yes	Yes[2]	Yes	No
New Jersey	Yes	Yes[4]	Yes	No
New Mexico	Yes	Yes[2-4]	Yes	No
New York	Yes	Yes[4]	Yes	Yes
North Carolina	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
North Dakota	Yes	Yes[2-4]	No	No
Ohio	Yes	Yes[2]	Yes[3]	No
Oklahoma	No	Yes[2]	Yes	No
Oregon	Yes	Yes[2]	No	Yes
Pennsylvania	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
Rhode Island	Yes	No	Yes[3]	No
South Carolina	Yes	Yes[4]	Yes	Yes
South Dakota	Yes	Yes[2]	Yes	No
Tennessee	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes
Texas	Yes	Yes[2-4]	No	No
Utah	Yes	Yes[2-5]	No	No
Vermont	Yes	Yes[4]	Yes	No
Virginia	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
Washington	Yes	No	Yes	Yes
West Virginia	Yes	Yes[4]	Yes	Yes
Wisconsin	Yes	Yes[1]	Yes	Yes
District of Columbia	Yes	Yes	Yes	No

Canadian Motorcycle Laws

	Special M/C License	Helmet	Eye Protection	Lights on at all times
Alberta	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
British Columbia	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
Manitoba	Yes	No	No	No
New Brunswick	Yes	Yes	Yes[3]	Yes
Newfoundland	Yes	Yes	Yes[3]	No
Northwest Territories	No	Yes	No	No
Nova Scotia	Yes	Yes	Yes[3]	Yes
Ontario	Yes	Yes	No	Yes[8]
Prince Edward Island	Yes	Yes	No	No
Quebec	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
Saskatchewan	Yes	Yes	Yes[3]	No
Yukon	Yes	Yes	No	No

[1]Under 19
[2]Under 18
[3]Required even if bike has windscreen
[4]Helmet must be reflectorized
[5]Helmet for both rider and passenger
[6]Lights on if bike is made after 1977
[7]Required for speeds above 35 mph
[8]Bikes of 1970 or newer

Cycling Runs In Families

Linthicum, Md. — Motorcycling is a family affair, according to a poll of cyclists across the country, but it's also strongly linked with friendship.

Nearly 60 percent of the cyclists polled by the Motorcycle Safety Foundation said more than one member of their family rode cycles. More than 80 percent said they had been introduced to cycling either by family members or friends.

The motorcyclists represented a wide sampling of riders who took MSF-sanctioned rider-training courses. Nearly 65 percent said they had more than five friends who rode motorcycles. Less than 2 percent said they had no friends who rode.

Of those polled, 41 percent were women and more than 80 percent parents. The polled cyclists were mostly (45 percent) college graduates. — from *Associated Press*

Reagan Staffer On Helmets

James C. Miller III, a high-ranking official in the Office of Management and Budget, is executive director of the presidential task force on regulatory relief.

The economist in the pinstripe suit is a motorcyclist, and his philosophy on regulation can be summed up in his feeling about protective helmets. Miller recently told an interviewer that he wears his helmet not only in Washington, D.C., where it is required, but elsewhere. "I wear a helmet when I ride that motorcycle up at my cabin on private property where there's no legal reason for me to wear that helmet. I'm following the President's point. I'm not being foolish. But the President says he doesn't think the federal government has any business telling people they have to wear a motorcycle helmet and that is just an infringement on a personal decision." — Henry Gilgerf, *Newsday*.

$50,000 Per Year Noise Control Regulator Is Ousted

Washington — They will make Charles Elkins move out of his office before long. They will take away his 143-member staff, his subscription to *Sound and Vibration* magazine, and the desk where he keeps his ear protectors. They already have begun revoking some of the federal regulations he worked to enact, including one that limits the noise of garbage trucks.

"We had planned to regulate jackhammers as well," said Elkins, who directs the Environmental Protection Agency's noise program. "We just haven't gotten there yet."

For five years, Elkins dreamed of a world where motorcycles and jackhammers would purr as quietly as kittens. But Reagan administration officials have other ideas.

As part of their cuts in federal spending, regulation and employment, they plan not only to revoke many of Elkins's anti-noise regulations but also to eliminate his $13-million office as well.

"I don't find it pleasant, no," Elkins said. Outside his office door, a sign below his name read "Deputy Assistant Administrator for Noise Control Programs." Inside, the windows offered a panoramic view of Virginia. On a wall hung a picture of Elkins with Richard Nixon at the White House.

"Do you mind if I record this?" he asked, leaning over and setting a tape recorder on the table. It had taken Elkins 14 years of government work to get this office and the $50,100 annual salary that goes with it. He said he did not want to risk being misquoted on something that might displease his superiors and cost him his job.

"After all," he said, "it's a new president."

Then he sat down near the tape recorder and launched into the language peculiar to Washington bureaucrats, speaking rapidly of "regs," meaning regulations, that were "promulgated" in his years in government.

He worked first in the Office of Management and Budget, then moved to the fledgling EPA. In 1972, Congress enacted the Noise Control Act, which required the agency to identify and regulate major sources of noise. A few years later, Elkins was named head of the anti-noise office.

And suddenly, noise became Charles Elkins's life. Street sounds of which he was previously unaware, a passing motorcycle, a jackhammer biting into pavement, now irritated him. He studied the decibel levels of power lawnmowers, air conditioners, and trucks.

He wrestled with the tough questions: Was 84 decibels too loud for motorcycles? Was 80 decibels unrealistically soft? What do motorcycle manufacturers think?

"Harley-Davidson didn't want to make one that sounded like a sewing machine," he said.

After a while Elkins took a great satisfaction in helping promulgate crisp new anti-noise regs.
— from *New York News Service*.

Join the Organization for Street Bikers!

National Abate
P.O. Box 162062
Sacramento, Ca. 95816

It is **National Abate's** goal to provide a common ground on which you can unite to provide for you, the concerned motorcyclist, a loud and strong voice against mandatory motorcycle laws.
It is also **National Abate's** goal to bring together all the motorcycle enthusiasts in your area who are seeking Brotherhood and wishing to belong to a fraternal organization.
National Abate is dedicated to you, the motorcycle enthusiast.
National Abate will donate, in your name, five dollars to the Non-Profit Motorcycle Action group of your choice.
Give Name here ______
I understand that **National Abate** will publish information regarding legislation that may affect me as a motorcycle enthusiast and that included with my membership will be the address of my nearest **National Abate** chapter or information regarding how to start a local chapter in my area.

☐ **National Abate** membership and favorite organization, $10.00
☐ **National Abate** membership only, $5.00
☐ Information on becoming an approved charter.
☐ Information on becoming an approved organization.

Name, nickname, or mark ______
Address, P.O. Box or G.D. ______
City ______
State ______ Zip ______

Thanks for not giving up—We never will.

Ways To End An Organization

1. Don't attend meetings, but if you do, arrive late.
2. Be sure to leave before the meeting is closed.
3. Never have anything to say at meetings. Wait until you get outside.
4. When at meetings, vote to do everything — then go home and do nothing.
5. The next day find fault with the officers and members.
6. Take no part in the organization's affairs.
7. Be sure to sit in the back, so you can talk it over with a friend.
8. Never ask anyone to join the organization.
9. Get all the organization will give you, but don't give the organization anything.
10. At every opportunity, threaten to resign, and get others to do the same.
11. Talk cooperation, but don't cooperate.
12. If asked to help, say you don't have the time.
13. Never read anything pertaining to the organization.
14. Never accept an office; it is easier to criticize than to do things.
15. If appointed to a committee, never give any time or service to the committee.
16. If you receive a renewal notice, ignore it.
17. Don't do any more than you have to, and when the others willingly and unselfishly use their abilities to help the cause, complain because the organization is run by a clique. — from ABATE of North Dakota.

Asstrology

By Denise (Dusty) Sage

Astrological Profile For Libra

Not only can a Libra charm the socks off any other zodiac sign (with the possible exception of Gemini), but he can make you believe his farts smell like roses when all the while your eyes are watering.

Although Libras tend to avoid hassles like the plague, they'll bust their balls for the underdog and will usually put up a fight for others long before they will for themselves. Most of the time, they will settle for peace at any price, even if it means giving up a piece — though they'd rather fuck than fight.

Nobody has to tell Libras to keep their hands to themselves; that's what they do best. Sexually, they are very vain — even their varicose is vain. (Sorry, I couldn't resist.) Libras are seldom bum fucks and are very popular between the sheets. They are capable of thinking up jillions of juicy gems to jingle your jollies, and are especially fond of screwing with a rearview mirror attached to their ass.

Some famous people who share the Libra sign are John Lennon, Brigitte Bardot, Johnny Carson, Charlton (Holy Moses) Heston, Barbara Walters, Jimmy Carter, Suzanne Somers, Angie Dickinson, and Evil Knievel.

Libras have class and an innate sense of style. Although they aren't always particularly creative themselves, they are expert in applying surface attractiveness to another's original ideas and can be successful in the fields of art and graphic design.

Because of their natural magnetism and charm, Libras excel in talking others into supporting their schemes and seldom have problems finding financial backers. They are fond of the good things in life and can be dangerous when armed with credit cards.

Libras are prone to kidney ailments and what is lightly referred to as bladder splatter; therefore, they should always be sure to drink enough water to blow off a camel's balls. That way, they'll be sure to flush out the accumulated poisons in their systems. Libras also have a tendency to pig out and are prone to gain weight in later life.

They dislike living alone because they hate to pick up their sticky shorts and stinky socks. They need to be pampered and have someone else deal with their financial fuckups.

On the positive side, Libras are well worth all the asskissin' it takes to keep them happy, 'cause a happy Libra is a horny Libra, and a horny Libra is satisfaction guaranteed.

Aries (Mar. 21 — Apr. 19)
There's a strong urge to shoot off your mouth all month. Best keep a low profile, even if it means a muzzle on your mug. Right now, you need enemies like you need another head. You should also slow down and give your balls a break, unless blue is your favorite color. This is definitely not the time to go to your usual extremes. Uranus (or your anus) is simply in the wrong position.

Taurus Apr. 20 — May 20)
Time to adjust your values (or your valves) and put stubbornness in perspective. There's no use buttin' your head when there's no buts about it. This doesn't mean a diet of humble pie, but you could be sippin' a bit too much wishful thinking. Spending foolishly now will cause heavy financial fuckups in the future. Straighten out your head and your finances will follow suit.

Gemini (May 21 — June 21)
Look out! You really have ESP this month (exciting, sexy person) and your gonads are set on go. You're puttin' the pork into every pie that'll hold still long enough to be poked. You're in the mood for some clever wheelin' and dealin' that'll have you laughin' all the way to the bank. Just watch out, or your ESP will turn into an egocentric, shady past and you'll be lookin' out from between bars.

Cancer (June 22 — July 22)
Put on your party threads; it's time to get out and blow your own horn. But remember, overuse of drugs and alcohol can cause a pain in the poopchute. You have a tremendous burst of energy now, so use it wisely. Don't put all your nuts in one sack (so to speak); then again, try not to spread yourself too thin. Besides clearin' out the cobwebs between your ears, try clearin' out the shit you've been trippin' over.

Leo (July 23 — Aug. 22)
Don't throw caution to the winds when you're out puttin'. Breakdowns now can become real health hazards. You could wind up planted in the pavement or with your crank in a cast. Unless pains and sprains are your thing, take things carefully this month. Your goodies are up for grabs, so keep 'em in a safe hole. If you're careful, you can shoot your best shot and be right on target.

Virgo (Aug. 23 — Sept. 22)
It's a prime time for puttin' your best foot forward (not in your mouth) and steppin' into someone else's shoes. On-the-job opportunities are within reach if you play your cards right. Dust off some old ideas on methods for making VIPs sit up and take notice. Now's the time to flow with the fuckups and not get flustered. The reward will be a well-deserved pat on the back and a bulge in your wallet.

Libra (Sept. 23 — Oct. 23)
Happy birthday! After last month's exhaustin' episodes, you might be huntin' for a hole so you can bag your own meat. On the other hand, you're probably game to go again. You're never one to turn down a party or a piece, but you should sober up long enough to take care of biz. Keep yourself available and don't get bogged down with obligations. The element of surprise can work to your advantage.

Scorpio (Oct. 24 — Nov. 22)
This month is as unpredictable as the twilight zone. It's not what you do but how you do it that counts now. You can carry a big stick as long as you don't poke fun with it. In other words, communication now is like yodeling into a pillow: it all comes out muffled. If possible, avoid confrontations until next month, when situations will work more to your benefit than they would now.

Sagittarius (Nov. 23 — Dec. 21)
Just because the bluebird of happiness has dumped a load on you, that doesn't mean you have to trip and fall in it. Although things are lookin' polished around the edges, you should still be wary. Be the realist who sees the crock of shit at the end of the rainbow. You can spend your leisure time wearin' a trail to your favorite piece of tail. Don't forget encounters of the third kind, if you like it wet and wild.

Capricorn (Dec. 22 — Jan. 19)
Right now is the time to lay low and go slow; otherwise, some hotheads are ready to blow it for you. You're not equipped now for head trips and changes. Even a tad of adjustment might tweak your brain. Maybe you need to vacate the premises for a while. Everyone deserves some get-down and boogie time, and this could be the time for you. You need more than grease relief — you need a break.

Aquarius (Jan. 20 — Feb. 18)
If you've been doin' your fair share of sneakin', snatch-sniffin', and shit-stirrin', it's time for seconds. If you've got your usual case of the crazies, you might want to compare notes with a partner who has a new angle to dangle. A lot of you will have good reason to grab onto your cocks and crow. Bucks and fucks are in abundance. Anything goes now — backwards, upside down, or wrong side out.

Pisces (Feb. 19 — Mar. 20)
Poor Pisces, you're pissed off again. Every time you loan out a part, you kiss it good-bye. Why don't you learn to say no? You'd rather let your butt bounce the boards than lose a bro. Toughen up and don't let your natural good nature be taken advantage of. Cut yourself some slack for a change and cut loose some of those bumfuck, hardluck losers. Hell, you've got enough problems yourself! ■

WITTY WILLIE'S REVENGE

Willie warned us. He said that if the jokes didn't get better he was gonna drown himself. Well, he's in the toilet and goin' down for the third time. Only you can save Witty Willie. No, asshole, ya can't save him by holdin' hands and chantin' "I believe"; ya can save him only by sendin' him your best funnies. You know, the jokes you've been savin' to tell at your landlord's funeral. We'll be so grateful to ya for gettin' Willie out of the can (ever try an' piss with someone clawin' at your balls?) we'll pay ya $25 for every joke we use. Send 'em to Witty Willie, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265.

Here's to the slit that never heals;
The more you tickle it, the better it feels.
All the powders from here to hell
Can't get rid of the codfish smell.
May the bleeding piles be with you,
And corns adorn your feet;
May crabs as big as horse turds
Crawl up your cock and eat;
And when you're old and feeble
And your mind is all a wreck,
May you fall down several flights of stairs,
And break your fucking neck.

—J. Foreman
Corona, Calif.

Then there's the one about the young Sunday School teacher who had to chase one of her unruly students all around the church. She finally caught him by the organ.

—Gary Jarvis
St. Johnsville, N.Y.

When we're born, we've just struggled for nine months to get out of a pussy. So how come the remainder of our lifetime is spent trying to get back into one?

—Rondo
Philadelphia, Pa.

Easyriders

"She's a 10 — a 1 with money."

There was this Italian whose three sons came to America when they were very young. About twenty years later the father came over to visit his sons. He asked the oldest what his favorite food was. The son said, "Spaghetti, Papa."

"That'sa my boy," said the father. Then he asked his second son the same thing.

The second son said, "Ravioli, Papa."

"That'sa my boy," said the father. He then asked the youngest son.

The youngest son replied, "Pussy, Papa."

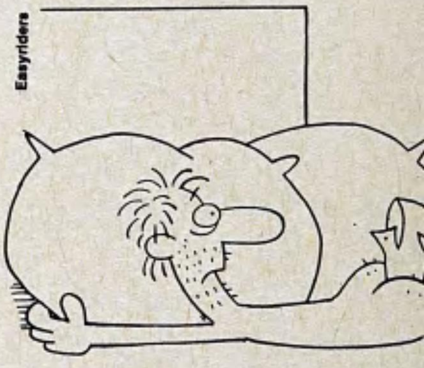
"That'sa shit, my son," said the father.

"No, Papa, you take too bigga bite," said the son.

—Gary Murphy
Grand Prairie, Tex.

Hear about that sleepy bride who couldn't stay awake for a second?

—Floyd Gresham
Honolulu, Hawaii



Easyriders

Why did the biker trade his wife for a new shithouse? The hole was smaller and didn't smell as bad.

—Wes Carrithers
San Diego, Calif.

Do you know what a coffin and a rubber have in common? You have to be stiff to get into either of them.

—Randy Buzzard
Joplin, Mo.

Easyriders

"It's her own fault. . .he warned her not to pose for that damned *Easyriders*."

Easyriders

"It's not a sleeping bag, my dear. It's my foreskin."

Do you know the difference between a bikers' club and a Sunday School?

At a Sunday School they sing, "Stand up for Jesus," and at a bikers' club they holler, "Sit down, for Christ's sake!"

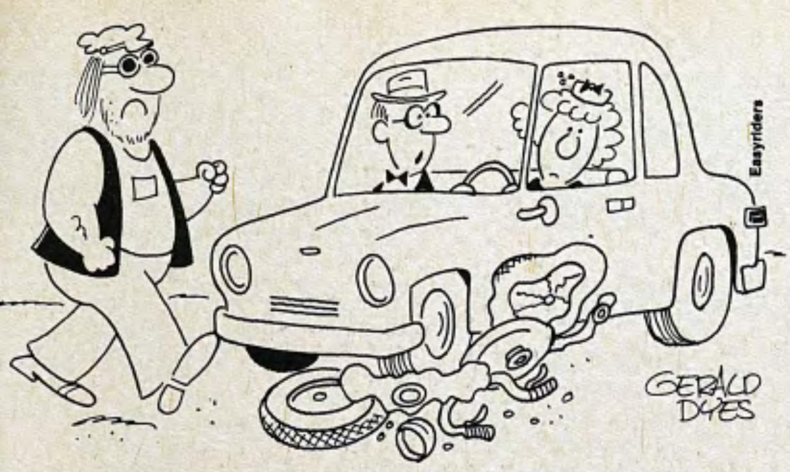
—Jay Jones
Compton, Calif.

Gross: A hicky on a hemorrhoid.

Indecent: If it's hard enough, big enough, and in long enough.

Gross: A string hanging out of your mouth the morning after a good party.

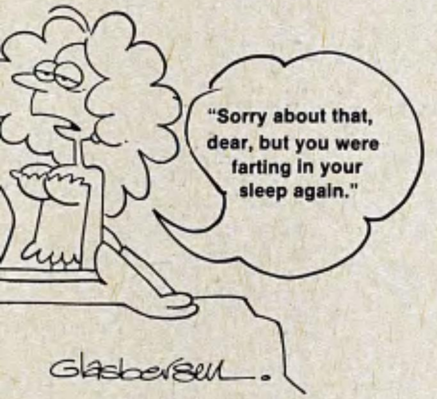
—Jim Hardesty
Reno, Nev.



"Don't get me involved in this, Martha — you're the one who ran over the man's scooter!"

Then there was the smart cookie who earned money peddling girl scouts.

—Arnold Burton
Carson City, Nev.



At a bikers' party, Big Red made a hit with his bros when he gave the toast, "To the happiest years of my life — spent between the legs of my wife."

Later, at home, not wanting to offend his wife, he told her the toast was, "Here's to the happiest moments of my life — spent in church beside my wife."

The next day, a neighbor who had heard the original toast congratulated Big Red's unsuspecting wife, but without telling her what the toast had really been — saying only that Big Red must really love her to toast her at a biker party like that.

"I'd be grateful if the toast were true," said Big Red's wife. "But it's only happened twice. Once before we were married and once after. And the second time I had to wake him up after it was all over."

—Henry Plante
Lancaster, Calif.

The Biker's Dictionary defines tongue-in-cheek as a rim job.

—Don Lindal
Winnipeg, Canada

The biker went into the pet store to buy a parrot because he suspected his wife was going out on him and he wanted the bird to spy on her. The proprietor said, "I'm sorry, but we have only one parrot left, and he doesn't have any legs."

"But how does he stand on the perch?" the biker asked.

"Well," said the man, "he just wraps his dick around it."

"I'll take him," said the biker.

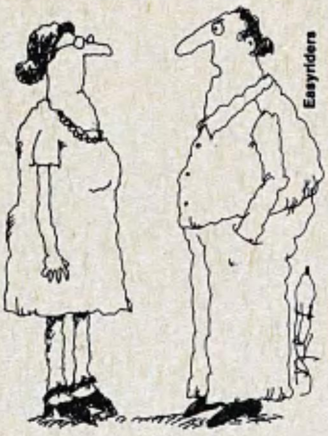
Later the biker came home and asked the parrot, "Well, what happened? Did she have anyone over here?"

"He started to eat her," said the parrot.

"Then what happened?"

"I don't know. It gave me a hardon and I fell off my perch."

—M.H.
Tennessee State Prison



"Wanna go to the fights tonight, or stay home and have our own?"

A young biker walked into a drugstore that was being tended by the owner's somewhat prudish wife. "May I have six rubbers, miss?" he asked.

"Don't 'miss' me," she replied.

"Okay," the eager bro said, "better make it seven."

—Nails
Simi Valley, Calif.

Superman was explaining to Batman how he got beat up. "Well, I was flying over the Empire State Building, when I looked down and there was Wonder Woman with her legs all spread, moaning and squirming all over the place. So I decided, now's my chance. I pulled out the old dork and was gonna make a dive right in —"

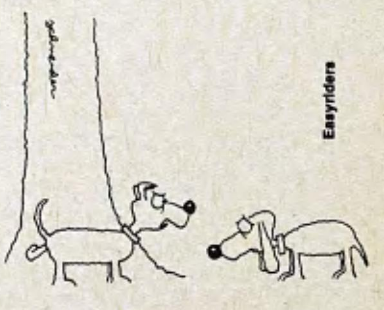
"Boy, I bet she was surprised," interrupted Batman.

"Yeah," Superman agreed, "but she wasn't half as surprised as the Invisible Man was."

—Willie
Ione, Calif.

You've all heard about Linda Lovelace and how she starred in *Deep Throat.* Did you ever hear how her great-grandmother died? She went down on the Titanic.

—Jackie Rauch
Alliance, Ohio



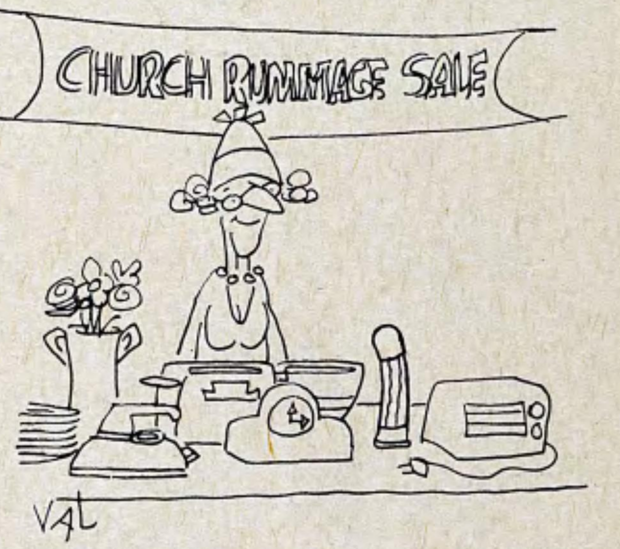
"Pardon me, madam, but this is the men's room."

Dirty Ed: "How much are crabs today?"

Fishmarket clerk: "Seventy-five cents each."

Dirty Ed: "Well, shake hands with a millionaire."

—Gary Goins
Oakland, Calif.



A Polish girl goes to a gynecologist and the doc tells her to spread her legs for a checkup. He asks her, "Have you ever had a check up there?"

The girl replies, "No, but I've had a couple of Hungarians."

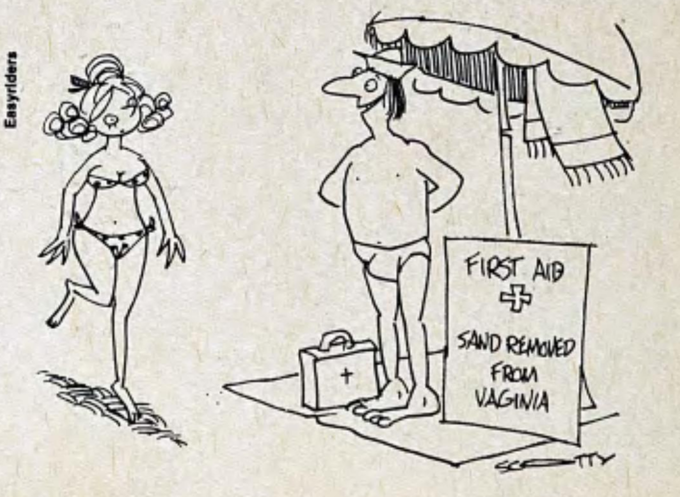
—Suzy
Reston, Va.

The biker called his chick to let her know he would be home late that night. "I cut my finger off," he explained.

"The whole finger?" she asked.

"No," came his answer, "the one next to it."

—C.E. Hartman
New Providence, Iowa



RED RIDER
DELUXE 250
PINEAPPLE 250
ONION 250
PLAIN 250
RAISEN 250
PIZZA all you can EAT $2.50
OOOOH RED, YOU'RE SO ROMANTIC!
GULP CHOMP!
OWL BEER
SALAD BAR
GOBBLE, SCARF!
BELCH
BURP
BARF!
POOT
POP
OOOH RED YOU'RE SO ROMANTIC!
SLOSH
SPOOSH
LATER
1981 © WOODY/ASP PRODUCTIONS INC.
PILLOW BY ROBINSON

Vet Voice

by Bill Schorr — Los Angeles Herald-Examiner

Finally we had illumination from the 105 battery, thank Buddah, for the NVA were inching in every time the blackness encroached. They were all around us; I could hear them in the coffee trees, so lush and green in the fire from the white phosphorus parachute flares as far as I could see. Even with the illumination, I couldn't see the North Vietnamese, though they poured out a continuous disciplined fire and seemed to be advancing on my Coho warriors and myself.

Seventh Company had discovered an airshaft in the side of a hill outside of Duc Lap near Ban Me Thot. As advisors for that company of Montagnard mercenaries we checked it out, SFC. "Sam" Rayburn of Texas volunteered to check the shaft out, after we had dumped a smoke grenade into it. We lowered him on a long rope for what must have been fifty feet before we heard him coughing and yelling for us to pull him up. He had inhaled the thick orange smoke at the bottom of the shaft and it had screwed up his lungs. We had to medivac him to II Corps hospital in Ban Me Thot.

His coughing in the tunnel must have stirred up an anthill; in a few minutes, at least a rifle company of regulars attacked us as we crossed a coffee plantation. I was with the point platoon, and somehow in the thickness of the coffee trees and the coming darkness, about a dozen of us became separated from the main element. Of course that's when the NVA attacked. Shit! They seemed to be everywhere, yelling, "Su phong! Su phong!" (blood, blood) and firing directly at us. Miraculously only Y Blo, the Coho platoon leader, was hit. He received only a grazing wound to the arm.

We dug foxholes with our stomach muscles in the soft dirt and leaves and formed a defensive circle with our feet almost touching. Bullets were thick and the VC grenades were exploding all around us. One rolled to within ten feet of me and my radio operator. I knew we were dead, but it only knocked a thumb-sized hole in the PRC-25 radio. We were fucked for sure then. But Y Blo brought his HT-1 radio over for me to use. For some reason, the NVA did not overrun us; we just hung on and hoped for more illumination.

Pray for illumination; the enemy has us surrounded again. For while we were fighting, bleeding, and some dying in that hellhole Vietnam, David Stockman was burning his draft card, protesting the war, and signing up for divinity school when the draft board came down on him. Though he never served as a priest or pastor, he is now preaching his warped opinions to that senile old man in the White House. Unfortunately, Reagan is listening to this man and has named him budget director for his administration.

David Stockman was a war protester. Every man to his own; but now he is trying to screw us vets. He had recommended to President Reagan that all programs serving Vietnam vets be eliminated.

The following programs have been listed for termination (source: National Association of Concerned Veterans):

Eliminate: Veterans Cost of Instruction Program (VCIP). Funding of veterans offices on campuses to provide Outreach, recruitment, counseling, work-study, tutorial assistance, financial aid, career guidance, and Veterans Administration paperwork processing.

Eliminate: Targeted Technical Assistance Program (TTA). Department of Labor asked veteran community-based organizations to help other CETA prime sponsors to develop mandated programs to assist disabled and Vietnam era veterans. Also, a clearinghouse of successful programs to support the program.

Eliminate: Vet Centers — The Veterans Administration's Outreach Program to find, encourage and assist Vietnam era veterans and their families in adjustment, counseling, and post-traumatic stress disorders (estimates are that 700,000 will need help by 1985). From April 1, 1980, through December 31, 1980, 39,000 veterans received services with 48 percent requesting help with jobs.

Eliminate: Incarcerated Veterans Project. Approximately 20 self-help programs assisting incarcerated and ex-offender veterans with counseling, discharge review, etc. (One-third of the United States prison population is Vietnam era veterans.)

Eliminate: White House Outreach Programs, multi-service program in major cities: Detroit, Seattle, Baltimore, Minneapolis, Los Angeles, New York, Newark, etc.

Eliminate: Disabled Veterans Outreach Program (DVOP) and employment service program for disabled and Vietnam era veterans lacks funding to operate now and will be functionally eliminated by 1983.

Additional Cuts Proposed
That Will Affect All Veterans Include:

Eliminate: Legal Services Corporation, providing discharge review and other services for indigent and rural veterans across the nation.

Eliminate: Ex-service member unemployment compensation. Persons who honorably finish their first term in the military and decline offer to re-enlist then lose their eligibility for unemployment insurance.

Eliminate: Vital Veterans Administration medical research.

Eliminate: Special Program (i.e., kidney dialysis services).

Eliminate: 20,000 employees out of the Veterans Administration Department of Medicine and Surgery by 1986.

Eliminate: 3,200 employees out of the Veterans Administration Department of Veterans Benefits by 1983.

Eliminate: 2 Veterans Administration hospitals.

Fortunately we have a few allies in Congress. On April 24, 1981, Rep. David Bonior, D-Mich., and five House colleagues sued Stockman in federal court to stop his planned elimination of a $6 million psychiatric counseling program for Vietnam vets.

In addition, the suit seeks to protect some $23 million worth of other Veterans Administration medical care and

Continued on page 105

It Didn't Taste Like Soap

I have a 6'2" blond biker chained to my bed, and his Harley locked in the garage. I go out there and sit on it and make strange noises and pretend to be flying down the highway. Sometimes I don't even wear my helmet.

I originally captured this man so I could cut his hair, shave his beard, wash him, and teach him religion. I decided to bathe him first and he said that if I took my teeth out there was one part that would lather up by itself. But I'm no fool. It didn't taste like soap. I know he popped my cherry; now I can't decide whether to make him marry me or turn him loose. He promised to bring back more bikers. What should I do?

Abbey
Williamstown, Pa.

• Tell him to fuck you in the ass while you make strange noises and think about flyin' down the highway.

Short 'N' Sweet

All I got to say to you is "eat me."

Bert
Zephyrhills, Fla.

• You should be so lucky.

This Sweet's In Heat

I have a serious problem, and my ol' man thinks I'm crazy. I'm always ready to hop into the sack, and he keeps makin' with the excuses. I mean I'm really lucky if we get down once a week. He says I'm always in heat, and he keeps calling me a nympho. I consider myself not bad looking with blond hair, hazel eyes, and a slim figure. He used to tell me I was fantastic in bed, but now it's "not again, bitch." What do you suggest?

Impatiently Horny
Baltimore, Md.

• If limp-dick Dan can't cut it anymore, it's time he hauled it down to the elephants' burial ground. As Spider always says, there ain't no such thing as too much sex, and there are plenty of righteous bros ready to keep jammin' it into you until you forget what "horny" means.

Meat Me In St. Louie

I'm down and out and can't be wasting no cash, so this picture you're sending me better be worth the forty cents I'm spending on envelopes. Otherwise, I just might have to tell about the time in St. Louis.

R.C.
Green Bay, Wis.

• Shit, yes! The time in St. Louis. Let's see, were you number 27 or 35?

Perfect Growin' Conditions

I have this sleazy bitch who's stuck on me like a crab on a prick. Until a couple of months ago it was all right; she didn't have no stinky, smelly, drippin' cunt like every other chick I've seen in all my years. But then, one day at a stop sign, some drunk bitch rear-ends us and sends her flying through the air to end up straddling the moped in front of us. Upon impact she got a hole the size of ten Harleys ripped between her legs. Hell, it's almost too big to fuck, so I don't like to mess with it. She ties me down, fucks the balls off me, and then goes outside and wipes that smelly, drippin' shit all over the place — even on my Hog. She says it shines it up. It does until the shit dries; then I have to strip the fuckin' bike down and have it repainted and chromed. I tell ya, it's costin' me a fortune. What should I do? Take her to the doctor? Have that cave filled with cement? What?

'Most fucked to death
Muncie, Ind.

• Why not throw in a coupla loads of topsoil and use it for a worm and mushroom farm?

Chocolate Popsicle

I hear you're so scuzzy you let Spider fuck you in the ass while you've got diarrhea and then give him a blowjob.

Jack Black
Somewhere

• Ain't you never heard of chocolate-covered ants?

Kangaroo Query

How's about getting your big, smelly, runny, godforsaken twat down here to Australia? I've got enough cream to flood your fuckin' grand canyon for years to come. So how about it, you two-bit whore? You comin' or what?

Bandit
Mayfield, Australia

• I prefer to go down under on Spider.

Miraculous Mutha Tells All

Horny Marine

I'm havin' problems copin' with the fact that bein' a Marine isn't all the fun and glory I expected it to be. I work all day long and I'm really too tired to waste half the night trying to seduce some woman, and I'm too broke to afford to buy it. I'm here on Okinawa. Where or what do you suggest I do about getting a girl?

Cpl. J.L.
FPO, San Francisco

• To put it in military terms, why not try a cuntal assault on a slant-eyed rice eater?

Dog Shit Afternoon

You ugly cocksucker! I wouldn't piss on ya if you was on fire. Send me a picture of your rank self so I can shit on it and give it to my dogs!

Bushpilot
Ocean Township, N.J.

• Don't think much of your dogs, do ya?

Word From Fort Sill

Miraculous Mutha, I really care about the funky shit you grow down there.
It may be dirty, it may be slimy;
I don't care if it's greasy or grimy.
When I bury my face in you, it reminds me of the Asian Flu
'Cause I still love you, no mistake; who gives a shit how good you rate?

Pops
Fort Sill, Okla.

• Sounds like ya remember the time the USO sent me ta entertain the boys at Fort Sill during the last big war.

Sizin' 'Em Up

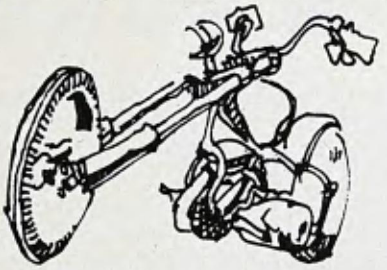
How do you tell through his pants if a dude's got a big dick? I just moved from a city to this small hick town and all the dudes I've grabbed down here have no balls. I mean balls and cocks. Their fuckin' cocks are the size of fingers and their balls are like acorns.

Prick Teased
Southern Minn.

• Small towns and small cocks can be a real problem. Try 'em four or five at a time.

Send your problems or questions home to MUTHA, c/o *Easyriders*, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265. Send a stamped, self-addressed return envelope (#10 business size is best), if you want a picture of Mutha. ■

Biker's Digest



Miscellaneous quotes from other biker rags

NHTSA Loses Bucks

The Reagan administration has announced that it will seek a 48-percent cut in the budget of the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration, the agency which grew so infamous under the leadership of its former head, Joan Claybrook. Among the funds to be cut are $40 million originally earmarked for enforcement of the 55 mph speed limit. You can also be sure that some of the sillier studies and projects (remember the backward bike?) will be axed. Grants for state and local programs are also being cut heavily. Programs likely to be retained are police training and alcohol safety programs.

—Motorcyclist

Fresh Air At NHTSA

"I would like," Peck [Raymond A. Peck, Jr., Claybrook's replacement] told the senators, "to improve conditions and coordination among NHTSA, the affected industries, and the public interest groups that have contributed so significantly to heightened public awareness of safety issues. My attitude will be one of seeking cooperation and accommodation among the competing interests involved."

On the subject of mandatory seat belt laws, an issue clearly paralleling the ongoing controversy over helmet laws, Peck said legislative responsibility clearly lies with the states, and that his priority for NHTSA would be to increase voluntary usage and provide public information, not to champion particular legislation.

—American Motorcyclist

Bad Press

If you live in Oregon or Washington, you're likely to have seen one of the couple of feature articles that appeared in your local newspaper a few months back. Both articles were charming pieces, one with the alluring title "Death On Wheels," the other headed "Riding With Danger."

A lot of creativity went into preparing the features. The illustration for "Riding With Danger" pictured a couple of helmetless riders with expressions of horror on their faces; the handlebar is cocked wildly in the rider's hands. At various points on the motorcycle reflections of an oncoming truck can be seen. Apparently these two morons are about to cash it in.

More imagination, in my opinion, went into the photo that appears with "Death On Wheels." Displaying some marvelous technical skills, the photographers picture a human skeleton riding a motorcycle. It's astonishing, and you don't have to be Fellini to figure the implication.

We've all seen articles like these, and I don't mean to call attention to them simply so we can moan and groan about how misunderstood we are. Instead, I have some encouraging news regarding what we can do to offset the negative impact of anti-motorcyclist features.

Joe Mariner is the Motorcycle Coordinator with the California Department of Transportation. He's interested in fostering a realistic attitude toward motorcycles among the general public. In a letter to *Cycle* magazine, Mr. Mariner says: "One aspect of the Caltrans motorcycle program is informing the public of the benefits of motorcycling and balancing (where possible and practical) the anti-motorcycle sentiment held by many people. Reinforcing the positive articles and refuting the negativism, inaccuracies and innuendos that get printed are responsibilities shared by both individual motorcyclists and the motorcycling community at large. However, there may be instances where a letter from a state office will be published more readily than one from an individual or motorcycle publication or manufacturer."

—Cycle

Temptin' Thieves

All efforts of the police aside, no single element will ever play a more important role in theft prevention than an owner's caution. It's easy to sit back and complain of low conviction rates and even lower recovery rates for stolen bikes. But can we place full blame on a kid who stole a bike because the key in the ignition was more temptation than he could handle? I don't think so.

—Bill Amick
American Motorcyclist

Same Ol' Story

The all-time classic battle was the effort in the early 1970s to get the Garden State Parkway opened to motorcycles. Reason for the ban had been the New Jersey Highway Authority's opinion that motorcyclists would be killed right and left.

The N.J. Sunday *Star-Ledger* has just done its own update on that story under the headline, "Few Deaths Follow End of Ban." It reports that nearly 450,000 bikers are using the Parkway annually, and that there have been two fatalities in five and a half years. One was a rider hit by a car while he worked on a flat on the shoulder. Consequently, only one was a "moving" motorcycle fatality.

—AMA Action

Old Style All Leather

BIKER CAP

Here's an all leather cap that'll keep the scraggly mop you call hair in order and give your overall appearance some class — imagine. It's all black (also in dark brown) and it's bound to win over some broad.

Righteous Products
Box 361, Seal Beach, CA 90740

Enclosed is $19.95 for each biker cap. I understand that I may return the cap for a full and immediate refund if I am not satisfied with its quality and workmanship. It is the same fine quality I would expect from Righteous Products.

Note: *Canadian and overseas orders, $1.00 for additional postage and handling charges. Add $2.00 additional postage if you want it shipped air mail anywhere. California residents add 6% tax for Governor Brown.*

Be sure to indicate size and color:
Black Brown
Sm Med Lrg. Ex. lrg.

Name______
Address ______
City______ State____ Zip____

Canadian and foreign orders: Payment must be made in the form of an International Money Order or a money order payable in U.S. currency. (Please print your name and address to avoid errors.)

ROAD SIGNS

In issue #94 (April '81) we featured an article on the hobo signs of the 1930s, signs men of the road would leave on curbstones, fences, houses, billboards — you name it — warning them that they had to work for a meal, a particular house had a bad dog, the lady of the house was a good lay, etc. On the outskirts of a town or in rail yards there would be signs warning that the sheriff in town would throw your ass in jail and things like that.

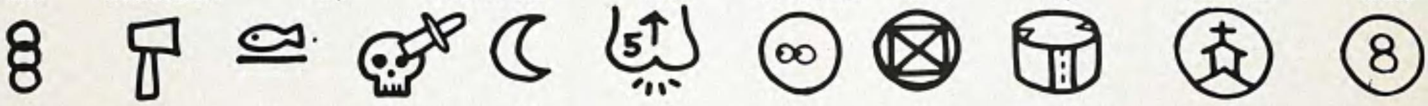
We felt a similar system might work today and offered $100 for the best idea turned in each month. This is the seventh issue since that announcement, and the seven winners are announced on the opposite page. There are a number of symbols in the running, and we felt that while these weren't winners, they were so good that we had Duffy draw them all (as described or outlined by each entrant). Enjoy. Some of them are really off the wall.

Illustration by Duffy Duggan

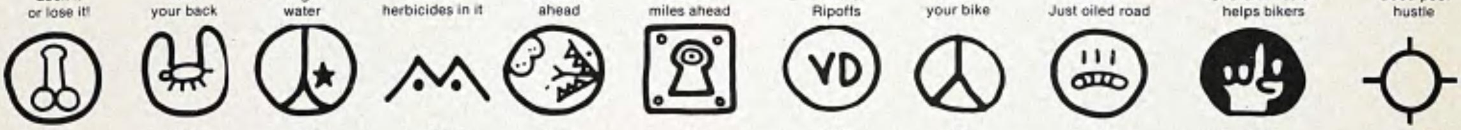
Winners of Hobo Signs Contest Revealed — At Last!

- 1st This store has *Easyriders*
- 2nd H-D shop in town
- 3rd Beware! Bike thieves
- 4th Beware! Biking narcs
- 5th Okay bar — get loose
- 6th Good speed, coke, and nod
- 7th Whorehouse ahead

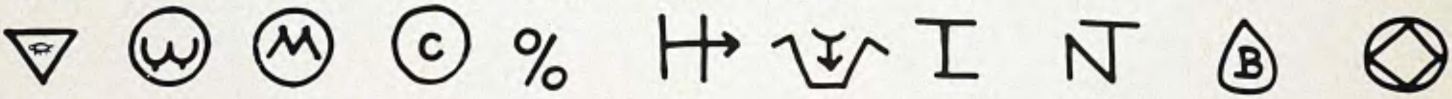
- 100. Snow zone
- 101. No toilet paper in this restaurant
- 102. Speed trap
- 103. A tramp got laid here 3 times
- 104. Streets washed at night
- 105. Right week bro can shower
- 106. Person is a prick
- 107. Speed trap
- 108. A tramp got laid here once
- 109. Few pigs around



- 110. Lock it or lose it!
- 111. Watch your back
- 112. High water
- 113. Weed has herbicides in it
- 114. Shitters ahead
- 115. Gas 5 miles ahead
- 116. Beware! Ripoffs
- 117. Watch your bike
- 118. Caution! Just oiled road
- 119. Church/mission helps bikers
- 120. Good pool hustle

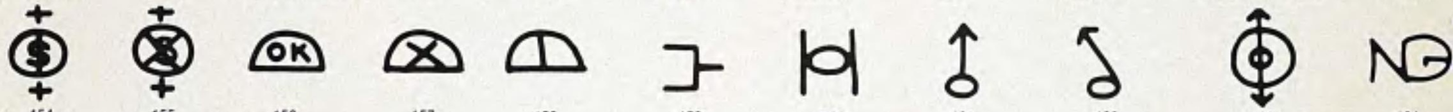


- 121. Good loving for women
- 122. Crabs on this shitter. Beware!
- 123. Sheriff's an asshole
- 124. Beware of bats
- 125. Beware of killer snakes
- 126. Bikers arrested on sight
- 127. Use a rubber on this bitch
- 128. Easy piece here
- 129. Restrooms ahead
- 130. Fucked-up road
- 131. Bad party spot



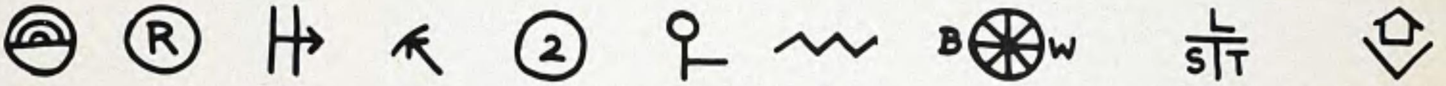
- 132. Lots of pussy w/crabs
- 133. Mostly old women here
- 134. Mostly young stuff
- 135. Local club
- 136. Club in town
- 137. Harley shop directional
- 138. Friendly biker people
- 139. Tools loaned
- 140. No tools loaned
- 141. Blood bank accepts tramps
- 142. Easy money here

- 143. Good bars./cheap booze
- 144. Dry county
- 145. Dry town/sidewalks roll up at sunset
- 146. Good dope
- 147. Dope here
- 148. Bad dope
- 149. Work available
- 150. No work
- 151. Work available
- 152. Hostile gas station attendants
- 153. Keep eye on bike



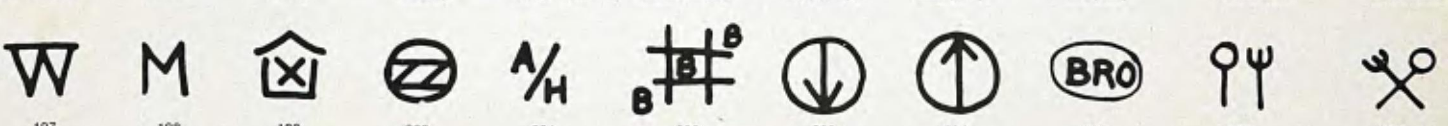
- 154. Cops can be bought
- 155. Cops can't be bought
- 156. Cops okay
- 157. Cops not okay
- 158. Cops are unpredictable
- 159. Cops bust for anything
- 160. No bust if drunk in public
- 161. Gas up before town
- 162. Gas up around town
- 163. Gas station ahead
- 164. No gas

- 165. Haircut in jail
- 166. Cops impound bikes
- 167. Bad court
- 168. Good lawyers
- 169. Jail is a dump
- 170. Jail food stinks
- 171. Jail has drugs
- 172. Water in gas
- 173. Gas station ahead
- 174. Open 24 hr. — premium avail.
- 175. No premium next 5 miles



- 176. End of rainbow
- 177. Beware! Rednecks
- 178. Watch left-turn idiots
- 179. Caution! High side
- 180. No. of clubs in town
- 181. Good place for a piss
- 182. Bad road
- 183. Bikers welcome
- 184. Local scooter tramps
- 185. Safe sleep — good bros

- 186. Camping gets you hassled
- 187. Bad camp
- 188. Campfire okay
- 189. Hot springs nearby
- 190. Caution! Rough road
- 191. Good shelter ahead
- 192. Town has camps
- 193. Open house and party
- 194. Closed house and party
- 195. Okay eats ahead
- 196. Bad eats ahead



- 197. Don't even try this motel
- 198. Motel okay
- 199. Decent, cheap motel
- 200. Motel accepts bikers
- 201. Beware! Assholes
- 202. Biker town
- 203. Ripoff dealer/shop
- 204. Okay dealer/shop
- 205. Owned by a bro
- 206. Good grub
- 207. Bad grub

LIVE NO'

Kelso Starnes was a cool dude, the first biker I'd ever known. He was my cell partner in Angola, the Louisiana joint, in 1967. I was doing a nickel for forgery, and Kelso had all of it — life — for murder. The particulars of the murder were, at best, sketchy to me, because Kelso was given to being quiet as well as cool. One of the things I liked about him, really, was that he didn't run his head all the time or fight his case twenty-four hours a day, as a lot of dudes do. His mainline communication came from his pink-and-white smile. The glistening pearls and pink tongue looked as though he sucked peppermint candy continuously. Actually, he did. He could express a lot with that smile of his.

My nickel was brand new; Kelso had in seven years on the life. But life in Louisiana in the 1960s could be discharged in ten years, six months. Also, the state had a generous pardon board that, properly approached by the right lawyer, would hand out time cuts the way a Bourbon Street whore turns tricks: fast and without discrimination. Sometimes they'd even give out a legit time cut. Kelso had recently applied for the latter.

"What the hell," he said, flashing his fuck-it smile, "all the fuckers can do is say no."

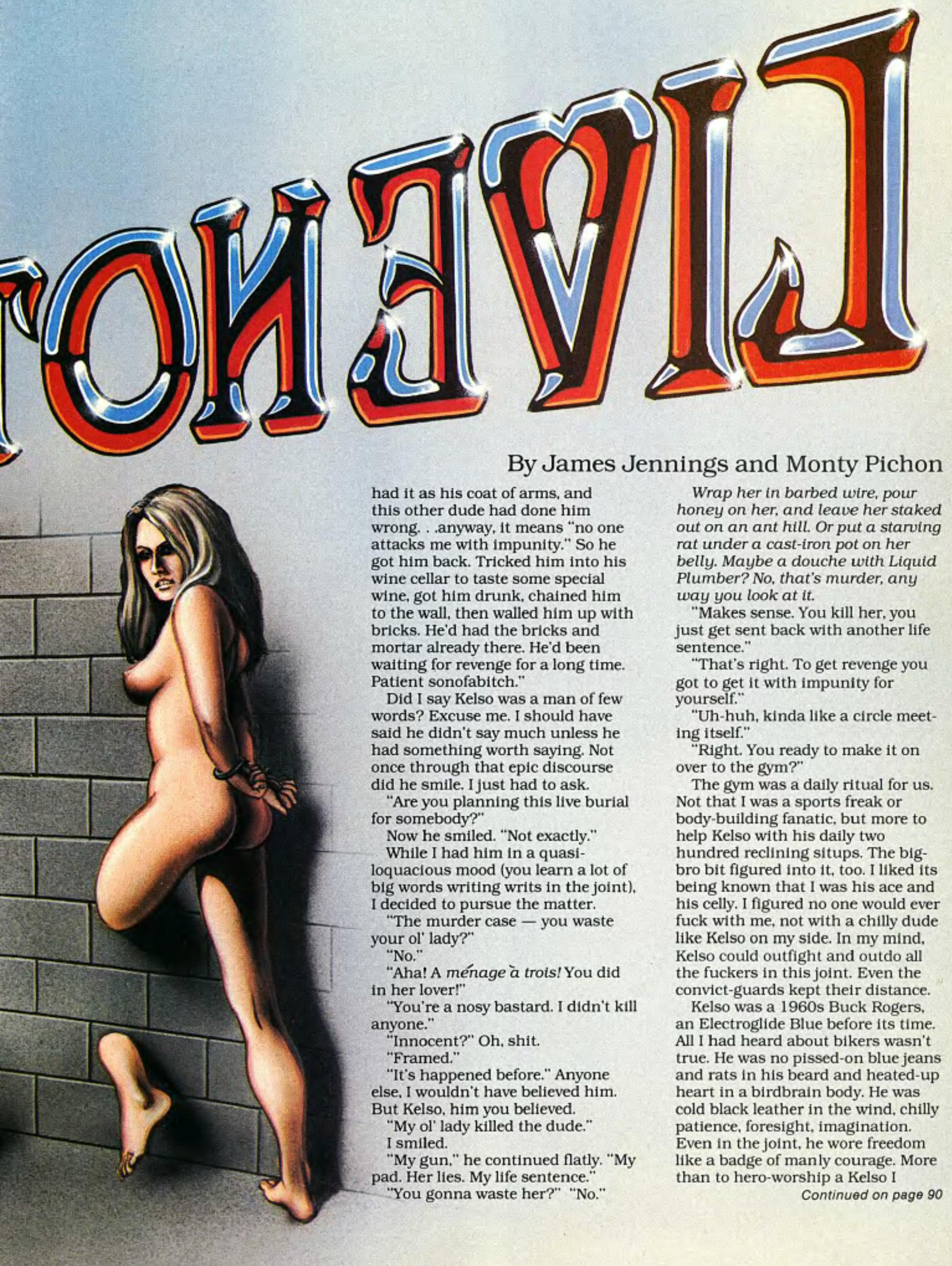
The smile amused and fascinated me; I could see Kelso in the wind, blond beard slashed with that Colgate-peppermint-pearls smile, leading the outlaws down black, free highways, hogging the line, tires singing on hot asphalt, smiling a pleasant "screw you" in his silent language. I believe I had developed a bit of big-bro hero worship.

In the four months I'd been his celly, I'd come to know something about bikes and bikers, mostly through relentless questioning of Kelso. I say relentless because he was given to terse replies. He talked like a light bulb being clicked on and off: a few words, a smile, a few more words, another smile. But as a kid of twenty, fresh off the streets of New Orleans, my own in-the-wind experiences had been limited to being packed by a guy on a 1952 Cushman that was hardly fast enough to outrace a swamp mosquito.

I had never asked Kelso his age, but from a photo of him on his 1958 Hog, not looking much older than I at the time the photo was taken, I guessed him to be about 28. He kept the photo taped on the cell wall, alongside photos of his ol' lady, whom he rarely talked about. Next to the photos was an intricate prison-made coat of arms — Kelso explained that it was his individual colors on the streets — made of thousands of matchsticks patiently pieced together by sanding and cutting, and bearing the inscription *Nemo me impune lacessit.*

"Ain't that the Scottish Regimental motto?" I asked.

"Might be. Dunno. Got it out of a story by Edgar Allen Poe — "The Cask of Amontillado." This dude



By James Jennings and Monty Pichon

had it as his coat of arms, and this other dude had done him wrong. . .anyway, it means "no one attacks me with impunity." So he got him back. Tricked him into his wine cellar to taste some special wine, got him drunk, chained him to the wall, then walled him up with bricks. He'd had the bricks and mortar already there. He'd been waiting for revenge for a long time. Patient sonofabitch."

Did I say Kelso was a man of few words? Excuse me. I should have said he didn't say much unless he had something worth saying. Not once through that epic discourse did he smile. I just had to ask.

"Are you planning this live burial for somebody?"

Now he smiled. "Not exactly."

While I had him in a quasi-loquacious mood (you learn a lot of big words writing writs in the joint), I decided to pursue the matter.

"The murder case — you waste your ol' lady?"

"No."

"Aha! A *ménage à trois!* You did in her lover!"

"You're a nosy bastard. I didn't kill anyone."

"Innocent?" Oh, shit.

"Framed."

"It's happened before." Anyone else, I wouldn't have believed him. But Kelso, him you believed.

"My ol' lady killed the dude."

I smiled.

"My gun," he continued flatly. "My pad. Her lies. My life sentence."

"You gonna waste her?" "No."

Wrap her in barbed wire, pour honey on her, and leave her staked out on an ant hill. Or put a starving rat under a cast-iron pot on her belly. Maybe a douche with Liquid Plumber? No, that's murder, any way you look at it.

"Makes sense. You kill her, you just get sent back with another life sentence."

"That's right. To get revenge you got to get it with impunity for yourself."

"Uh-huh, kinda like a circle meeting itself."

"Right. You ready to make it on over to the gym?"

The gym was a daily ritual for us. Not that I was a sports freak or body-building fanatic, but more to help Kelso with his daily two hundred reclining situps. The big-bro bit figured into it, too. I liked its being known that I was his ace and his celly. I figured no one would ever fuck with me, not with a chilly dude like Kelso on my side. In my mind, Kelso could outfight and outdo all the fuckers in this joint. Even the convict-guards kept their distance.

Kelso was a 1960s Buck Rogers, an Electroglide Blue before its time. All I had heard about bikers wasn't true. He was no pissed-on blue jeans and rats in his beard and heated-up heart in a birdbrain body. He was cold black leather in the wind, chilly patience, foresight, imagination. Even in the joint, he wore freedom like a badge of manly courage. More than to hero-worship a Kelso I

Continued on page 90

Illustration by David Mann

IN THE WIND

—from Berna Dunlap, Springfield, Mo.

Each month we select the best pictures our readers send us and print them here. We appreciate them all, but we can't use color prints or color negatives. We can use only good, in focus, black and white prints (any size) and color slides (either 35mm or 2¼x2¼) — nothing else. Whether it's the exhilaration of a dude and his chick flyin' down the highway or the let-it-all-hang-out exuberance of a biker bash or the eyeball-poppin' sight of a sexy honey showin' her stuff — these photos typify the fun, excitement, and freedom of biking. (Oh yeah — we now pay $20 for every black and white photo we use and $35 for every color slide we use.)

—from Lee Erickson, Lake Park, Fla.

—from Kenneth Berthiaume, Winchester, N.H.

—from Michael Lichter, Boulder, Colo.

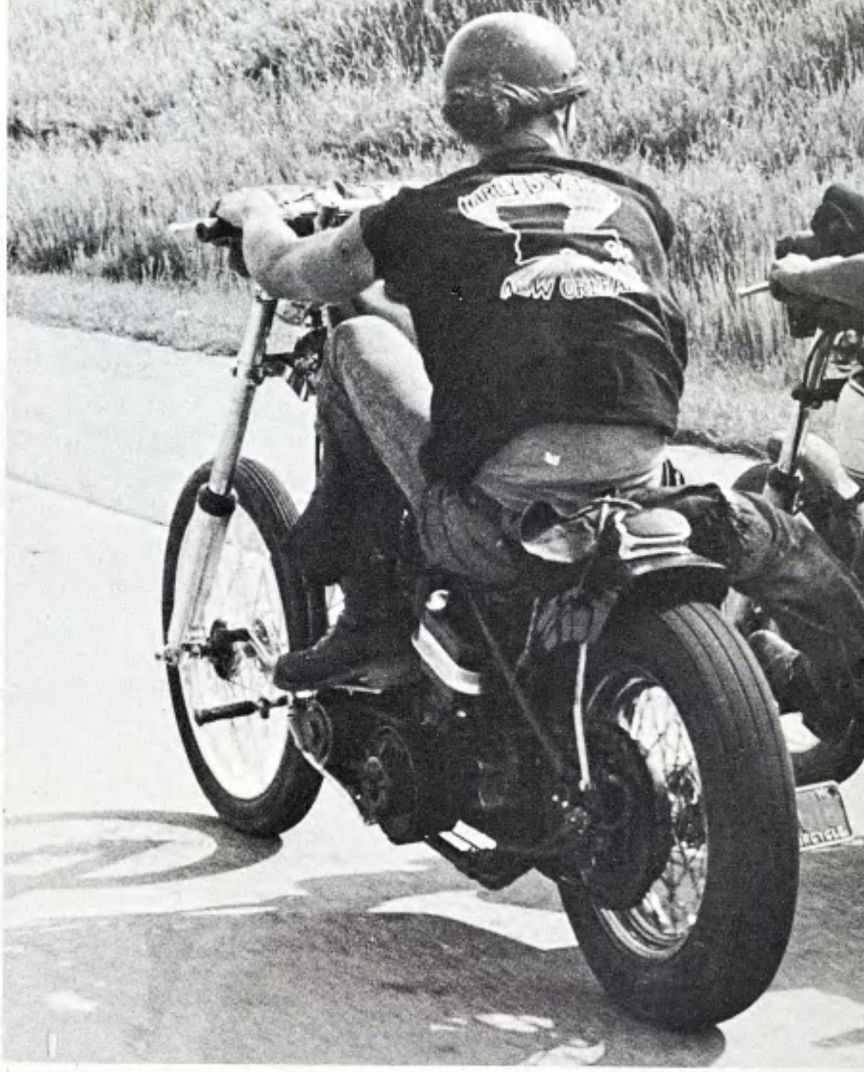
—from Melanie Howard, Greensboro, N.C.

—from Dirty Ernie, Beatrice, Neb.

—from Melanie Howard, Greensboro, N.C.

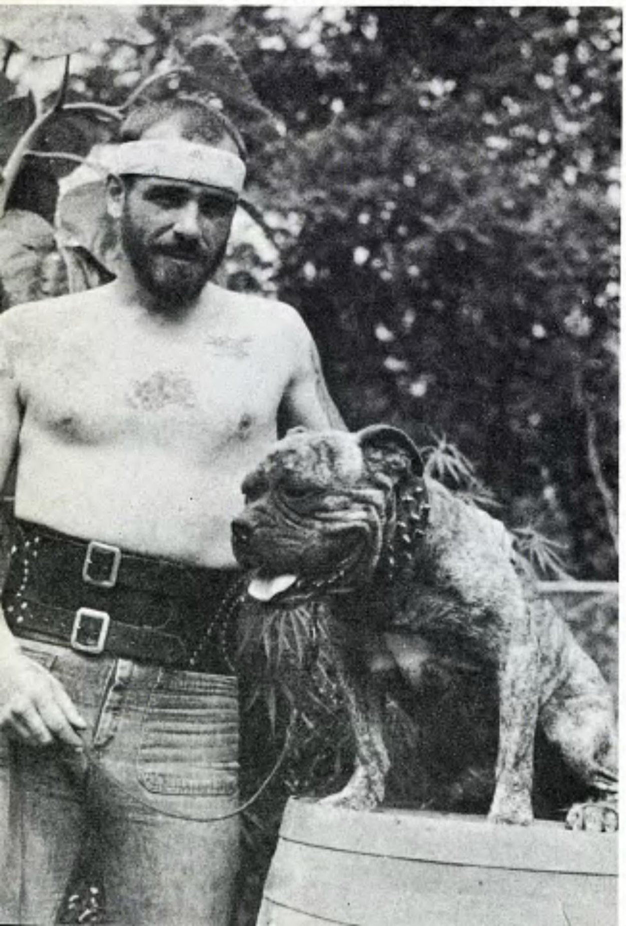
—from Snake, Wylie, Tex.

—from Dirty Ernie, Beatrice, Neb.

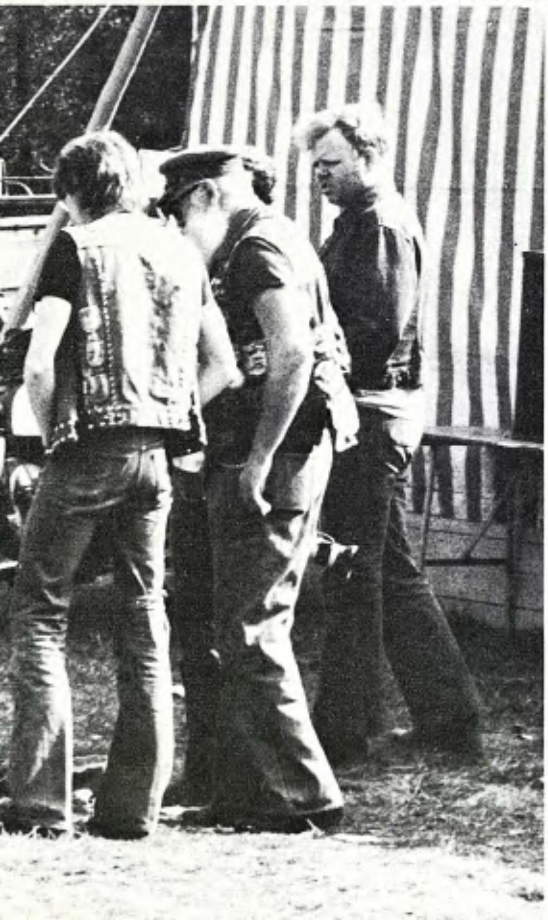


—from Berna Dunlap, Springfield, Mo.

—from Rampage Bulldogs, Mastic Beach, N.Y.



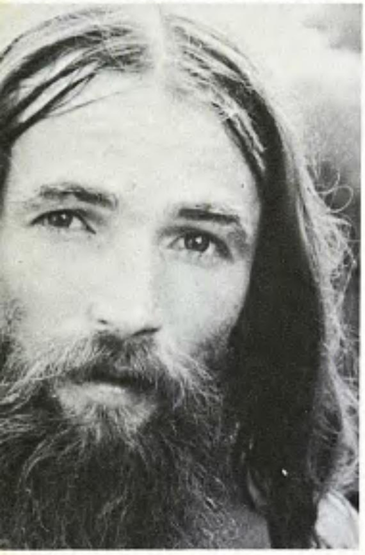
—from Herb Anstine, APO, N.Y.



—from Big Ed, Portland, Maine

—from Lou Camerota, New Castle, Del.

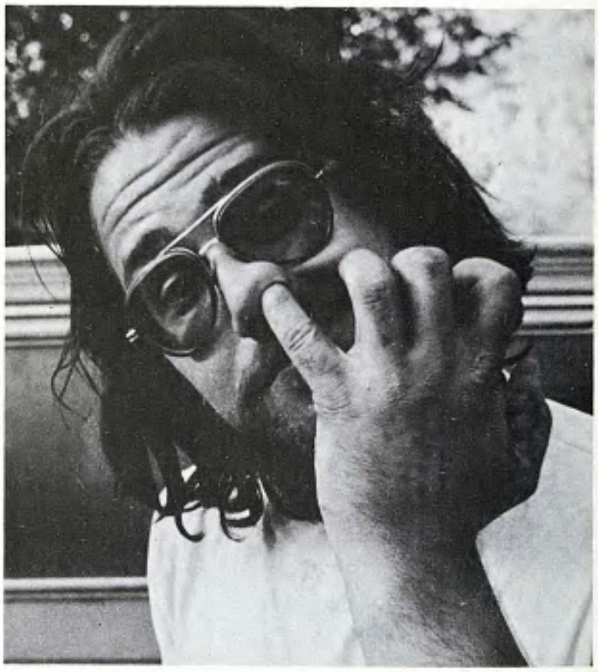
—from Bill Parsley, St. Joseph, Mo.



—from Beth Haymond, Falls Church, Va.

—from Rap, Collinsville, Ill.

—from Michael Lichter, Boulder, Colo.



—from Flash, U.S.A.

—from Dirty Ernie, Beatrice, Neb.

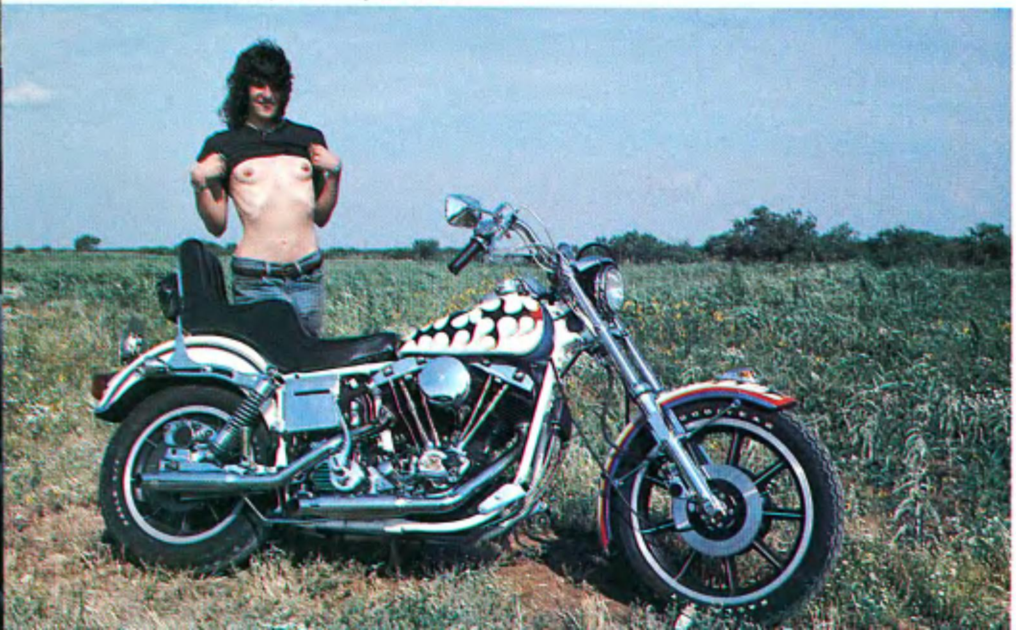
—from Denny Solay, Albuquerque, N.M.

—from Reb Ambrose, Tustin, Calif.

—from Crazy Dennis, Newton Square, Pa.

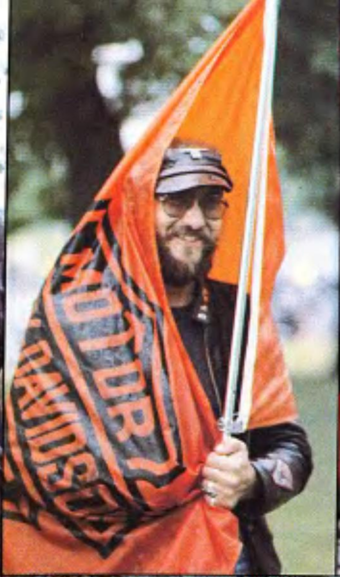
—from Wizard, On Tour, Midwest

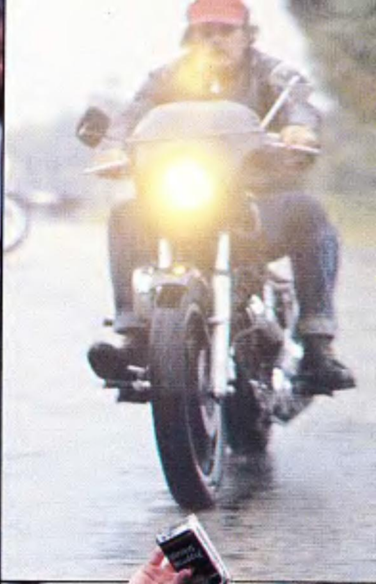
—from Wizard, On Tour, Midwest

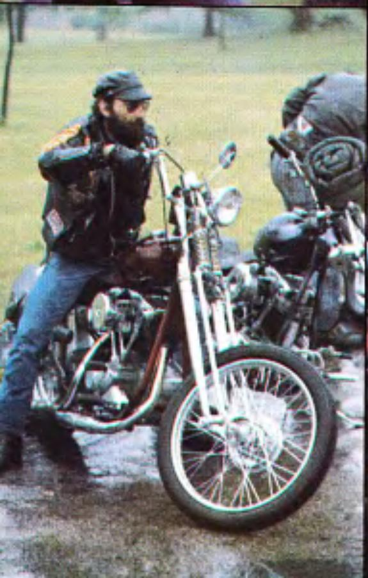


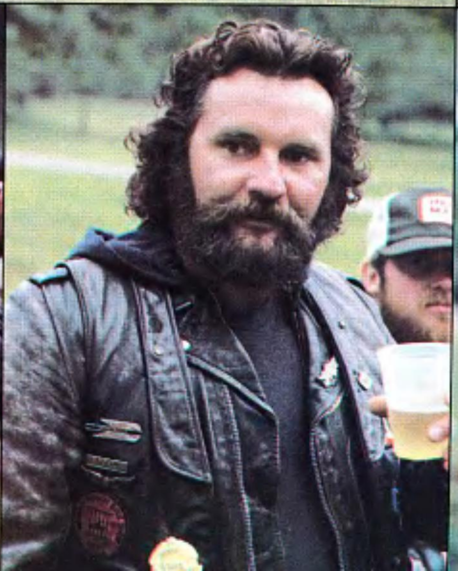
—from Painless Paul, Phoenix, Ariz.

PACK RAT
F.Y.M.P.
Easyriders Magazine









Adios, AMF

The members of ABATE of Wisconsin are partyin' muthas. To celebrate Harley-Davidson's liberation from AMF, they rode through a rainstorm that would have kept Noah in his ark.

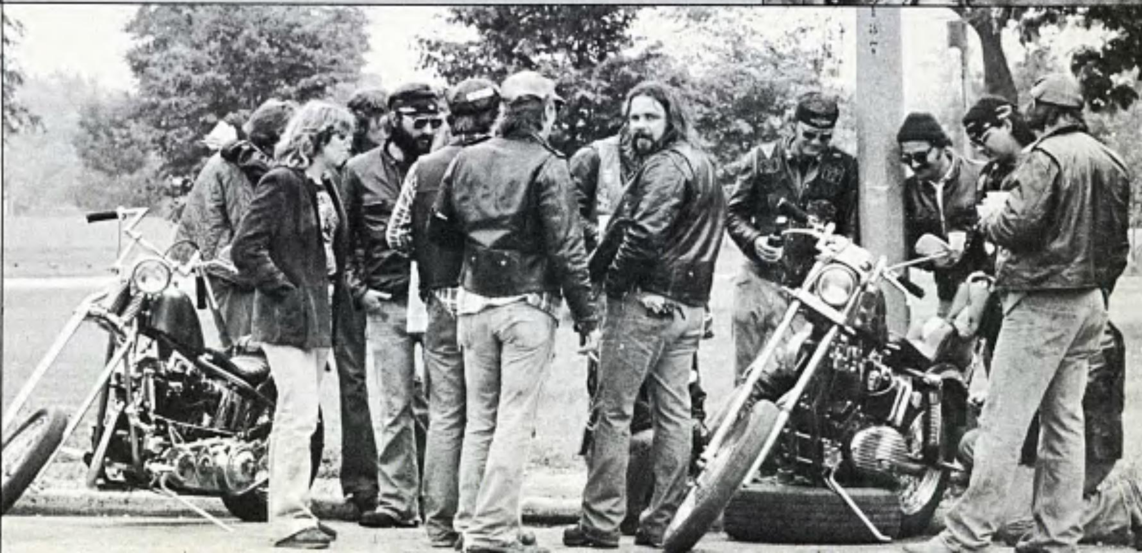
All day long, riders pulled in and out of the downpour that never dampened their spirits. The party went on at a park in Milwaukee, where a very relaxed atmosphere was, as the saying goes, enjoyed by all. Beer and brotherhood marked the day. Friends mingled and admired each other's bikes, giving tips on riding in the rain to those who would listen.

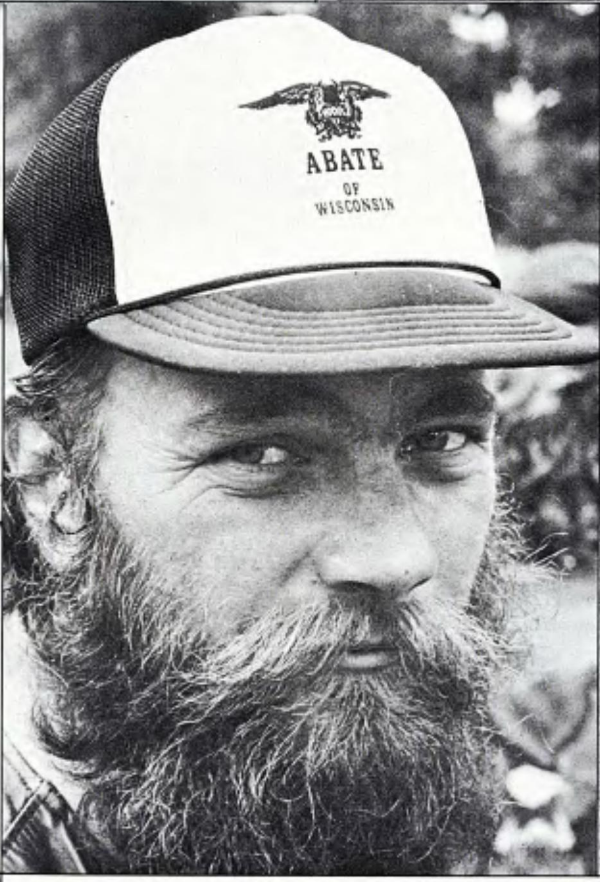
They said the weather was good for Wisconsin and that they really enjoyed puttin' in the falling rain, because it was warmer than the snow they were used to riding in.

While we were there, the biker scene in Milwaukee seemed very relaxed and free from hassles by the police, but one piece of advice the bikers of Milwaukee did offer was to give no bullshit to the local SWAT. They said that the team members were highly trained and deadly serious and should be left strictly alone.

Thanks to ABATE and Tony Sanfelipo for the brotherhood and the great party, which continued for several days. The weather was strictly wet, but these hardcore bikers just made fun of it and had fun in it. Party on, Wisconsin! —Doc

More photos →





Photos by Billy Tinney and Woody

—from England's SUPER BIKE Magazine

Can't Tell A Book By Its Cover

by Jack Starbuck

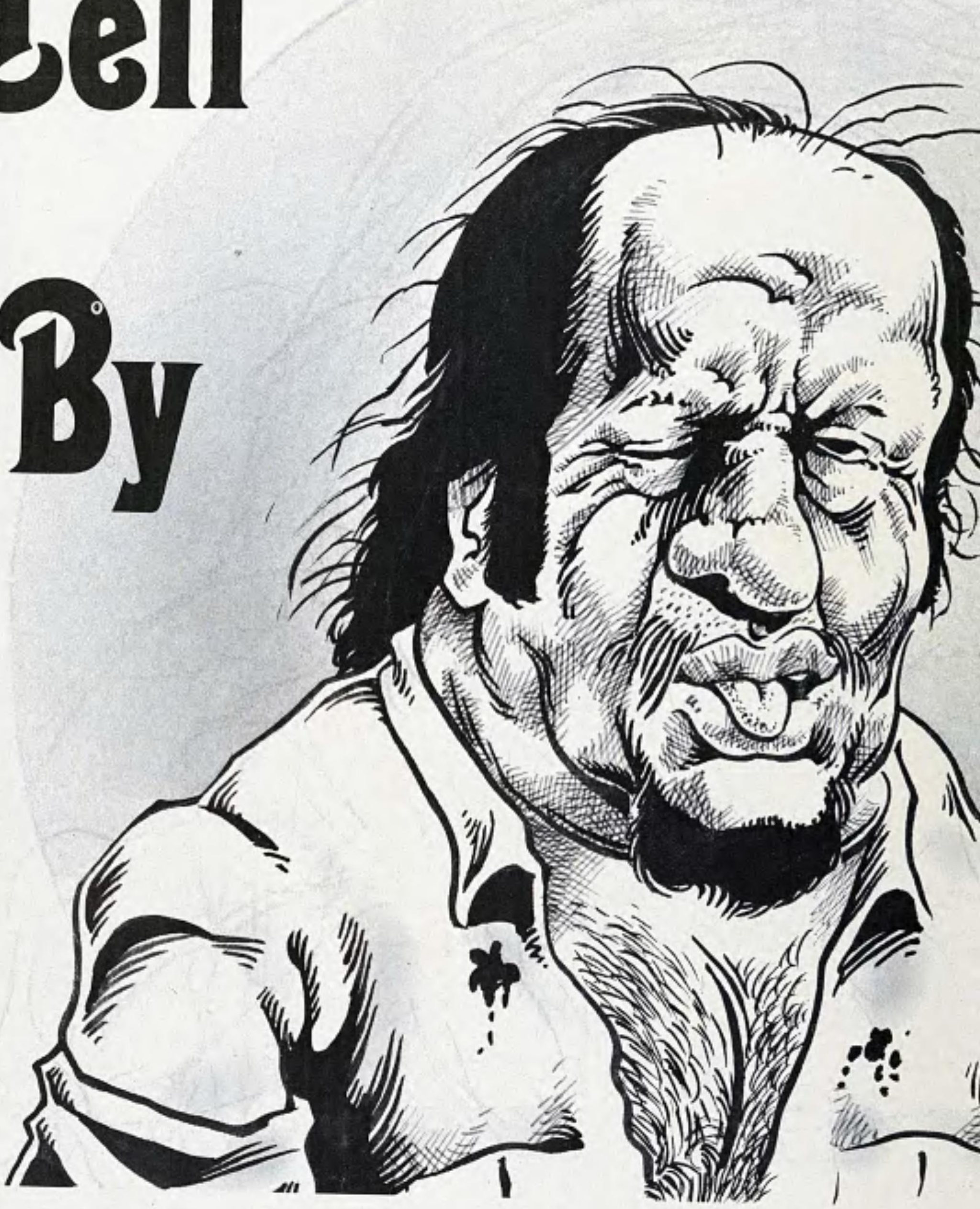


Illustration by Duffy Duggan

"My God, Irving, look at that person! Why, he's absolutely filthy!" I cast a glance at the station wagon on my left. A middle-aged woman and her husband (named Irving, of course) were staring at me. I'm sort of used to it, I guess. When you weigh three hundred pounds, ride a ratted-out old 74 with a sidecar, and look like I do, you more or less have to get used to it.

I learned a few years ago that the satisfaction of rearranging some misguided straight's teeth just wasn't worth busted knuckles and a night or two in the county lockup. Besides, punching out some tired old dude in the middle of Hollywood Boulevard on a Saturday afternoon just lacks style. I looked at Irving, and he looked like he was more disgusted with the old bag in the station wagon than I could ever be. Not at what she had just said, you understand. Irving had a look that spoke of a lifetime of resigned tolerance tempered with a sprinkling of repugnance. I wondered for an instant what she looked like naked, and felt a touch of pity for Irving.

"There's just no telling what kind of garbage you'll see in Hollywood," she said. She had the window rolled down on her side of the car. I was only about three feet away. I looked at her and smiled.

"Howdy!" I said. The old bag looked straight ahead, like someone had just shoved a broom up her ass. Irving started chuckling, the light changed, and they pulled away.

I putted on down the Boulevard for another two blocks and rolled to a stop in front of the pizza place. When I don't have anything to do, more often than not I'll fire up the old hack and ride into Hollywood for a slice of pizza. There's a really great little pizza place right on the street, and there's always a few bikes parked out front to lend flavor to my favorite meal. There's even an old dude who does some kind of off-the-wall singing routine right on the sidewalk. He's always there. It's just a laid-back way to kill an afternoon.

I popped into the pizza place and

ordered a slice with double sausage and double mushrooms and a big Dr. Pepper. The place smelled great. One of life's best smells has to be a good pizza house running flat out. Three minutes later I had a slice of pizza that must have weighed two pounds and a half-gallon of Dr. Pepper. I was feeling fine when I walked out.

I usually get comfortable in the sidecar and use the solo seat as a table, but when I got over to my hack, there was a little kid in a

Continued on page 116

Protect your valuables

With this *Stash Pouch* you can securely stash all your valuables and they'll be completely unnoticed. It fits on any size leg and can hold a lot of weight without having to be held tightly to your leg. You can jump, run, whatever, and the *Stash Pouch* will stay in position—it does not slip down.

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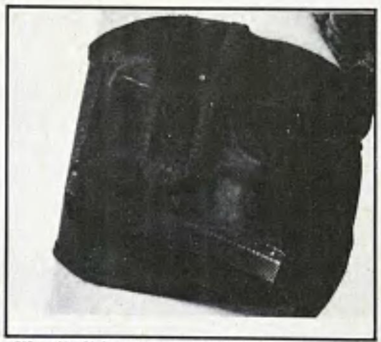

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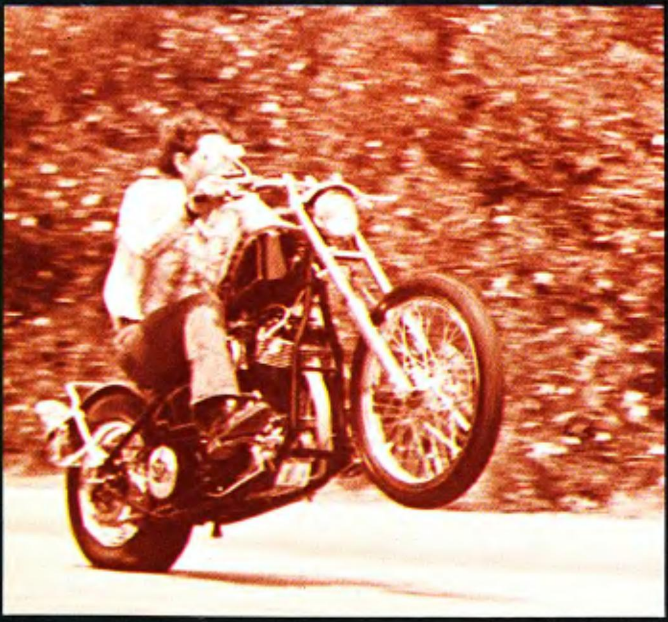
He Didn't Use His

Now believe me, that title doesn't apply to drugs. But it sure as hell fits Reklis. The tag fits him too. Since we weren't at the shooting, we invited him and his bro Danny out to get the facts as it were.

When Reklis arrived at the property Steve Stillwell, editor of *Iron Horse* did a double take an' shot the bone at us, knowin' we'd fucked him again.

Steve had known the owner under a different handle years ago in his foreign bike days. This scene caused much consternation an' a crimp in his sphincter muscle to go along with his salute. Partially due to his seein' the photos of Reklis's bike the day before, unbeknownst to us, when they got scrambled in with one of his *Iron Horse* bike features. Steve had it figured as another *Easyriders* stab in the back. 'Specially when yers truly stuck his foot in his mouth by blurtin' obnoxiously, "Well, Stillwell, we aced ya again." He

CTIONS



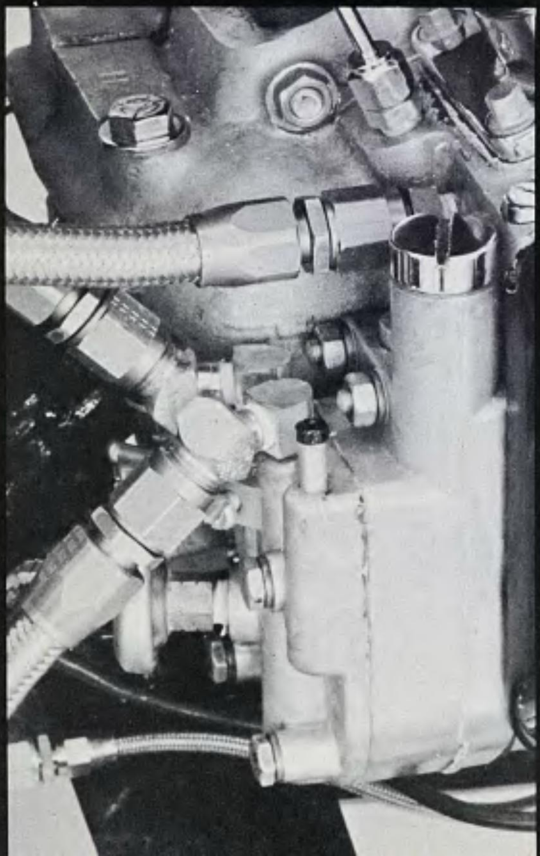
'bout exploded. Last seen workin' the steam off with a triple shot of Herr-Adura.

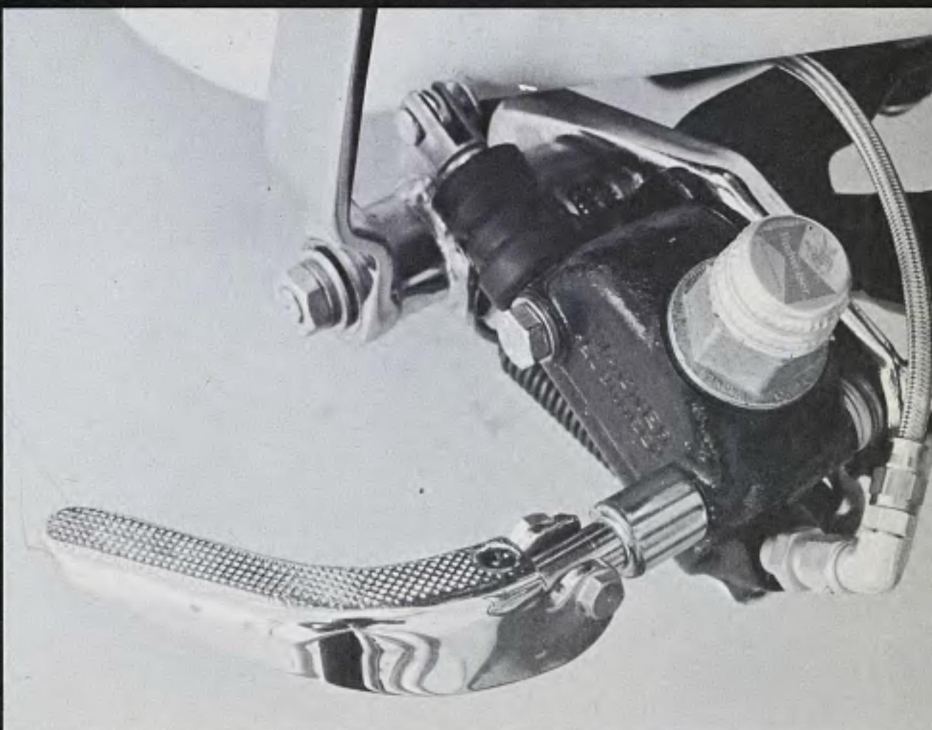
See, the deal that really piqued good ol' Steve was that he thought he'd been bull-shitted by me the day before. He saw the flicks an' asked if we had shot so and so's scoot. The name he used didn't ring a bell as I had never heard, or for that matter even asked, what Reklis's real name was. I mean, who gives a fuck? What's in a name? But at any rate, we didn't have the slightest idea who the hell this Joe Blow was that Stillwell was talkin' about. And we sure as hell didn't shoot his bike. Turns out Reklis had shown Steve his project putt in the early stages. No promises from either side. Months went by, the scoot was completed.

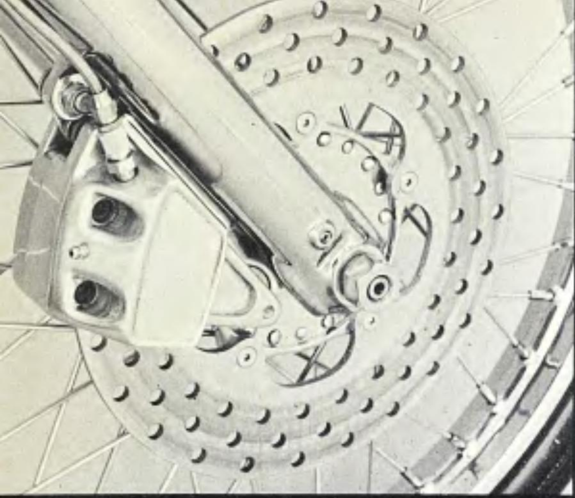
Reklis decided not to rely on someone he knew who knew someone that could get his bike into a magazine. Otherwise known as usin' connections to gain an objective. He went to the heart of the matter, correctly. He snapped a couple o' color prints of both sides of the gem, stuck 'em in an envelope and waited for a reply.

One mornin' months later, the staff was

Robinson







siftin' through the bike feature file, lookin' for possibles. This was one of the dirty dozen that caught our eye. We rounded 'em up an' took 'em to the monthly smoke an' juice session where high level decisions concernin' content are made. It made the final cut. The rest is history. Till Steve saw it, that is. "I was gonna shoot that thing ya know," he raged. "Shit, Steve, I had no idea you knew the guy." The makin's of a war were here and all I wanted was a cold brew. Reklis shrugged it off. "All I wanted was to make the rag, man." Steve stalked around lookin' for big sticks, I bolted my door an' got high. I got in touch with Spider pronto — an' dig this timing, He had just stolen a feature of some sort from Steve, who was boilin' by now. Some days ya can't win.

The ride, by the way, is called Hell Cruiser, 'cause that's what he catches if he gets caught. Also Crowd Pleaser — remember his name is Reklis, so ya can figure he's the type that likes to rev up the audience. He really revved up the staff when they saw his sled.

It's gone to Sturgis twice from California, but fucked up the third time, so he bought an eighty an' made it his road bike. Then, with spare parts he dredged up from his garage during a cleanup, he made this T-T ride, that's T-T — tavern to tavern. He ran into one problem, the "bolt-on blues," when ya gotta modify old stock parts to fit new ones. Not a bad job — agreed?

—Loudmouth

Photos by Pete Chiodo

Owner: Reklis	**City:** Orange, Calif.	
General	**Frame**	
Fabrication by: owner	Year: old panhead	
Year and make: '76 Harley	Builder: Harley and Walker's	
Model: Stupid Glide	Type: hardtail wishbone	
Value: $5,000, two cases of beer	Rake: stock	
Assembly by: owner	Stretch: none	
Time: 18 months	Other alterations: beefed	
Chroming by: Phil's Custom Plating	**Accessories**	
Engine	Bars: stock	
Year: '76	Risers: Jammer	
Model: Stupid Glide	Fender(s): 6-in. flat	
Rebuilder: Accu-True	Headlight: stock	
Ignition: stock	Taillight: red	
Displacement: 93 cu. in.	Speedo: none	
Lower end: S&S	Front pegs: owner	
Balancing: yes	Rear pegs: none	
Pistons: S&S	Electrics: owner	
Cases: altered for big-bore barrels	Gas tank: Sporty	
Heads: ported and polished	Oil tank: painhead	
Cam(s): Andrews C	Oil system: braided	
Lifters: solid	Primary cover: open	
Carb(s): S&S	Seat: So. Cal. Seats	
Air cleaner: S&S	Sissybar: link	
Pipes: metal sprayed	Height: 5 in. above fender	
Muffler(s): shorty	Material: round stock steel	
Transmission	**Forks**	
Modifications: close ratio Andrews	Type: Stupid Glide	
Year: '78	Extension: none	
Shifting: foot	Builder: H-D	
Engine sprocket: Phase 3	Special features: backwards, turned down	
Trans sprocket: 24	**Wheels**	
Wheel sprocket: 51	**Front**	**Rear**
Painting	Size: 21 in.	Size: 15 in.
Molding: owner	Hub: stock	Hub: stock
Painter: Damon	Rim width: 2 in.	Rim width: 5 in.
Color: black, orange, gold, and red	Tire: Avon	Tire: Pirelli P3
Type: Imron	Brake: stock	Brake: Perf. Machine
Special paint: black Imron on motor parts		
Other special modifications: All stock parts, 3-inch belt drive, Competitor clutch. Special thanks to Clay, Scooter Bob.		

LOCKDOWN

The law, in its majestic equality, forbids the rich as well as the poor to sleep under bridges, to beg in the streets and to steal bread. —*Anatole France*

by Boomer

Siddown, I want you to read something. It's gonna make you mad, and I don't want you reflexively slugging a cellmate when you've finished it.

"Behind the grim walls, convicted murders, rapists, and thieves listen to hi-fi stereos, dance under flashing disco lights, and arrogantly threaten guards with lawsuits."

Sound like where you're at? No? You've heard that shit before, you say. Just some prick trying to get elected district attorney by crusading against "coddling convicts in country club prisons."

Well, you're wrong. Sure you've heard the shit before, but not from some politician. The quote is the first line of a United Press International news story on what UPI calls California's crisis in prison reform. Nor is this quote isolated rhetoric. Read on.

"Modern law libraries, conjugal visiting rights, flagrant drug use, and nearly censor-free mail that includes everything from Communist propaganda to pornography testify to (the prisoners') success." — Lidia Wasowicz, UPI

During a one-week period in June, UPI transmitted to its approximately 3,000 clients — about 80 percent of all the newspapers, television, and radio stations in the country — a lengthy three-part series designed to inflame public opinion against prisoners and the prison rights movement. In order to insure that the greatest possible number of papers used this material, UPI condensed the series into several smaller stories and sent them out for papers that didn't have space for the longer articles. Several related articles, at least as vehemently anti-prisoner, were also moved by the wire service, and a series of carefully staged-by-prison-officials photographs, purported by UPI to be actual news photos, were transmitted. All the material was blatant propaganda of the worst kind, worthy of a Spiro Agnew, totally without accuracy, balance, or any attempt to present the other side of the prison issue. Even where actual facts were presented, they were described in a manner reflecting badly on inmates. Take the second quote, for example. It says mail to California prisons is almost censor free, which it is. UPI then goes on to imply, however, that convicts don't deserve the right to mail because they are mostly communists or sex fiends. Or take this quote concerning the American Civil Liberties Union's Self-Help Litigation Manual for prisoners: "The manual's *stated* concern is with the violation of constitutional rights that occur in prison." What the fuck is "stated" concern? The only purpose for that word is to give the public — all those straights out there who, whether we like it or not, will ultimately decide whether prisoners are treated like men or garbage — the idea that the book is some kind of scam, coaching convicts on how to avoid "paying" for their crimes. When the slaughter at Attica went down, UPI did not say "Rockefeller's stated purpose in blowing everyone away was to restore peace to the institution." Hell, no. They printed what the governor said as if it were gospel, with no ifs, ands, buts, or stateds.

"Prison authorities express concern that each added civil right could fuel the fire of a potential outbreak of violence." — UPI

I'll fucking bet they do. Is there anything besides a return to four-by-six strip cells that prison authorities don't think fuels the fires of rebellion? You'll search in vain the thousands of words UPI transmitted about prisons for any mention of the dozens of studies — many done by such right wing, establishment groups as the American Medical Association — that prove that the real cause of prison violence is the lack of civil rights: the right to enough room to stretch out and sleep, the right to have access to the courts, the right to occasionally see the sky, the right to receive magazines without the pictures torn out.

"Inmates chewing tobacco and drinking illicit prison-made liquor complain of 'inhumane conditions' as they scour law libraries for ways to improve their life behind...prison bars." — Lidia Wasowicz, UPI

There is a bottom line to this. Somebody out there has decided to try and rip off the few advances we have made in improving prison life. It is no coincidence that this mass of anti-prison reform propaganda was released just weeks after the ACLU filed a massive totality of conditions suit against the State of California, charging that conditions at San Quentin are clearly in violation of the Constitution's prohibition against "cruel and unusual punishment."

This so-called news series, which works hard to compare life at the "Big Q" to living at the Las Vegas Hilton, is obviously just a first shot in a campaign to poison California public opinion against this suit. It is also ammunition for politicians everywhere who are looking for an excuse not to replace that 150-year-old dungeon or hire that extra part-time doctor.

You can fight back. Not easily, not with anywhere near the power of our enemies — but our enemies have always had the power. Tell everyone you know on the outside, your bros, your ol' lady, your family and friends, to watch their newspapers and television sets for anti-prisoner propaganda. Tell 'em to write letters — as concerned citizens, not relatives of inmates — to the editors and station managers, protesting biased stories. Send copies of flagrant bullshit to the prison reform organization closest to you and suggest they contact the news organization in question and ask for a chance to present the prisoners' side of the story.

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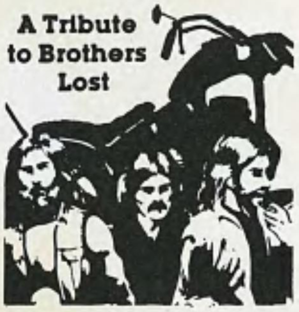
A Tribute to Brothers Lost



Space limitations dictate that the free listings for this column be published on a first-come, first-served basis. **Note:** No names will be accepted which are not accompanied by a return address which can be verified. Send your In Memory Of listing (bikers only) to Memory, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.

In memory of **Terry Scott Bermea,** loved and missed by many, especially his beautiful woman, Cathy, and his son, Terry Scott Bermea, Jr.

In memory of **Crazy Jesse Hall,** August 11, 1980. May your great spirit and love and zest for life live on in our hearts forever. Forever missed by your family and bros in Bell Gardens.

In memory of **George Ribar,** 5/17/81. You're gone, but we will never forget you. R.I.P. Bill and Ruth McManaway, Cleveland, Ohio.

Marty "Pigpen" Trautmann, you lived to wrench and ride. Your bros and sisters in Phoenix will always love you. We'll ride together again. What a party that will be.

In loving memory of **Ann "Pretty Eyes" Ercole.** A fucking drunk ran her over sitting at a light in Florida, 4/28/81. May her soul rest in peace and be riding in Harley Heaven. Love. Jim.

In memory of **Ralph Fulkerson,** lost on 5/7/81, never to be forgotten by his family and friends. From all the bikers and fellow workers at Chevy V-8. Ride on, Ralphie, Dick, Gary, Brian, Hockey, and the rest of the bros.

In memory of **Mikee "Maniac" Bloom.** Hope you're up there drinkin' with the big cats. JB and I will always remember you. Leslie.

In memory of **Elbert Sohm,** ambushed by two chickenshits. Live forever, bro. From Art and Dan.

In memory of **Glen Wesley,** a true 1%er, who died much too young. You'll never be forgotten. You lived a free life. Ride on forever. Ray and your bros from Surrey, B.C., Canada.

In memory of a good bro who died riding. We all miss you, **Ed,** and you'll never be forgotten. Your bro Frank.

In loving memory of **Cisco,** who was wasted senselessly for being a Long Chain 1%er. The battle lines were drawn with your blood, little brother. Ride easy. Country, Buck, Kolo, and the Long Chain MC.

In memory of **Robert J. "Hop" Hoppe,** who lived as he rode—hard, fast, with never a dull moment. You will never be forgotten in our hearts and souls. Ride on, Hop, till we meet you and ride on together. Dan "Wrench" Sturges.

In memory of **Jack,** AFFA. You will live in my heart forever. Ellen.

Male Call

As you know, we give free copies of *Easyriders* to all prison libraries. This allows as many prisoners as possible to read each copy. We get many requests for individual free subscriptions which are impossible to grant; it would be too costly. But we will now sell subs at a reduced cost for people in prisons. All you have to do is send $12 for twelve issues ($12 saving over newsstand price) to Prison Subs Dept., *Easyriders* Magazine, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.

Note: Some prisons have restricted correspondence lists. If you are unable to receive mail except from those people specified on a restricted list, it is a waste of your time and that of the people who write to you after reading your ad in **Male Call.** Please make sure you will be able to receive the mail you solicit before requesting space in this column.

Want to hear from dames with heart and the talent to keep a man happy. Loran Berry, Box C-16411, Represa, Calif. 95671.

Good brother down and out. Need some sunshine from some of you fine ladies. Any of you know TC, that's me. I'll answer and welcome all letters. David J. Desoto #B85944, Box 600, Tracy, Calif. 95376.

Rode my sled through the wrong town at the wrong time and now that's all I got for the next two years. Need ladies to write to. Will exchange flix. Robert D. Klink #321986, Central Unit, 1 Circle Dr., Sugarland, Tex. 77478.

25-year-old male. Fox hunt in Florida. Ladies 15-30. Prize foxes. Reap great rewards. Russell D. Taylor #071172, MCI, G-428, Box 158, Lowell, Fla. 32663.

Bros and sisters, two bros going down the last hill. Time to get the wind once more in our minds. Send kites to Terry Belden #P-2826 and George Jeskey #P-4243, Box A, Bellefonte, Pa. 16823.

Lonely dude doin' time needs letters from sweet young honeys to see me through. Thomas Ridley, Rt. 3, Box 2000, Hagerstown, Md. 21740.

Ain't there any righteous ladies left out there who've got the heart to keep a downed tramp happier while he's doin' time? A few lines on paper may not be much to the free, but to all the brothers who are doin' time, it means a lot. Don Sickmiller #149531, Lock Box 492, Ionia, Mich. 48846.

Down and out and lookin' for some good-lookin' ladies to write to. Will answer all. Joseph Tartaglia #80-A-4518, Box 51, Comstock, N.Y. 12821.

I'm stuck off in prison and could really get off hearing from some sexy foxes out there. W/m, 28, Taurus and a 1%er. Write to a loner, Ray Barton #40397, Box 900, Jefferson City, Mo. 65102.

Been down over two years. Need some lovely ladies to write and help me through the last few months of this bit. S. Colby #156487, Box 236, Marenisco, Mich. 49947.

Downed 21-year-old with just over a year to go. Need letters and pics from any young thing to speed this time up. Glenn Streb #32866, Box 1568, Hutchinson, Kan. 67501.

Downed California bro doing time in Oregon. I need some righteous and sincere ladies to write me. I'm 22 and a Cancer. Mike Coleman, Box 43101, 2605 State St., Salem, Ore. 97310.

26-year-old live wire of desire needs a lady to light his fire. Send letter and flick, get a reply quick. Bob Wire #C-04693, Room 1305, Box A, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409.

White boy needs to hear from young ladies. Will be getting out soon. Patrick McGowan #262823, Box 520, Walla Walla, Wash. 99362.

28-year-old honky needs letters and pictures from good white girls. Who knows what the future might hold? Dan Rezin #12026, NSP, Box 607, Carson City, Nev. 89701.

Would like to hear from ladies who like sex, drugs, rock and roll, and everything else that's beautiful. Ken Buckner #41614, 2605 State St., Salem, Ore. 97310.

27-year-old Scorpio, 6 ft., 170 lbs., brown hair and eyes, would like to hear from sincere ladies. Send picture if possible. Will answer all letters. T.S. Janczak #289690, Rt. 3, Box 59, Rosharon, Tex. 77583.

Been down three years and sort of feel left out. Planning on staying in the Tucson/Phoenix area and would like to hear from some fine lady in the area who may show some compassion to a 29-year-old scooter tramp. So if you're out there somewhere, drop me a line. Only seven months to go. Terry Hatch #14500-116, Box H (Camp), Florence, Ariz. 85232.

Lonely 19-year-old held in prison. Blond, blue eyes, 5'6", and lovable. If you ladies have spare time, help this young man out. There's no one to write to him. Pictures helpful. Bob Alspaugh #110252, Box 514, Granite, Okla. 73547.

I'm a dreamer; so, ladies, give me something to dream about. Will answer all. Jimmy Moore #273638, Rt. 1, Box 150, Coffield Unit, Tenn. Colony, Tex. 75861.

Hey, all you mouth-waterin', mealtime treats, drop a line to this downed freak. Blue eyes, blond hair, 6 ft. All will be answered. Richard Hemsley #76322, 177 Weston St., Hartford, Conn. 06120.

I am a lonely white male, 32, seeking companionship with any and all ladies free or otherwise. Les Jump #161-060, Box 69, London, Ohio 43140.

Unless I can get a few friends before I get out, I'm not going to have anything on the outside. Please write. Ricky D. Long #30480, Box 7, IC-174, Moberly, Mo. 65270.

Sure could dig a few lines from some warm honeys to help this time along. Will answer all and could get off on some photos. Gary Wendler #15580, Box 607, NNCC, Carson City, Nev. 89701.

34-year-old white male, two down and one to go. Would like to hear from ladies with travel on their minds, particularly the West Coast. I'm a Scorpio all the way, brown hair, blue eyes, 5'11", 165 lbs. Wes Tenney #23687, Box 100, Somers, Conn. 06071.

White peck doing three from LB. Crazy Tony, 23, brown eyes, brown hair, digs foxy honkers; photos, too. Drop a line to Tony Anderson, Box C-04698, Represa, Calif. 95671.

Ladies: I need your help. I'm looking for a good solid woman who loves scooters and tramps. I'm 25, 5'11", 160 lbs. with dark-brown hair and green-brown eyes. So drop a line and a flick. W. C. Thomas #266885, Wynne Unit, 5-Tank, Huntsville, Tex. 77340.

Downed bro in desperate need of some mail from any and all females. Hurry up and write. M. Monk Jones #304891, Ellis Unit, Huntsville, Tex. 77340.

20-year-old, lonely and down. Need young ladies' letters for perpetual relationship. Will answer all. Bill Nickel #107808, Box 548, Lexington, Okla. 73051.

22-year-old bro would like to hear from you sexy ladies. Bill Purser #161337, 1500 Robinson Rd., Pellston, Mich. 49769.

Lonely dude doing time. White 21-year-old would like to have some sweet and beautiful ladies 18-30 to write. Please send pictures. Ken Knepper #115-036, Box 788, Mansfield, Ohio 44901.

Righteous rider, 28, w/m, tall, strong, and lonely. Come on, ladies, you liked it when I was out. Where are you now? Write and send pics. Gary Pazmany #111192, Rt. 1, Box 260, Lexington, Okla. 73051.

I got busted; now I'm disgusted. I'm being abused, 'cause my parole was refused. Would like to hear from all chicks 16 and up. Please send photo if possible. Lynn Watson #155-862, Box 534, Jessup, Md. 20794.

36-year-old healthy peckerwood from OC layin' dead to correspond with healthy mamas from 17 to 39 who can rap on any level. James Halliday #C23411, WB215 North, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

Been down a while. Parole soon. Need mail from ladies to cheer me up. I'm 6'1", 185 lbs. All letters answered. Jerry Cox #10759-78, 835 W. Morgan St., Raleigh, N.C. 27603.

Lonely bro down for a short time. Looking for an ol' lady to keep me in line. Will answer all mail and exchange photos. Out in '81. James McKay #N04080, Box 38, Sheridan, Ill. 60551.

6 ft., blond brother (25) doin' 18 months. Am relocated to Tulsa. Together lady's letter might spark a flame. Lee Russell #32699-138, 5/Lower, Box 1500, El Reno, Okla. 73036.

I'm doin' this bullshit bit in the city an' I need some words from some ladies to pull it off. Dig what I'm sayin'? Shorty Garrett #12498, Box 41, Michigan City, Ind. 46360.

I'm a loner after three things: freedom, a putt, and a righteous ol' lady. So, hey, all ya special breed, just don't read, write me. Steve Miller #156177, NHC, Box 534, Jessup, Md. 20794.

Lonely biker would like to correspond with some fine ladies who have got their shit together. Photos would help this time go by easier. Neil Speer #067937, Box 1500, Mail 527, Cross City, Fla. 32628.

24-year-old white bro out of Ind. doing time in Ky. would like letters from chicks who are real. Jerry Kern #202, Box 6, 7-B Cell-132, La Grange, Ky. 40031.

FREE EASYRIDERS!

You got it—just make any purchase of fifteen bucks or more from any of the bike shops listed here, and walk away with a free copy of the best bike rag in the world.

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Notice, Indiana Bikers: Indiana has two helmet law bills, one mc proof of insurance bill, and one restrictive group riding limit of 4 bill at the State House, and ABATE of Indiana is fighting them. Your help is needed now! To join ABATE of Indiana send $12 with name and address to ABATE of Indiana, c/o Wanda Hummel, 54290 Northwood Dr., Elkhart, Ind. 46514. (100)

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Death row prisoner would like to correspond with ladies. Jim "Fuzzy" Jeffers, Box B-38604, Florence, Ariz. 85232. (109)

White male, 27, recently divorced, seeks loyal, good ol' lady. I'm looking for a chick who's tired of constantly partying, or possibly straight. Tired of going to jail, not getting ahead, and off-and-on women. Would like someone sincere in helping me start over, keep me out of trouble, and get ahead with a permanent relationship. I've lost a lot lately; still have a chopped Sporty, Great Dane, small business, etc. Interested? Steve C., c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (109)

45 rider-collector club forming: 2- and 3-wheelers. Parts, swaps, runs, etc. Contact Mangler, P.O. Box 560, No. Hollywood, Calif. 91603. (102)

Wild Bill's Tattooing, Roseville, Calif. By appointment only. (916) 783-9090. (101)

"The Tattooists." This oversized hardcover book features interviews, color, and black and white photographs of tattooists and their work. "A must for every tattoo fan's collection," Tattoo News. "A bargain at the price," Fetish Times. "An in-depth exploration of artists in an intriguing manner," Los Angeles Times. Photographs featured in Easyriders. Send $35 plus $1 postage to Albert Morse, 320 Miller Ave., Mill Valley, Calif. 94941. California residents add 6% tax. (100)

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Outlaw lifestyle, bikers, violence, tattoos, etc. Writer is still looking for letters, stories, tapes, photos; small payment possible. Would like to contact those who've lost touch with me. Dave Hurles, Box 3004, Hollywood, Calif. 90028. (100)

Notice: ABATE of Indiana is the original ABATE chapter established in 1975 (the organization that lobbied to repeal Indiana's helmet law) and is a totally different and separate organization from National ABATE of Richmond, Indiana. (100)

Wanted: Young lady 18-30 for house mouse. I am 34 and financially independent. Ride a 74 and a 45. Will help relocate if the right woman sends pic. Will answer all. Write D.G., c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265.

Wanted: Sue and Steve. Last seen in Ohio. Wrote you in Nevada; got no reply. Drop a line or call. We have not moved. Nancy and Barney in Pa.

Desperate, sincere freebird caged. Railroaded for pot. Granted appeal, but sentenced to public defender again, 'cause I'm still short $300 for retaining "real" lawyer and justice. Need small "loans" from freedom-conscious brothers and sisters. Please help. Will repay all w/20% interest; I swear. Thanx. Please send check, m.o., or $ to Attorney Wm. Burke (Milwaukee), c/o Mark Brown, Box W.R. 90429, Green Bay, Wis. 54305. Letters from ladies also helpful.

Crazy: We've won, my love! A beautiful future lies ahead. I'll love you forever and a day. Your lady, Joy. (100)

Right-on lawyer wanted to defend white racist charged with two shootings. Joseph Paul Franklin Legal Defense, P.O. Box 4704, Montgomery, Ala. 36104, or 450 S. 3rd E., Salt Lake City, Utah 84111.

McMahan of Savage: Remember the Cool Whip? I do. Love ya always. Gin.

Maid Marion, c/o Jones, Box 804, Lake Ronkonkoma, N.Y. 11779. In the Wind.

Ladies, I'm doin' lonesome time. Send letters and photo to Rick Martin #15711, Box 28, Pendleton, Ind. 46064.

Scoundrel, I guess you wouldn't know unless I told you. I'd ride to hell on that dragon with you. Strawberry Witch.

Tattooing, removing handbook, illustrations, diagrams, trade secrets. Expert instruction, valuable tips. 72 pages $19.95. Steele, Box 242-N, Colorado Springs, Colorado 80901. (100)

Charlie: Just a few words to tell you I love you very much, and in '82 we'll ride together, forever. Lots of love, Freebird. (100)

Spider and Freckles: We got a place. You're welcome here. Please get in touch; we love you. Scoot and Glenda, 4784 Koval Lane #27, Las Vegas, Nev. 89109. (100)

Scorpio, doing time alone, needs mail and flicks. Will answer all sincere ladies. Lee "Devil Lee" Hankamer #296145, One Circle Dr., Sugarland, Tex. 77478. (100)

I must find Ron Skaggs! Last known address, Odessa, Texas. It's urgent! If anyone knows where I can reach him, please call collect! Ronnie (216) 576-8231. Please! (100)

"Superfox": Happy birthday, Nora. Party your ass off. Wish I could be there. Love ya always, Sandog. (100)

Trying to relocate Jeff, daughter Chasity (blond hair), Tampa, Florida, area. Anyone knowing his whereabouts, call collect (201) 933-1349. Sugar. (100)

Chris: Happy birthday 12/9/81. Luv u 4ever. Bill. (100)

Lonely biker: Need one sincere ol' lady, 19-31, for biking and for friendship or possibly deeper relationship later. No game players. Honest and true with an open mind. All letters with latest picture will be answered. Rod West, RR#1, Box 238, Wanamingo, Minn. 55983. (100)

1914 Harley-Davidson for sale. V-twin, chain drive. $8,000. (515) 872-2733. (100)

Never-busted biker, 36, wasp, steady employment, '77 Sporty rider. Need correspondence through winter months. The lady who will be mine will help me choose a new H-D in '82. Could this be you? Ron Partain, Box 332, Sanford, Texas 79078. (100)

Terry: Time for an adventure. Let's eat ice cream and fuck. M. (100)

Tommy Joe Holt, Rosharon: Happy birthday, baby, 11/81. Wanna get dizzy? Just my way of letting the world know I love you. B.J.'s mom. (100)

W/m, 28, needs letters and photos from ladies 18-40, with marriage in mind. Out in June '82. Owen Rea #88239, 6000 State Rd., Memphis, Tenn. 38134. (100)

Widowmaker (Mr. Touchstone): Hard times are easy again. Happy birthday and anniversary to us! Love Triumphs. The free spirit (Mrs. Touchstone). (100)

James: You are still in our thoughts and in our hearts. We love you. Jeannie and Elizabeth. (100)

Ladies: Looking for attractive young ladies age 18-35. I am 28 years old, blue eyes and brown hair, good-looking. I have surfed and biked in California and Hawaii. I enjoy tennis and horseback riding. Looking for girl to settle down with. Send photo. David Dauchy, Box 87, Menard, Ill. 62259. (100)

Doug: To the best lover and friend any person could ever dream for. Happy 31st. (8-2-50). Love, Moe. (100)

"Comer": Happy birthday. Everybody needs sombody to help make it through life, and you're the one I need. Love ya forever. Melanie. (100)

John and Paul: Becky from Del., now in Mesa, Ariz. Would like to know you're alive! (100)

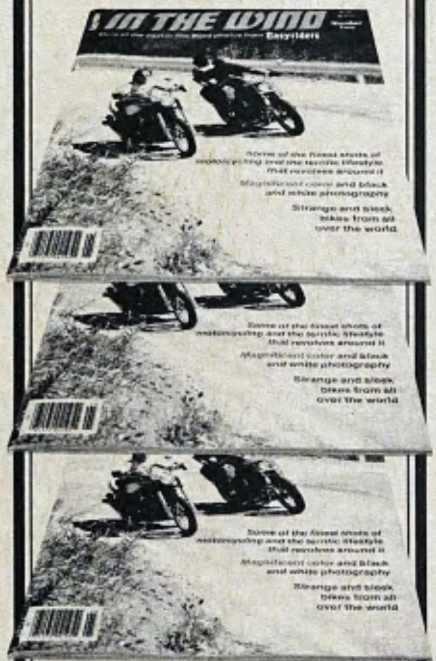
White male, 45. Have Harley and need an ol' lady 18-40 to putt. Tulsa area. Frank. (918) 341-1763. (101)

Young man, 20, and incarcerated, would like to hear from any young lady who is sincere, likes to get high, and would like to have a lasting, serious, close, and happy relationship with a lonely, understanding, and sincere young man. Rick Conrad, Box 431, Waupun, Wis. 53963. (100)

Continued on page 85

WIND

Number Two



This is not your ordinary garden variety motorcycle magazine. This 197-page mutha has over 178 mind-bogglin' color photos of bikers doin' their thing. Over 243 black and white photos of bikers doin' other things! Everyone happy with their faces into the wind. Now you can buy this liver-quiverin' masterpiece directly from the animal farm. Just send $2.50 to Box 52, Malibu, California 90265 — and we're such good muthas we'll pay the outrageous postage and fondling costs. Do it right now before your mind wanders. Now, we said!

(U.S. Currency Only. Thank you)

(Please print your name and address to avoid errors.)

Sweet Texas Rose

Continued from page 24

on the floor beside the bed, I felt her animal hands pounding on my back in what she probably considered a gentle and soothing backrub. I wondered how long my shoulder blades could take the abuse as I hacked into another fit of convulsions.

"My poor, sick man — don't feel good, huh? Whatsamatter, honey, a little too much to drink last night?" she blubbered.

Man, she hit the nail on the head, all right. The bed was rocking like a storm-tossed ship with every move she made, but I found my sea legs just long enough to crawl off the sheets and kneel by my puke-filled boots to stare at her.

She smiled at me, and I noticed there were only a few teeth in her head. And they were turning black. In abject defeat, I got up slowly and legged it to the bathroom and locked the door.

I threw the towel behind the commode after I got most of the crap out of my beard. Taking a couple of deep breaths in the hallway, I stood at the bedroom door, just outside the kill zone. She was still planted on the bed.

She grinned again, and I could tell she was in love. I figured I'd go easy on her.

I lit a cigarette, took a long drag, and roared, "Now who the fuck are you, bitch?"

Didn't faze her a bit. The Incredible Bulk batted her eyelashes (at least I think she did; it was kind of hard to tell) and told me with that cute ebony-toothed smile of hers, "Well, honey, last night you said I was your sweet Texas Rose." Then she either blushed or the blood vessels in my eyes burst from overload.

I started laughing. I know, I know, I'm not particularly proud of it myself, but I did. Hysterically. It may have been a shitty thing to do, but I couldn't help myself. I think it was one of those reflex actions to keep from going nuts.

Well, bro, all hell cut loose then. My Texas Rose started bawling and howling and letting the faucets run wild. It was a pitiful thing to behold, let me tell you. Made me feel terrible because I'd hurt her feelings, and besides, for some godawful reason science hasn't figured out yet, these fat ones start to sweat like pigs when they're crying. When they irrigate, they go at it whole hog.

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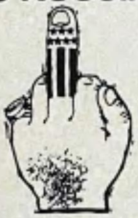

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Send $8.00 with size (S,M,L,XL); color (green, black, blue, orange) along with shirt number. (We also have men's tank tops available for $7.00.) Send orders to:

Drives me up the wall to watch that kind of thing.

But I sort of felt sorry for the old cow, so I took special care not to make any noise as I slipped into my clothes and out the front door.

Yeah, I know I'm an asshole. But believe me, man, if it had been you, and you had smelled her, and you were stone sober, and if it had been you standing there watching ol' Rosie grunting and sweating and snorting, you would've probably gone out the window. So cut me a little slack for being polite.

I tiptoed off the porch and looked around. Now when I fuck up, I do the route — my pan wasn't outside, and it wasn't in the garage either. Nothing in sight except an old faded-yellow VW bug with worn-out shocks and an empty tequila bottle in the back seat. I figured I must've been too shitfaced to get the sled started last night, and one of the bros had probably stashed it in the clubhouse after they waved Rosie and me off to our night of bliss. The bastards. I trudged back into the house.

Rosie was squatting in front of the TV, watching cartoons and dabbing her swollen (more than usual) eyes with a worn purple bandana. My bandana. I sidled up next to her and draped a comforting arm across her three yards of shoulders. She ignored me and snorted a green honker into my trusty headrag.

"C'mon, Rosie, whattya cryin' for, honey? C'mon, baby, tell ol' sweetmeat, huh?" She looked up at me with speckled snot running down her sweet face. I almost lost my grip.

"You wuz laughin' at me," she said, sulking.

Easyriders

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The look of shocked amazement on my face would've convinced my loving mammy as I said, "Laughing? Me? Lordy, honey, I wasn't laughing. I was clearing my throat, dammit." With an effort, I put my ugly mug in front of hers. "Look at my face, Rosie, and tell me straight. Do I look like a man who feels like laughing?"

Well, I had her there; she had to admit that I didn't. But she wasn't sure. "You promise you wuzn't laughin' at me?"

"I promise, Rosie."

"You swear?"

"Yeah, dammit, I swear." I made an X over my chest. "Now where's my scooter?"

"Scooter?" Sharp as a tack, that gal was.

"My scooter, Rosie, my motorcycle. Where the hell is it?"

"Why you wanna know? Where ya goin'?" She looked like she might bust out bawlin' again.

"Going home, honey. Got things to do." That did it; she resumed slobbering all over my bandana. I had to do the whole whatsamatter-baby routine all over to stop her before she could go into the sweating stage.

"You said last night you wuz gonna take me ridin' today," she wailed. "Aintcha takin' me ridin' so's I kin be your ol' lady?" Her beady eyes peered at me over the sticky cloth.

That must have been some good tequila last night, I thought. "Well, sure thing, doll. But that's this afternoon, after I take care of some business." I tried to look eager. "I'm going to come back as soon as I can, Rosie. I mean it. Now where's my bike?"

"Don't just stand there, ya big ninny! Sterilize 'im with your X-ray vision."

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The old walrus was actually swallowing it. Bright gal, like I said. After I'd crossed my heart for her again, she said, "Okay. Your motorsickle is over at your friend's house. A guy named Fatbob. He tol' me to be sure to tell ya that."

She wouldn't let me take her car because, she said, she had to go to the grocery store that morning. So that's how I ended up being driven across town in that old Volkswagen, hitting every damned stoplight along the way. Rosie kept asking me why I wouldn't sit up straight so I could see well enough to give her the directions to Fatbob's house.

I'll bet I saw fifty people I know during that ride. I recognized their tonsils.

I won't go into much detail about when we finally got to Fatbob's, except to say that every one of the bros had been out front waiting since dawn, and they had the time of their lives when Rosie asked how many of them would be going riding with us that afternoon. Even the jerkoff prospects broke up on that one. Those fuckers were still laughing like hell half an hour later when my darling shoved off for the feeding grounds and I wheeled my pan off Fatbob's front porch.

Later that afternoon, everybody putted over to a bar we were sure Rosie didn't know about, and I spent the rest of the day listening to the razzing while trying to drown what was left of my self-respect in a bottle of tequila.

The first thing I saw the next morning when I woke up was a huge mirror plastered on the ceiling.

I think I started to cry. ■

"I'm sick of people saying you are what you eat."

Choppershopper

Continued from page 80

Piper: I love you and need you. I always will, and a helluva lot more than you think, too. We can make it, babe. After riding through life for the last two years, I know we can make it through anything. Love you always, Willie. (100)

Lady Jo: Happy birthday (10/3). Let's spend the rest of them together. All God's blessings always. I love you, Joie. Hooker. (100)

To J.T., I.C.M.C., Col., Ga.: May the road always rise up to meet you, may the wind always be in your face, may the sun shine warm upon your shoulders, and the rain fall soft upon your feet. Happy 29th 10/29/81. All my love forever. Your ol' lady, Diana. (100)

Are you living in eastern Canada? I'm looking for a chick who has a good heart for a Harley. Little house out of town. I'm 29 and I speak French and English. Write Carl, 199 Laverdure, Dolbeau, Quebec G8L 2R8. (100)

Meet sexy women nationwide. Call Tracy (312) 262-9800, Box 405-ER, Wilmette, Ill. 60091. (101)

I wish to hear from anyone in the Maryland area, or elsewhere, answering to the name of the Coven MC. Write to A.M. Cline, 19½ N. Main St., Wellsville, N.Y. 14895. (100)

Jim: Pennsylvania was everything to me. I'll never forget you and I'll always love you. Your brass ring. (100)

Say it on your tires. Easy stick-on raised white letters. Your name, club name, funny sayings, or whatever. 40 letters $9.95; additional letters 25¢ each. Add $1 for postage and handling. Tire Customizing, P.O. Box 1028, Dept. C1, Daytona Beach, Fla. 32015. (100)

Hey, gals, write the Bandit! Downed, white scooter tramp, age 45, needs not-so-nice gals any age to write. Send picture. If you're foxy, it won't be held against you. Disposition and consistency are point makers. S.D. (Sam) Guillory #88829, Oak 4, Angola, La. 70712. (100)

Downed bro doin' a dime. Need female! Miles Simms #310394, Rt. 3, Box 59-A-3-22, Rosharon, Tex. 77583. (100)

Coyote: You're the greatest man around and you're worth billions. Ride with pride forever, while I make you millions. Ain't nobody better than you; it's a privilege to be one of your ladies. Love ya forever. Tara. (100)

Lonely biker, long way from home, seeks letters and possible visits from together chicks! No phonies, please. Richard Dorsey #153642, Box 2000, Rt. 3, Hagerstown, Md. 21740. (100)

Leo Harper: Lost touch. Drop me a line, so I'll know you're all right. Candy, 2908 Riverland, Chalmette, La. 70043. (100)

25-year-old, lonely w/male, incarcerated, wants to correspond with women; will answer all for sure. Michael Maslar #13684, E-75, P.O. Box 100, Somers, Conn. 06071. (100)

Douche: Happy late anniversary (5-4-68) to the cunt who has fed me, fucked me, and done my laundry for the past 13 years. I love you almost as much as my scooter. May we ride together forever. O.F.F.O. Stitch 1%er. (100)

Nice girls like bikers too. Call Mary (312) 274-9600, Box 345, Kenilworth, Ill. 60043. (101)

6/81, Terrible Teddy, my totally righteous man, home after a month in Virginia. One word describes how fucking deliriously happy I am to have you home. A-a-a-h-h-h! Your woman and lifetime friend. Deb, Peckerwood, Ga. (100)

Wildman: Happy birthday. Keep your face to the sun and your back to the wind. Your bro in Germany. H-D. (100)

Wanted: Foxy lady, 18-30, who's got her head together and isn't afraid of life, likes to putt, party, and knows how to treat her ol' man. I'm 27, 6'1", 160 pounds, have brown hair, green eyes, and 8 months left till I hit the street again. Will answer all, but letters with flicks first. Show me what I'm missing. Write Benjie, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (100)

Kim: Thanks for remembering my birthday. I'm still doing time, but should be out in October. Write me right away. Kevin F. Peterson #39580-066, Federal Correctional Institution, Box 1500, El Reno, Okla. 73036. (100)

Blue-eyed biker with big heart wants young chick with good vibes, pretty face, slender. David Hatley, 94 Prospect, Middletown, R.I. 02840. (100)

Hey, Werewolf, Bob Blake, Rick Urness, or Ace (Mpls., Minn.). Remember a lady named Bonnie? Long brunette hair and green eyes. I went crazy and joined the army. Please write me, or any bro that needs mail. Send pics and free wind. Pvt. Bonnie Stephenson, c/o Vivian Aoyama, 2020 Nicollet Ave., Mpls., Minn. 55404. (100)

Mangie #1 (Steve) Happy birthday, 8-4-81. I'll never stop loving you. El Mango (Virginia). (100)

Chrystal: Been a beautiful 5 years; have a happy birthday 8-8-81. Love you forever. Maybe by the time you read this, we'll be in the wind. Love. Jerry. (100)

To all those bros and ladies I partied with in Hamilton, Ala., the best to ya. Had some righteous times. Write sometime. Bob Marten, 1221 North Grand, Enid, Okla. 73701. (100)

While I'm writin' this my guts are turnin' inside out. Lost my ride to a door slammer with no eyes just when the summer breeze started to sing. I'm not pissin' my pants, but I'm not afraid to ask any brothers who know the feelin' for help. Send any parts from gaskets to tanks. I'll help you someday. Keener, P.O. Box 611, Inverness, Calif. 94937. (100)

To my B.P.M. brothers in Minnesota. This was a B.P.M. who got wiped out in an accident; he hit a city bus on the way home from a helmet rally. Just want people back there to know I still remember them all. Flathead. (100)

Continued on page 126

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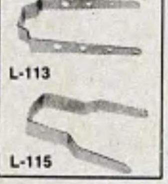

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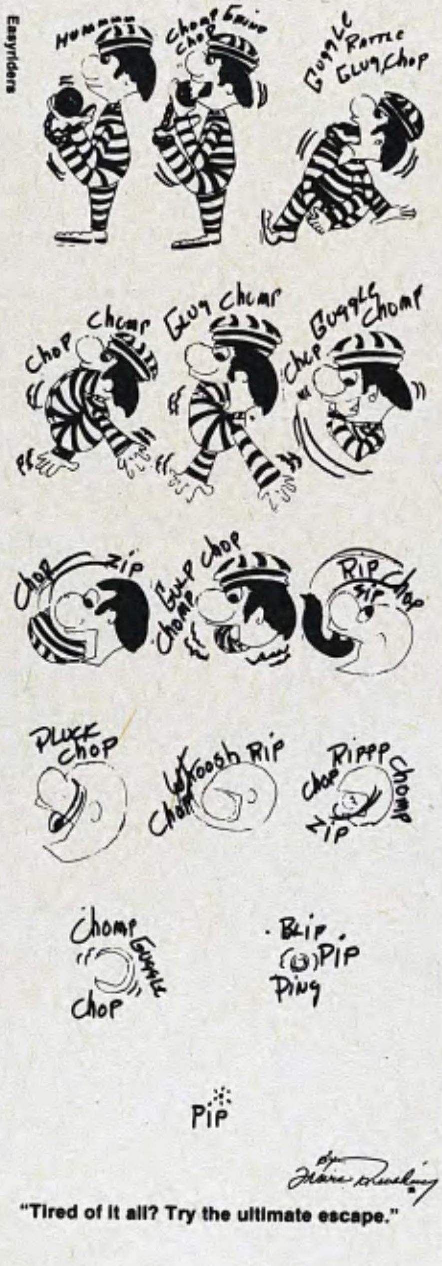
Tomorrow's Harley

Continued from page 28

the wheel base of the current Harleys need not be extended to accommodate the length of the motor. With a large piston area and a more efficient flame propagation the V8 would be a serious, if not utterly formidable, contender for the title of Top Superbike. Weight need not be a problem with the huge engine; made from alloy it would weigh in at about 230 lbs. The final bike could be only slightly heavier than the present Sturgis if engineered judiciously. With a power output of around 160 hp to the rear wheel Harley could once again be considered to be the bike to buy — even to the so-far unconverted. ■



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COCO P.O. Box 451 Calabasas, Calif. 91302

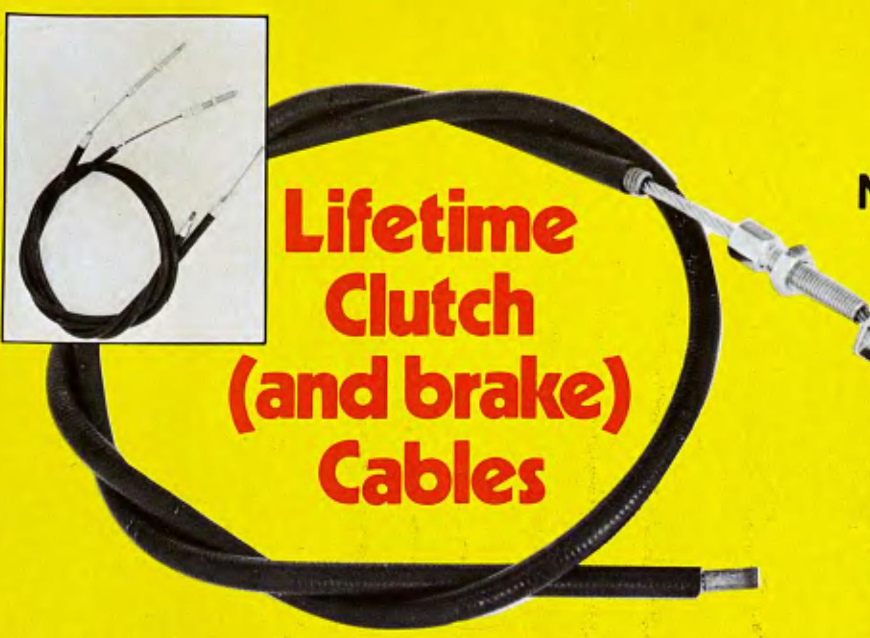
Scooter Trash the Outlaw Coloring Book

Scooter Trash is not an ordinary coloring book. Every selection of artwork in this book was drawn by a biker while he was in prison. Even within the negative environment of prison life, he managed to complete the entire book. The drawings are printed on stock heavy enough to frame, and each drawing depicts scooters, our lifestyle, and women. The book is **$4.95**, plus 50¢ postage and handling.

Meaningful T-shirt

Quality T-shirt with a message for the concerned biker. The shirt is black with white printing and is $7.50. This price includes postage and handling. Indicate size small, medium, large, or extra-large. Send size and $7.50 to:

Scooter Trash
P.O. Box 1615
Fontana, California 92335



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New Design! Guaranteed Not to Break on Ya!

That's right. Now you can travel with the good feelin' of knowin' your clutch or brake cable ain't gonna crap out on ya in the middle of Tighttwat, Texas — where there ain't a Harley dealer within two days of hard drivin'. Your worries are over! Get these new Liftime Cables (TM) and the only thing ya gotta worry about is where your next piece or next gallon of gas is coming from — because you **never** have to worry about your cable goin' south on ya anymore!

Cable is 1/8" diameter 7 x 19 (seven strands of 19 wires each strand) galvanized carbon steel. Prelubed!

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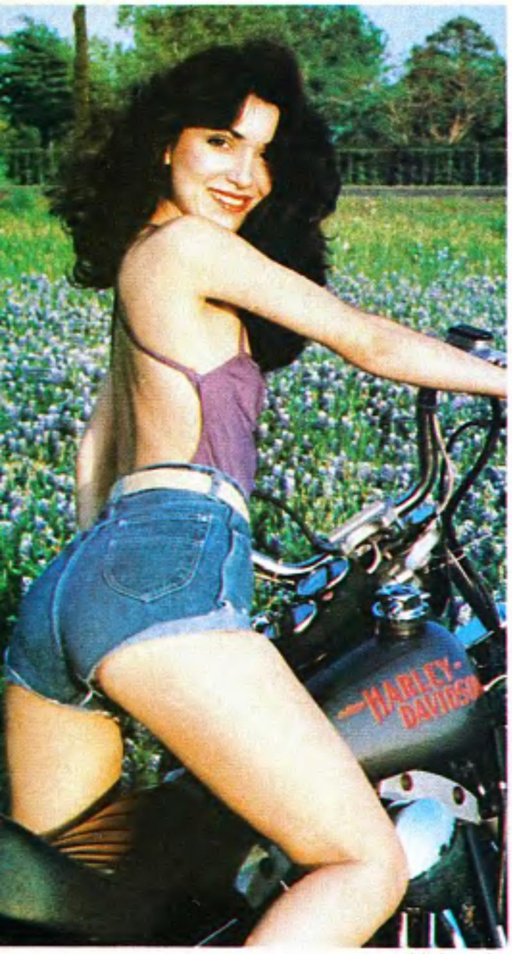
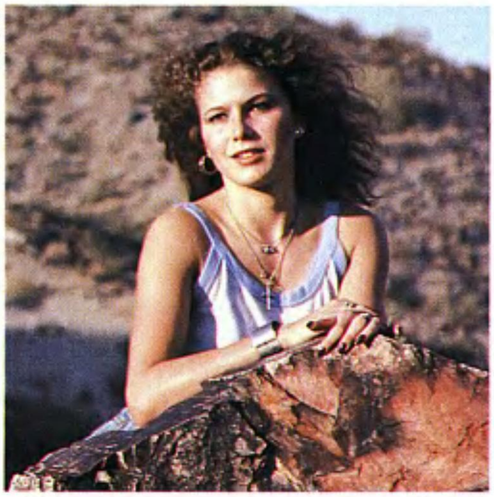
Here she is, folks — Nancy, the fourth monthly winner in the 4th Annual Ol' Lady Contest. The runners-up: Lori, Kathryn, and Lisa.

Laura



Valencia



Maria

Joy

1/2 Breed

Leslie

Ol' Lady Contest

Look over this month's crop of cuties in *Easyriders* Fourth Annual Ol' Lady Contest. Again this year, the entrants will be competing for a grand prize of one thousand bucks.

Model release forms must be notarized, but don't freak out over this requirement. If you are not familiar with having your signature notarized, all that is required is that you go to any bank or real state office. They will do it in a few minutes, and all it will cost is 50¢ to one dollar. Your personal bank usually performs this service free of charge. All they are doing is guaranteeing that your signature is yours — so you must sign the form in their presence.

We ask only one more favor of the contestants. In your own handwriting and in 25 words or less, describe your favorite bike-related experience. It can be a fantasy, sex-related experience, or how you became involved with bikes. What the hell, trip out!

Now here's how the contest works. Each month, we'll publish as many photos of good technical quality as space allows. The shots don't have to be professional — just in focus and properly exposed. You readers will then select the winner and runners-up from each month's published entries. Each monthly winner will receive $100, each runner-up $25, and the contributor $10. After the twelve monthly winners have been selected, there'll be a final voting to choose *Easyriders* Ol' Lady of the Year. Judging should be based on looks, build, tattoos, and other outstandin' stuff. The sisters can be dressed or not — it's up to you. We're not lookin' for raunchy stuff — just tasty shots of all those fine ol' ladies out there. Muff hair can show if you want, but it's not necessary to win.

All models must be 18 years of age or older and the blank model release on this page must be completely filled out, signed, notarized, and sent along with each entry. Entries sent without a model release will be shitcanned. Photos must be black and white glossy prints or color slides — no color prints. Sorry, no photos can be returned — all entries become the property of *Easyriders*. Decision of the judges is final.

Remember, you pick the winners, so send us your votes right away. The deadline for voting in this month's contest is September 26. We'll print the winner in the January issue. Send us a postcard or scrawl your choice on the back of a sealed envelope. Mail 'em to #100 Ol' Lady Contest, *Easyriders*, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.

Ol' Lady Contest

Easyriders Ol' Lady Contest
Box 52, Malibu, California 90265

Model's Name ____________________
Age ________ *Phone* ____________
Address ____________________
City ________ *State* ________ *Zip* ________
Photographer ____________________
Address ____________________
City ________ *State* ________ *Zip* ________

I hereby give **Easyriders** Magazine, its successors and assigns, and those acting under its permission or upon its authority, permission to copyright and/or publish any photographs of myself with or without using my name and to make changes in or additions to such photographs or portraits, in such manner as shall seem proper to their use. I also understand that editorial matter will accompany these photos. I certify that I am of full age (18) and am possessed of full legal capacity to execute the foregoing authorization.

Model's Legal Signature ____________________
I am ________ *years of age.* ____________________
Witness to Signature ____________________

In 25 words or less, describe your favorite bike-related experience. Unfortunately, photos sent in without a **notarized** model release will have to be disqualified. All models must be 18 years of age or older.

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Live Not On Evil

Continued from page 57

wanted to *be* a Kelso, a free man in a free world.

One hundred forty...forty-one... forty-two...

"Damn, man," I muttered. "Makes me tired just watching. Your stomach's got to be like steel."

"I want it to be," he said, without grunting.

After the situps came the medicine ball. Twenty times a day I've slammed the heavy ball into his midsection, and he's never let out a grunt or blinked an eye. This was followed by my taking the bag gloves and using his stomach the way you use a heavy bag in training. As the punishing blows hammered his stomach all he said was, "Harder. Hit harder!"

"I hit any harder I'll break my hands! I'm not hurting you," I protested, "as much as I am me!"

As a paratrooper with the 505 AIR in the 82nd at Ft. Bragg, I'd seen guys who could support a thousand pounds on their stomachs. Years of conditioning had made them tougher than nails. But Kelso — I had come to believe Kelso could support a Sherman tank on his gut. I usually left these gym workouts far more exhausted than he was.

Leaving the gym, I said to him, "But you hear from your ol' lady don't you?"

"Yeah, she writes."

"You going back to her if you make the time cut?"

"Sure." And he gave me a smile I had never seen before.

"I'm suin' ya fer malpractice."

I worked in the Admission Unit at Angola, processing in new meat, and some of it was the hairy-gut kind. Though the Women's Unit was sixty-five miles south of Angola, near Baton Rouge, all women had to come first to Angola to be fingerprinted and ID'ed. The next day I had a choice chick seated next to my typewriter in ID.

"You got any tattoos?" I asked.

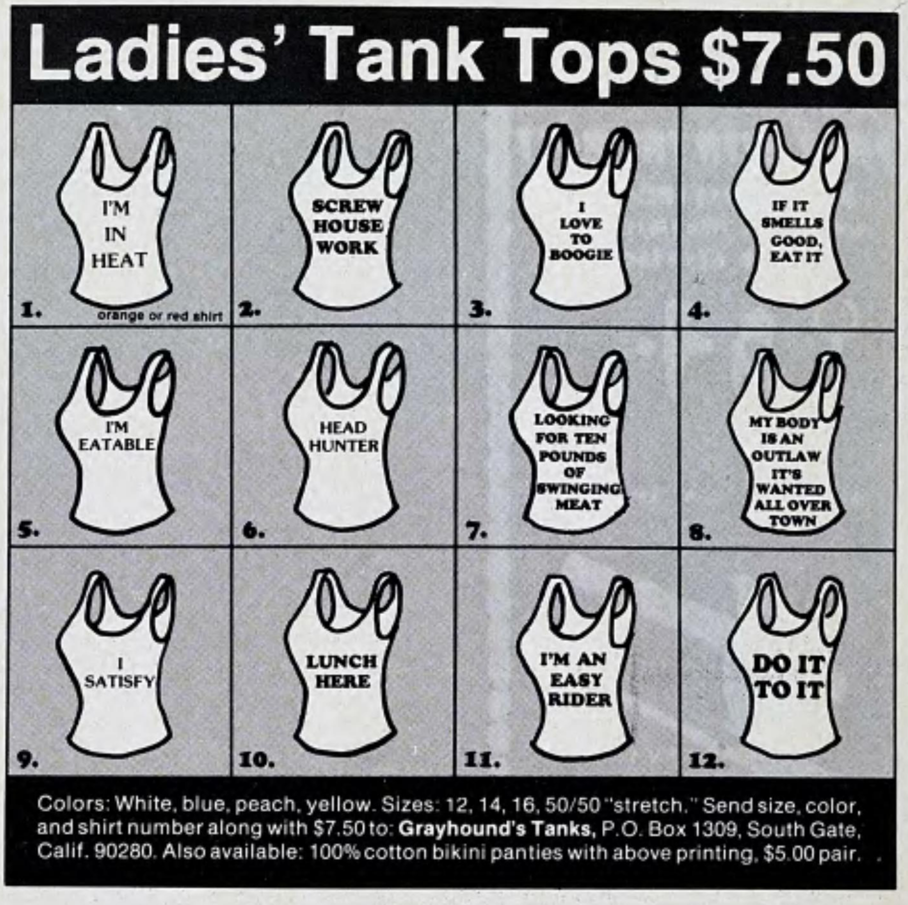
She raised her skirt and I found myself staring into a mass of pussy hair. She pointed to a tattoo of a mouse on her inner left thigh. I noted it on the FBI fingerprint card thus: *Mouse ins lf th nr psy.* I figured the FBI clerks would have a hell of a lot of fun with those abbreviations, not to mention guessing how I had come up with them. That night I told Kelso about the gal.

He had a chuckle, then said, "My ol' lady has a tattoo on her twat. We were fucked up in Orleans one night and she decided she wanted a tattoo. Right over her pussy. It reads, 'Bikers Eat Anything.'"

If you have ever been locked down — and who of us hasn't at one time or another — you know how it is to lose a celly. You're glad to see him go, yet sad to see him go. Cell partners can grow on you. I felt that way late in 1967 when Kelso got a commutation to time served. I was at work in the ID Section when he passed through on his way out. Needless to say, there were no long goodbyes. Kelso said simply, "Take care, man."

That evening I went in our cell to find that his matchstick coat of arms was still there on the wall, as were the photos of his ol' lady. He had left all his goodies on my bunk: toilet articles, a few canned goods from the commissary, half a tube of Colgate, and a bag of peppermint

"Don't lie to me! You are flossing your teeth!"



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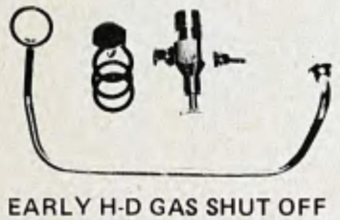
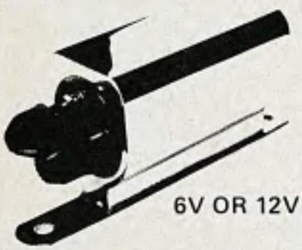


EARLY H-D GAS SHUT OFF



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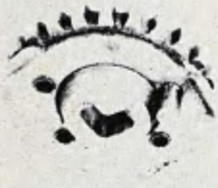

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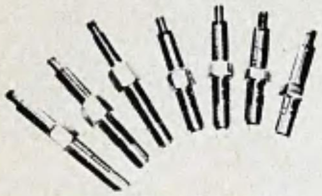

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candy. That night as I got ready for bed I found another item, his watch. He was that kind of dude, not even letting me thank him for the inheritance. Thank you's are always awkward for cons. I appreciated his feelings. Still a kid, I might not have been able to keep my cool about me.

I picked up the watch and looked it over before putting it on. On the back it was inscribed, "To Kelso — Love ya. Linda." I slipped it on my arm and went to bed.

The days ground on into the year 1968. One day in March I was processing in two chicks from New Orleans. One was a pretty gal who looked vaguely familiar. She took her seat beside my desk and I began routinely asking the personal-history questions required on the admissions forms.

"What's your name?"

"Linda Broussard."

I went on through the address bit, and finally I came to the part on the FBI cards about tattoos.

"You got any tattoos or other identifying marks?"

"Yeah, I got a tattoo above my pussy."

"What is it — or do you want to show it to me?" I asked hopefully.

"It's writing. Says, 'Bikers Eat Anything.'"

And she fell into place.

"You're Kelso's ol' lady!"

"Was. The bastard got himself shot in the stomach and survived long enough to tell the pigs it was me who shot him. The lousy creep framed me!"

I took a big bite off one of the peppermit sticks I had saved for such an occasion and gave her a glorious pink-and-white smile.

"Well, you know how it is, baby — what goes around comes around."■

"You not only *have* one, Mrs. Yomp, but you *are* a perfect asshole."

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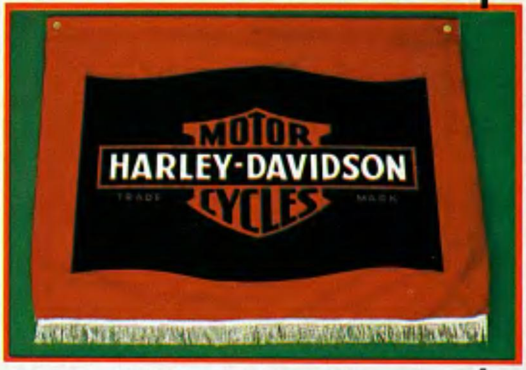

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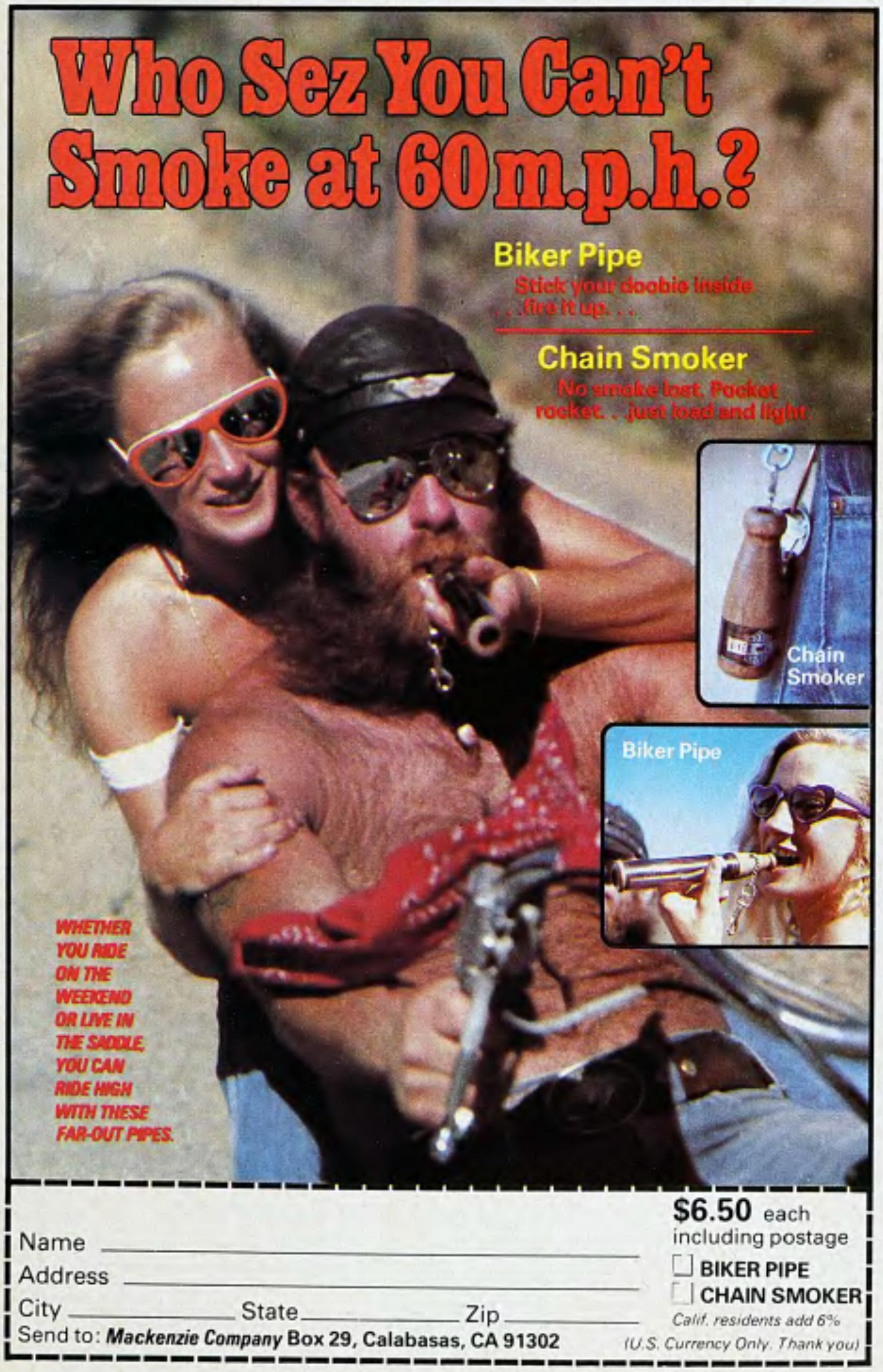

Taking Bobby

Continued from page 18

but she won't mind that. They say you can't take it with you, but I'm damn sure gonna try. Besides, them that said you can't, they ain't none of them ever been there to see, have they? Not and come back, anyway.

This letter has gone on a lot longer than I meant for it to when I started. I'll stop. You take care, bro.

Bobby

So I rode on through the Arkansas night, heading for a place I'd never been to take care of a favor for a friend. Arkansas, meet Bobby Baker. He's a stranger to your land, but there ain't never been another like him. Be pleased, Arkansas, that Bobby Baker took this long way home; be proud, Arkansas, be glad that on his last ride, he passed through.

The yellow moon had risen above the handlebars now. The good California grass had given me the dry mouth. The shopping center at the edge of the tiny Arkansas town was small and well lighted, and when I spotted the soda machine I wheeled in to buy a pop to quench my thirst. Thirty cents, the sign said, so I fished in my jeans for the money. I dug out a couple of small bills, but the only change was a single quarter. My mouth was a furnace and I searched desperately. Finally, I located a nickel in my watch pocket. Luck was with me.

I dropped the money into the slot and it made a funny sound, like maybe the coins hadn't gone all the way down but had hung up somewhere. I pushed the button marked Coke and the damn thing didn't do anything, just sat there. It didn't even click.

I pushed the button again. Still nothing. I tried the coin-return lever. Nothing. Shit.

I kicked that bastard. I kicked the livin' shit outta that bastard. Nothing.

I shook it, leaning it so far to one side it almost dropped before I let it slam back to the hard concrete. Nothing.

My tongue was stuck to the roof of my mouth. I hit that sonuvabitch as hard as I could with my fist, and somewhere far off inside the bowels of the machine I heard a faint click. Once more I pressed the Coke button, and this time a cold soda rolled out the chute with a satisfying *plop.* As I drained the can, I noticed a light go on in the window of a small house at the edge of the little shopping center.

I musta woke somebody up. Too bad. I rode out of the shopping center feeling better. Through town and

back on the open road, I twisted the grip till the needle hung steady at seventy-five. I felt a lot better after whipping the machine. The sonuvabitch. Ever since Bobby had been killed, I'd needed to whip something, anything, and it just happened to be a soda-pop machine. My fist hurt like hell. It felt good. The sweat no longer bothered my eyes and I could feel the redness going away.

Headlights came up from my rear. Fast. Night driver making time while he could, I figured. I kept thinking that until the blue lights flashed on. Shit.

I slowed and pulled over to the side of the road. The cop was a good-ol'-boy. "Y'all was goin' a mite fast back there," he said after he had gotten out of his Plymouth and walked over to my bike. He had his holster unfastened and his right hand on the butt of his gun.

I nodded. "Wasn't anybody around. It's hot and I was trying to stir up enough breeze to cool off." Sometimes they'll just let you slide.

"Your motorcycle?" he asked, peering closely at the California plates. His hand was still on the butt of the gun.

I started to say no, to explain that my name was Cuff Adams and tell him where I was going and why, but then I thought better of it. I had all the papers, Bobby's license and all that. The photo on the license was old enough and bad enough that I believed I could get away with it. I'd be better off to keep it simple, I decided. "Yeah, it's mine."

"Lemme see your license."

I handed him Bobby's and he studied it for a moment, then stuck it into his shirt pocket. "Where y'all headin'?" he asked.

"Alabama," I replied. "Aren't you going to give my license back to

"When was the last time I saw my ol' lady? Let's see. The last time was when I threw her to the bottom of the well."

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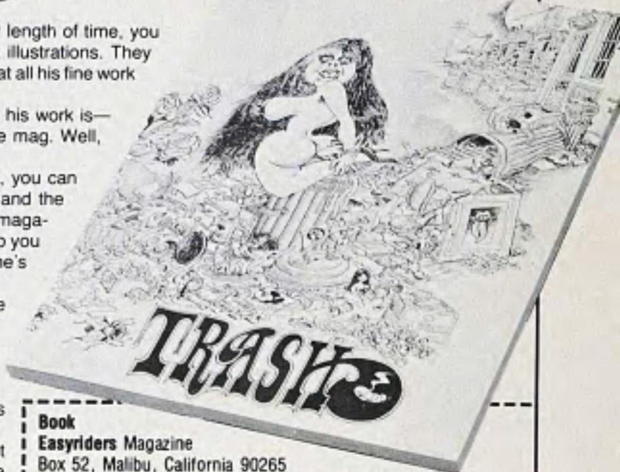

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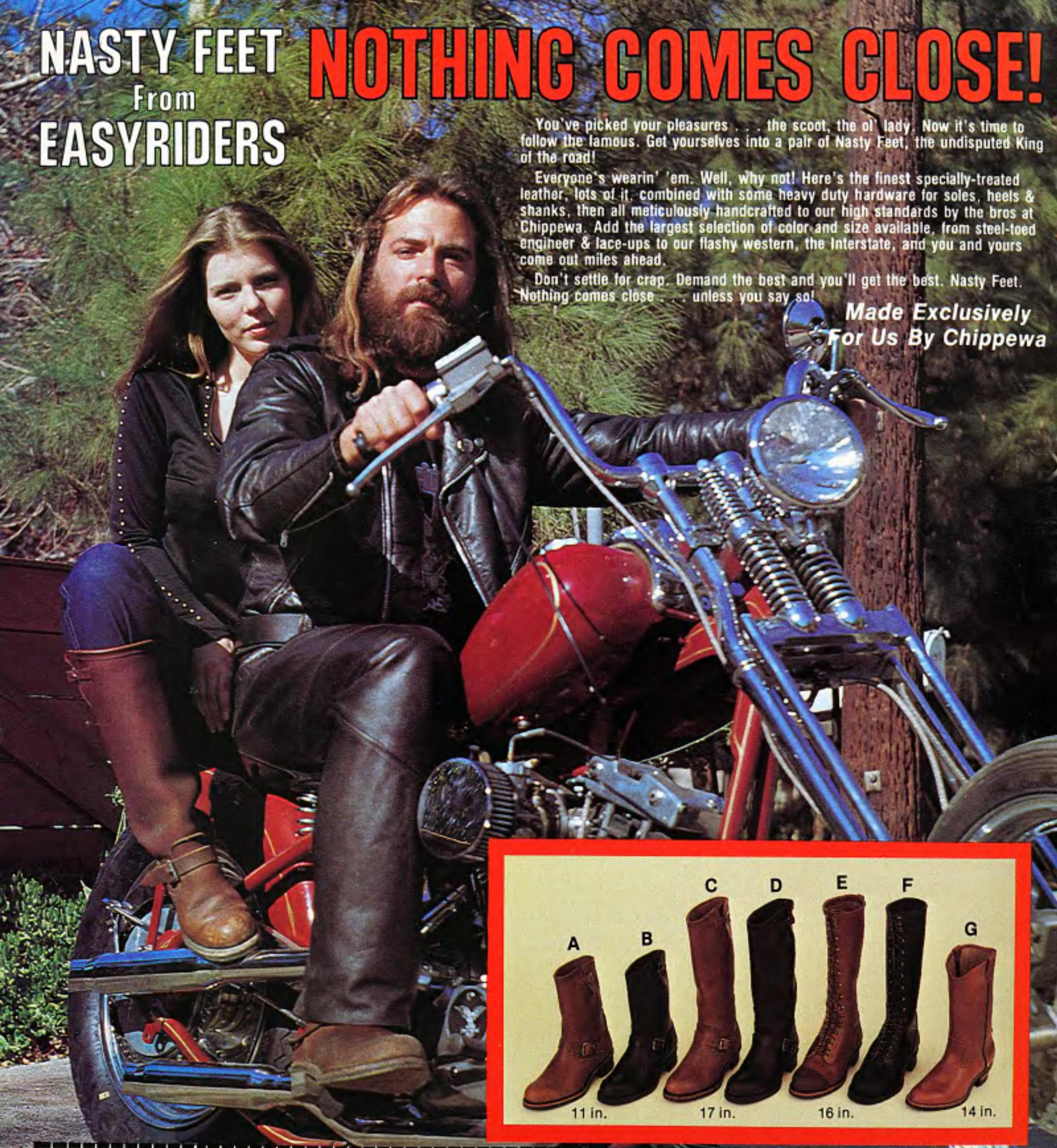

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me?" I wondered if he'd noticed that the picture wasn't mine.

"In a minute — maybe. Get off the motorcycle an' up against my car. You know the routine."

Another set of headlights were coming, this time from the east. When the second cop car pulled over, I knew I was in for trouble. The first cop patted me down and cuffed my hands behind my back.

"Whatcha got, Al?" the second cop asked when he came over.

"Speeder. Burglar. Harold Stone called in on 'im. Seen 'im bustin' into the Coke machine over at the Lacy Simms Shoppin' Center."

They took me to jail. They mugged me, printed me, and took all my stuff and put it into a paper bag, which they put into an old black safe that they didn't lock.

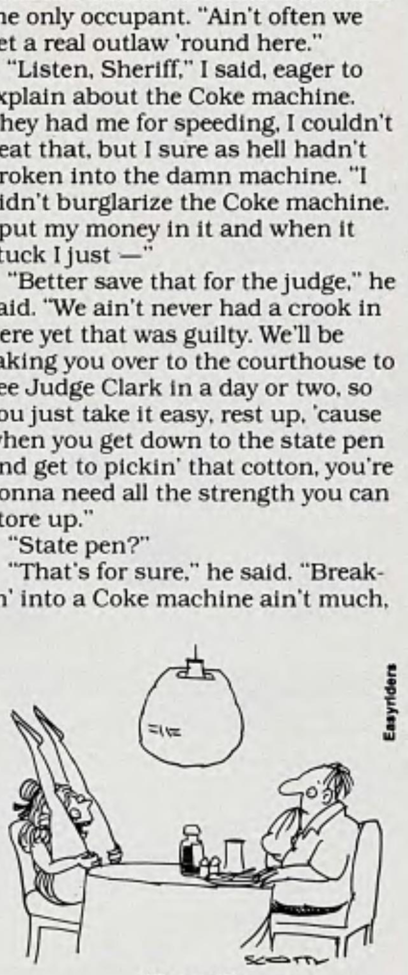
They let me keep my own clothes, even my boots and belt. About ten o'clock the next morning, the county sheriff came in. He was huge, wearing a western suit, string tie, cowboy boots and hat. "Just thought I'd drop by and get a look at you," he said through the bars. It was a small jail, just a single cell with two bunks on either side. I was the only occupant. "Ain't often we get a real outlaw 'round here."

"Listen, Sheriff," I said, eager to explain about the Coke machine. They had me for speeding, I couldn't beat that, but I sure as hell hadn't broken into the damn machine. "I didn't burglarize the Coke machine. I put my money in it and when it stuck I just —"

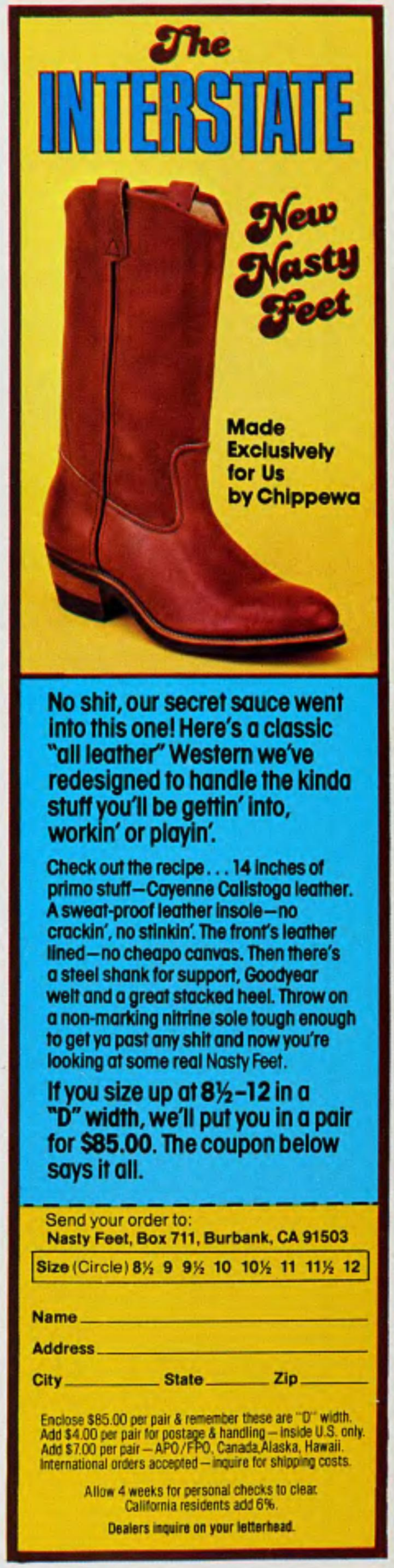
"Better save that for the judge," he said. "We ain't never had a crook in here yet that was guilty. We'll be taking you over to the courthouse to see Judge Clark in a day or two, so you just take it easy, rest up, 'cause when you get down to the state pen and get to pickin' that cotton, you're gonna need all the strength you can store up."

"State pen?"

"That's for sure," he said. "Breakin' into a Coke machine ain't much,



"Dessert?"



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just a misdemeanor. Where your real trouble is gonna come from is from that other stuff. I don't know what kinda dope that is you got in that brass pot, but there must be five pounds of it. This state, you'll get twenty years at least."

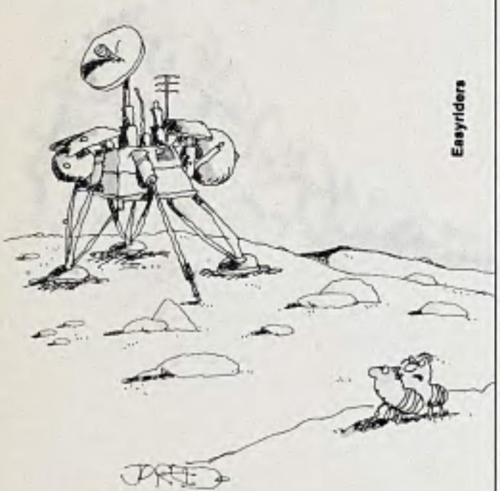
"But —"

"Unless you're ready to confess, I ain't in no mood to hear none of your shit," the sheriff interrupted. "You could make it easy on yourself and I'm sure Judge Clark'll take it into account — just tell me what kinda dope that is, save the state some money. Whatever it is, it's sure got a funny taste, so I figger it must be somethin' exotic."

The idiot had actually tasted it! I hoped he'd gotten a piece of Bobby's asshole. That last thought got me. I couldn't suppress the grin. I knew that Bobby was laughing his ass off somewhere, too.

The sheriff was pissed. "You smart-assed California biker trash. Y'all think y'all can come down here an' fuck over us country boys, huh? Well, let me tell ya somethin' — I got a man comin' to take that dope to the crime lab at Little Rock this afternoon. They'll find out what it is, an' when they do, I'll see that you get every bit of that twenty years, an' I'll see to it that you serve every goddam day of it. I got a lot of influence down at the state pen. A helluva lot!"

He strode out with my uncontrollable laughter following him. When he was gone I lay on one of the top bunks where I could look out the barred window. Outside I could see where they had parked Bobby's bike. After a while, with nothing else to do, I started reading the writing on the ceiling of the cell. Same old



Easyriders

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shit you see in jails anywhere: *Carl was here, 7/18/76. Fuck the sheriff. For a good piece of ass call 388-1737 and ask for Linda. If you want out of here, try the third bar in the window. Be sure you put it back in place for the next guy.*

Huh? I sat up. I read the message again. Sure enough, it said that if I wanted to get out, I should try the third bar in the window. I could reach the window from the bunk. I tried the third bar from the left and it was as solid as a rock. I tried the third bar from the right and it came out in my hands. Jesus!

Now all I had to do was think of some way to get my hands on that brass urn. I couldn't leave without Bobby, and the sheriff had said that someone was coming to get the urn and take it to Little Rock. I had to think of something. I wished Bobby was with me. He was the thinker, the planner.

The spare key for Bobby's scoot was lodged in the toe of my boot where I always kept it in case he ever needed it. I had some cash there, too. And Bobby had kept a spare key for my bike. That's the way we were, the two of us. Tight.

It was close, but I squirmed out the window, careful to replace the bar behind me. That would be a useless gesture, because when the cops found out that I was gone they'd search till they found out how. I dropped to the ground and looked around. Across the street was a Goodwill box, one of those things where you put discarded clothes. There was no one around so I sprinted over and climbed inside. I shucked my jeans and cutoff, hating to do it, but sometimes a man has to do things he doesn't like. Propping the door of the Goodwill box open with a shoe so I would have enough light to see, I tore through the clothes until I found an old business suit that would fit and looked presentable.

The only person who had come back to the cell to look in on me was the sheriff. The day-shift cops would

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be on by now, and none of them knew what I looked like. What I needed was luck.

I started across the street toward the jail. I could feel Bobby's hand on my shoulder as I walked through the door. There was a small cop wearing thick glasses behind the desk just inside the building. "Sheriff in?" I asked.

"Na," the cop replied. "He's out on a call. Be back in a little while. Anything I can help you with?"

"I'm supposed to pick up a substance and take it to the lab in Little Rock for analysis. It's supposed to be in a brass pot or something." I tried to sound authoritative.

"Oh, yeah. You're early. I'll get it."

The little guy disappeared through a door and came out in a minute with the urn. He put it on the desk and I picked it up and started out.

"Wait jest a minute there!" the cop ordered, and my heart sank. I turned around. "Ain't you forgettin' somethin'?" he finished.

Papers. I knew it. He wanted something to show that I was supposed to pick the urn up. I patted my suit-coat pocket as if I had lost the documents.

"Ain't got one, eh?" the little dude said. "That's all right. You can use mine." He pulled a ballpoint out of his pocket and handed it to me. "Jest sign here," he said, producing a receipt. "We gotta be careful, you know. After all, that's a controlled substance you got there and I wouldn't wanta see you leavin' here without signin' for it."

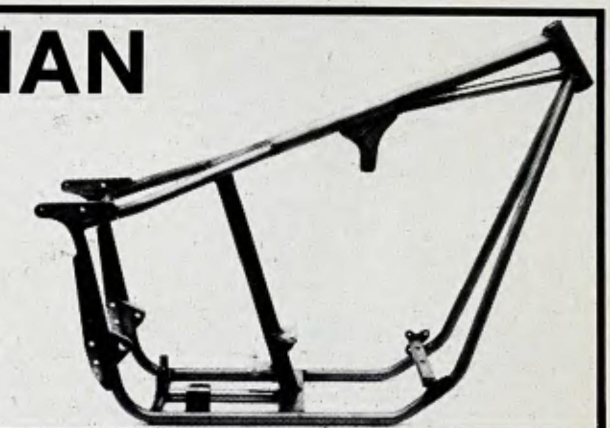
I signed the receipt, making up a name. Bobby's bike couldn't be seen from inside the jail where the little guy was. When I got to it, I cranked it up and pulled out as quietly as I could. Half an hour later I crossed the state line into Mississippi. I breathed easier.

Someday I'd write that sheriff and tell him what it was he'd tasted. I had four hundred more miles, so I turned up the wick. I was taking Bobby Baker home. ■

Easyriders

"She's at that age where she gets into everything."

HARMAN



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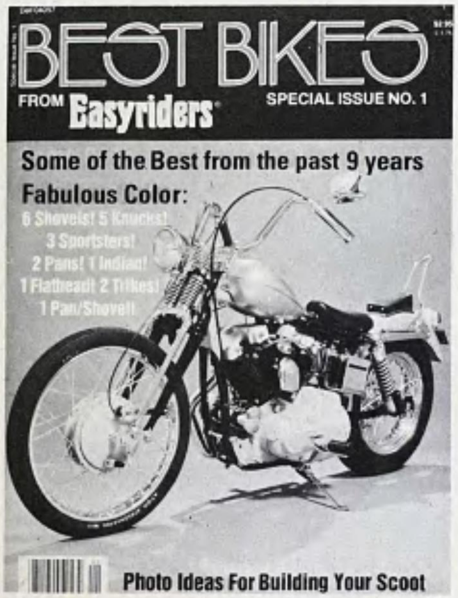

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Lockdown

Continued from page 77

We'll be doing our part. We have obtained a complete set of the unedited UPI stories referred to in this article, and we intend to send them to the National News Council in Washington with a request that the council formally investigate the wire service's bias in running them. Though the council is a private organization that can't punish UPI for publishing shit, it is highly respected in the news field and its findings are widely circulated. If it should find that UPI deliberately slanted these stories against prison reform, almost every editor (the guys who decide which wire service stories to use, in the paper or on the air) in the country would be on notice that United Press can't be trusted when it comes to prisons.

DECISIONS
Recent court rulings that might affect you

A Defeat In Ohio

Ignoring the rulings of two lower courts, an impassioned plea by the ultra-establishment American Medical Association, and every recognized guideline for prisoner space requirements, the U.S. Supreme Court has decided that double-celling at the Southern Ohio Correctional Facility is not against the law and can continue. In making its decision, the court admitted that the facility was vastly overcrowded, but claimed that since SOCF is a relatively new prison (built in 1972) with air conditioning, it is "totally" unlike the "deplorable and sordid" prisons ordered to end overcrowding elsewhere.

Overlooked in this decision was the fact that most of the 2,300 inmates were confined to an area with about 24 square feet of floor space apiece — less than half the minimum amount called for in the standards of such non-prisoner groups as the American Correctional Association and the U.S. Army — for at least 14 to 16 hours per day, in many cases for all but four to six hours a week. The court also ignored the fact that only one psychologist and one social worker were available to the prisoners, and that the size of the medical staff had not been increased since single-celling ended in 1975.

The lone Supreme Court dissenter, Justice Marshall, assessed it well: "This decision shows an alarming tendency toward a simplistic

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philosophy that if we lock the prison doors and throw away the keys, our streets will somehow be safe." — *Rhodes v. Chapman, Sup. Ct. No. 80-332.*

Jailhouse Lawyer Fees

A prisoner sent his jailhouse lawyer a check to cover the cost of some work done on his behalf. A prison official in the mail room removed the check and refused to deliver it. The two prisoners sued. The court decided that since the transfer of funds for legal services among inmates is prohibited by Colorado prison rules, grabbing the check did not constitute illegal search and seizure or a denial of due process.

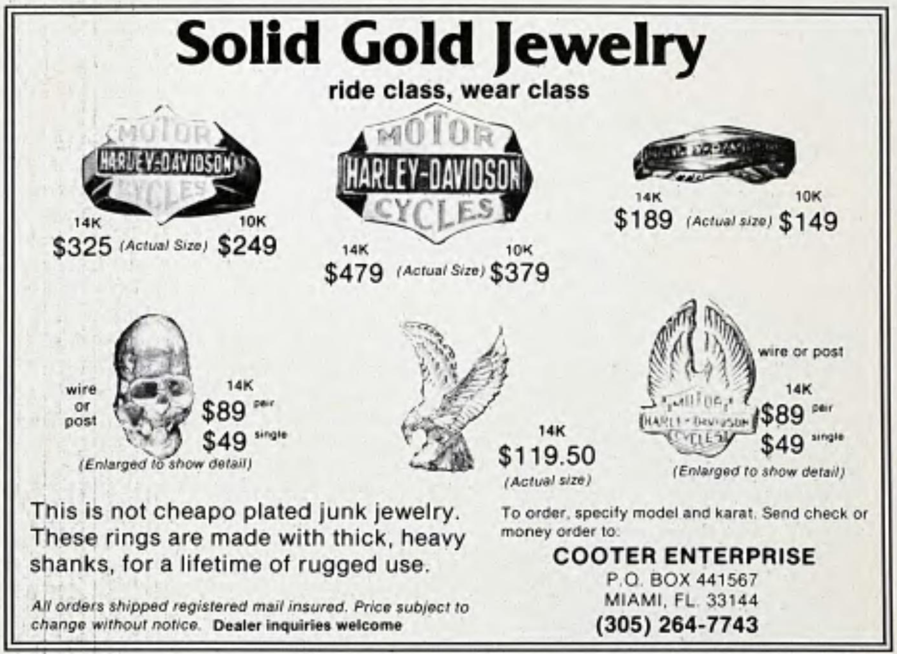
The court further stated that though it is perfectly legal for inmates to provide legal services to other inmates, a prisoner has no recognized right to conduct a business while incarcerated. — *Henderson v. Ricketts, 499 F. Supp. 1066.*

Sometimes You Walk

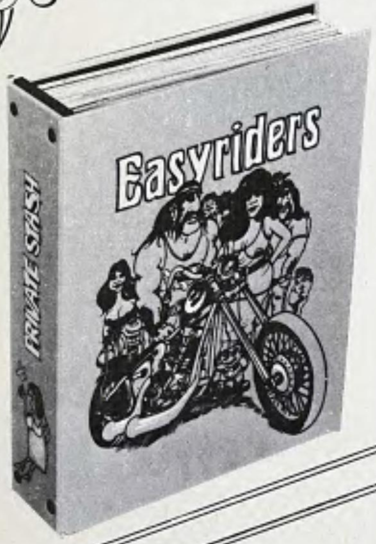
Having been found guilty of first-degree murder by a jury, a prisoner moved for a new trial, claiming the state hadn't produced sufficient evidence to convict him. The trial judge, stating "there was no evidence, certainly not evidence beyond a reasonable doubt, to sustain the verdict," agreed, and the Supreme Court of Louisiana denied the state's appeal.

At the second trial, the state presented an alleged eyewitness who had not testified at the first trial. The jury again voted for conviction. The convict filed a writ of habeas corpus, saying that the double-jeopardy clause prohibited the state from retrying him for the same offense. The Louisiana Supreme Court denied the writ, but the U.S. Supreme Court reversed the decision, holding that the trial judge had granted the new trial because of the failure of the state to prove its case and that "where the state receives a fair opportunity to offer whatever proof it can assemble, a reversal on grounds that there was insufficient evidence bars retrial on the same charge." — *Hudson v. Louisiana, No. 79-5688, 49L.W.* ■

Easyriders



Class Binders



$8.50
plus $1.50 for
postage and handling

Now, you don't have to stash your copies of **Easyriders** in strange places in order to protect them from being harmed by someone wanting to wrap fish, line a cat box, or paper-train a dog.

All ya gotta do is get yourself the binder you see here. It'll hold twelve issues of this rag, yet will lie flat so you can go back to any issue and sneak a peak with ease.

Our binder is like no other—strictly class—none of that stereotyped, embossed, cardboard crap for our readers! Our's features scribblings by Robinson that are custom silk-screened on tough vinyl. Now how's that for liver-quiverin' class?

Mail to:
Easyriders Binders
Box 711, Burbank,
California 91503

Enclosed is $8.50 plus $1.50 for postage and handling for each binder I order.

Name ______________
Address ______________
City ______________
State ________ Zip ________

(*Money Order payable in U.S. currency.*) Calif. residents add 6% sales tax. Please print your name and address to avoid errors.

A Mystery

Continued from page 11

July 2, 1981

Dear Mr. Barton:

Reference is made to your letter of June 26, 1981, regarding your client the Paisano Publications, Inc. which publish the magazine *Easyriders.*

At this time, I wish to clear up a misunderstanding that evidently has taken place due to a UPI newspaper release following a presentation I made to the annual luncheon of the Philadelphia Crime Commission regarding motorcycle gangs.

During this presentation, many members of the press were present and at no time did Det. William Davis of the Pennsylvania State Police or I make a statement that outlaw motorcycle gangs own stock in your clients publication, *Easyriders.*

If the UPI made mention of that fact in their report, then I was grossly misquoted.

I regret that this incident took place, however, I have little control over what reporters wish to print during an interview.

Very truly yours,
Chief Thomas F. Gallagher
Director
Criminal Investigation Division

July 13, 1981

Dear Chief Gallagher:

As you are aware, we are attorneys for Paisano Publications, Inc. which publishes, among others, the magazine *Easyriders.* We still are investigating the circumstances surrounding the UPI release, as reported in numerous newspapers, of damaging and untrue statements concerning our client allegedly made by you at the Thursday, May 28, 1981, meeting of the Philadelphia Crime Commission.

In your letter of July 2 to Edmund C. Barton, Esq. of our office you assert that at no time during your presentation did either you or Detective William Davis issue the above-referenced statements. In clarification of your letter, we would greatly appreciate it if you would send us, or tell us how we may acquire, a transcript of the May 28 meeting. We will bear any reasonable costs therefor. If no such report of your presentation is available, we would appreciate it if you would describe for us, by way of letter, the substance of the comments made concerning *Easyriders,* in light of the fact that it was specifically named in the UPI release and all the newspaper reports.

Thank you for your cooperation.

Very truly yours,
Mitchell Evall

David Allan Coe's Uncensored (Too Rough For Air Play) Album!

Strictly A Party Album!

Examples of some of the songs by David Allan Coe:
• Pussywhipped Again • Cum Stains On The Pillow
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Please Circle Issue(s) Ordered.
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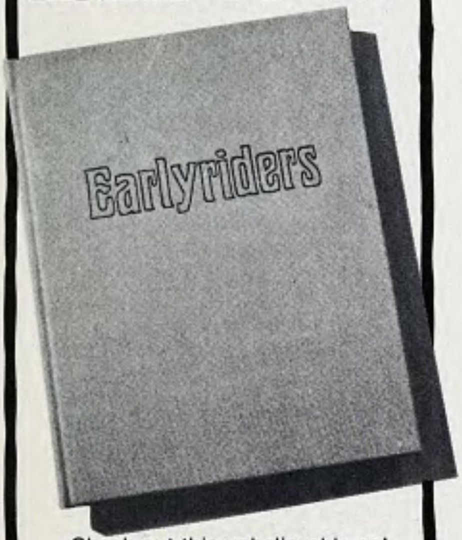
Send $2.00 for each copy of *Easyriders.* (We pay postage): Canadian orders, please add $1.50 for each issue ordered. Foreign orders, add $3.50 per issue. (Except Australia and New Zealand, add $4.50 per issue ordered.)

Back Issues
Box 711, Burbank, Calif. 91503

NOW IN HARDCOVER



Check out this unbelievable collection of motorcycle memorabilia. 224 great pages, 8½ x 11 format (on good paper so all the photos, drawings, artwork, and type are perfectly reproduced). Together between hard covers for the first time — a collection of all the old-time advertisements, the old photos, the old fashions. You name it — the boots, the caps, the clubs, the postcards — they're all together in one gigantic book called *Earlyriders.* And it's now available in a new, durable, hardcover edition, so you can keep this valuable collector's item in first-rate condition. Here's a book every motorcycle freak and biking enthusiast would be delighted to own. And it's only $9.95 — plus $1.00 for postage and handling.

If you're into iron horses, here's a book that will bring back memories — a book that you'll read, read again, and save forever. It's got heart and you'll dig it — all 224 pages.

Send $9.95 (plus $1.00 postage and handling) to *Earlyriders,* Box 52, Malibu, California 90265. (California residents add 6% so that Governor Brown can keep the wheels turning up in Sacramento.)

Be sure to include your zip code.

Canadian and foreign orders: Payment must be made in the form of an International Money Order or a money order payable in U.S. currency.

Please print your name and address to avoid errors.

Vet Voice

Continued from page 51

research programs targeted by Stockman's agency for elimination.

All of the programs were specifically funded by Congress. Bonior and the other plantiffs quoted legal opinions from the VA and the General Accounting Office that federal law dating from 1974 forbids the executive branch (the President) to shut down the programs.

One of the contested programs, the Vet Centers, has been attacked by Stockman as "not cost effective" and he has said that the "disaffected" nature of vets made them unlikely to seek aid there.

The GAO issued two formal opinions of February 19 and April 13, that any administration deferral contradicted the 1974 Impoundment Control Act by which Congress forbade similar action by Nixon.

Rep. Bonior was joined in the suit against Stockman by Democratic Reps. Ronald Mottl of Cleveland, chairman of the House Veterans subcommittee on hospitals; Don Edwards, San Jose, Calif.; Tom Daschle of Sioux Falls, S.D.; Leon Panetta, Carmel, Calif.; and Tony Coelho, Merced, Calif.

The suit was filed by Joseph Zengerle, a Viet vet and lawyer, who served in the Carter administration as assistant Air Force secretary.

Instead of eliminating these vital programs, I think Stockman should be eliminated. He must be stopped. Letters and telegrams in support of this suit or against the proposed elimination of veteran services should be sent to the above representatives, the President, David Stockman, and, of course, Doc.

Dig in; we are surrounded. But if we stick together we'll get out of this shit, too.

—Doc

Nam Vet M/C

★ Now it's time to get it together. Are you tired of being fucked over as an indvidual? Well, here is your chance to join your vet bros who ride and also to do something about it.

Here in Nebraska, we have formed a headquarters for the club called "Viet Nam Vets MC." We figure we can do a lot more for each other in numbers. We are vets helping other vets and our motto is "We Can Never Forget."

In-country vets, can just put the colors on, but Vietnam era out-of-

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HERE SHE IS—

in all her rotten glory!

The all Miraculous Mutha book (with Robinson cartoons). Nine years of her sick advice and comments—all packed into a 5½" x 8½", 96-page book!

We'll send it in a plain brown wrapper and we'll even pay the postage and handlin' for only two and a half bucks.

Warning! You must be 18 years of age or over to buy—and be sure not to leave it around where granny may see it, because she'll at least wet her long johns.

Mail your check or money order to **Paisano Book Division**, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265. California residents add 6% for dear old Governor Brown.

This book will be sold only through the mails and will not be on the newsstands—shit, we'd get arrested!

(Please print your name and address to avoid errors.)

country vets have a separate section tion of their own to prospect for, it's controlled by in-country vets.

We need chapters and members, so get off of your dead asses and get with the bros who know where you're coming from and won't let you down. Let's say, "Wherever there are vets all over the world, there should be one of our chapters." Now you can't say you didn't hear about it. Do it now. For more information, write to:

Viet Nam Vets, M/C
P.O. Box 30123
Lincoln, Neb. 68503

Wrench
International Coordinator
V.N.V. M/C

Little Lies

★ In reference to your column in *Easyriders* #95. I know just what you mean about the little (what an understatement), lies the army and government put out. I'm presently puttin' in my time in Germany, as a MP.

I think that all the Nam vets are getting fucked big time and that ain't right. Please use my name as you will, to send on any and all lists to the new man in charge and tell them how it is.

Right now I'd have problems telling enemies to join this fucked-up service.

Rob Gale
APO New York

Sticker Design

★ If Bro Bo (June '81 issue) wants a bumper sticker made well, I do sign painting and other artwork. Now I can't say I can stick 'em, but I can design 'em for him. So what I'm sayin' is if he wants, I'll design for him and his bros and maybe he can get someone to make them into stickers. He can write me at Raup's Trailer Court, R.D. #1 Lot #2, Danville, Pa. 17821

Lynn Pardoe
Danville, Pa.■

Easyriders

"Will you excuse me, Pop? All this talk about blowing has got me horny as hell!"

NEW!

. . .The "FLICKET"

OPENS LOCK-BACK BLADES FASTER THAN A SWITCH BLADE WITH A FLICK OF A THUMB. . .LEGALLY!

Converts most lock-back blade knives to a one hand operation for fast protection. Actually timed at 1/400th of a second. . .even with gloved hands. Made of heat treated spring steele, nickel plated. Please specify your knife make, model and length of blade when open. when ordering.

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Specify Right or Left handed

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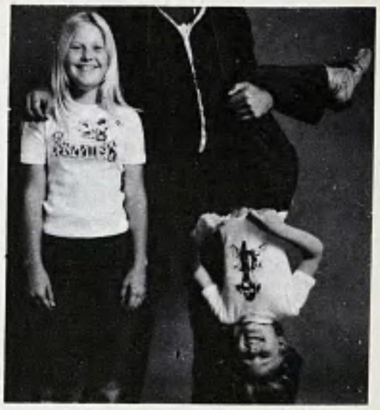
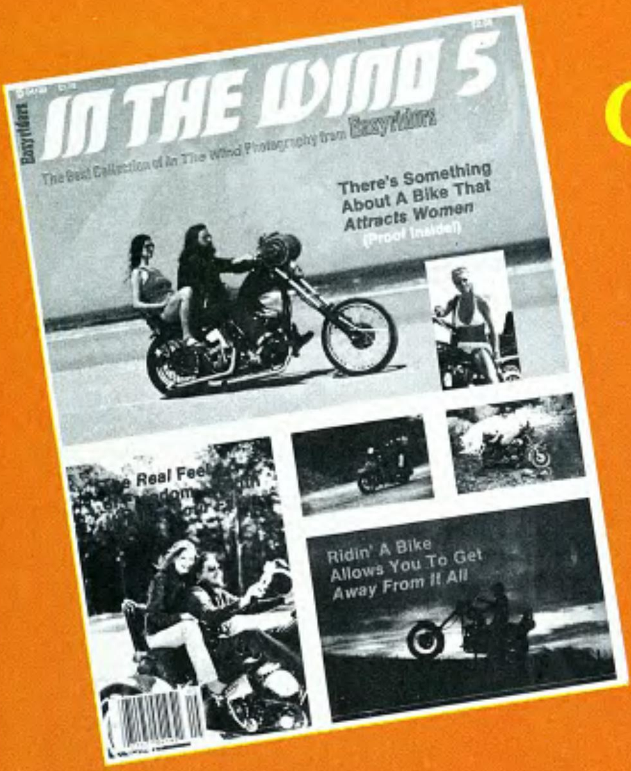
EASYRIDERS T-SHIRTS FOR YOUR RUG RATS.



Yeah, even your rug rats can now wear them with pride. Finest quality white shirts with either of the two above designs (A. *Easyriders*, B. Biker) that you and the ol' lady have been wearing. Each sells for $6.95, postpaid in U.S. only. Shirts come in three sizes: small 4, medium 8, and large 12.

Send your order to:
KIDS T-Shirts, Box 711
Burbank, Calif. 91503
Make all checks and money orders payable to Easyriders. Cal. Res. add 6% Sales Tax



Order From Us!

Yeah, we'll mail it right to your door for a measly $3.00, and we'll kick in the postage and handling costs (in the continental U.S. and Canada). Foreign orders add $7.00 for air mail postage.

Canadian and foreign orders: Payment must be made in the form of an International Money Order or a money order payable in U.S. currency.

Wind 5
c/o *Easyriders*
P.O. Box 52,
Malibu, Calif. 90265.
(Please print your name and address to avoid errors.)

New Improved

Finest Quality, Handcrafted, Bone China Beer Mug.

New Improved

Heavy! (Weighs two pounds!) It's Big! (Holds 1 quart.)

$13.95 each
includes postage and handling

U.S. currency only. Thank you

California residents add 6% tax.

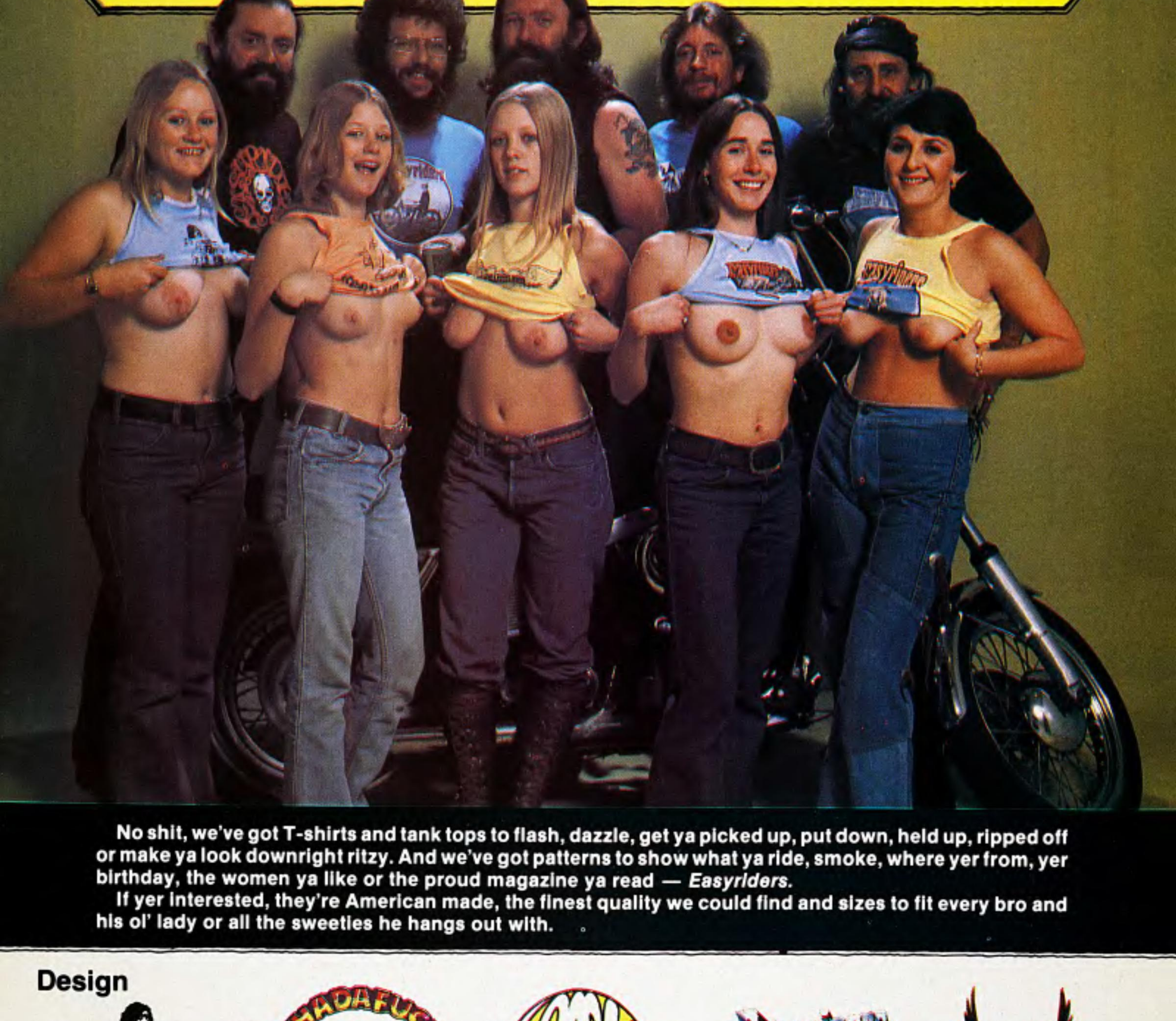
Massive mugs that are something special. Expensively handcrafted out of bone china. High fired (2300°). Top quality — a functional conversation piece if ever there was one. They cost bucks, but remember, these are not mass-produced, plastic cheapos — these are individually made — outta fine bone china. Quality guaranteed.

Mackenzie Company

Box 29
Calabasas, California 91302

All boxes, route numbers, and Armed Forces, please add $1.50 for postage. Mugs go by either U.P.S. or First Class.

Show up in the streets with an Easyriders T-shirt



No shit, we've got T-shirts and tank tops to flash, dazzle, get ya picked up, put down, held up, ripped off or make ya look downright ritzy. And we've got patterns to show what ya ride, smoke, where yer from, yer birthday, the women ya like or the proud magazine ya read — *Easyriders.*

If yer interested, they're American made, the finest quality we could find and sizes to fit every bro and his ol' lady or all the sweeties he hangs out with.

Design

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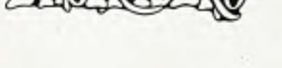
9 

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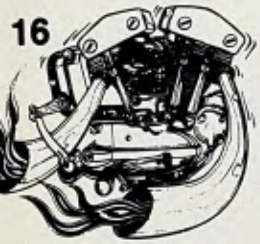

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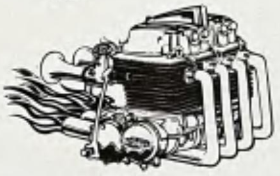

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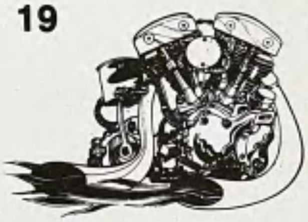

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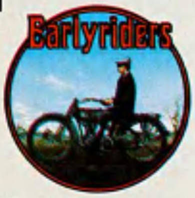

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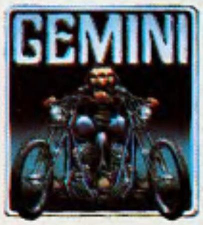

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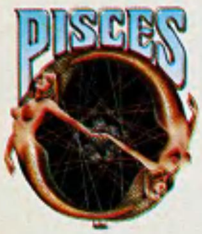

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If you haven't got one of these T-shirts or Tit-tops, you're just not with it. Pick your own design and color. (But use your head, dip-shit — not black lettering on a black T-shirt.)

Each sells for **$6.95,** postpaid in U.S. only. Mix colors and designs to suit yourself — any design on either shirt in any of the colors offered.

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Sizes **Petite — Average**

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Make all checks and money orders out to **Easyriders**
(Plese print your name and address to avoid errors.)

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STATE ____________ **ZIP** ________

We pay all postage and handling on all tops. (In U.S. only)
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The best of the Dave Mann paintings in beautiful color on heavy art stock!

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Printing quality will be even better than paintings as they appeared in **Easyriders,** for posters are custom printed specifically for much finer quality than a mass-produced magazine, and posters are printed on much heavier paper.

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Enclosed is $__________ for the posters indicated below.

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☐ M-8 ☐ M-9 ☐ M-10 ☐ M-11 ☐ M-12 ☐ M-13

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M-9 "Hollyweed"

M-7 "Run Heat"

M-1 "In The Wind On Friday Night"

M-2 "Freedom of the Road"

M-6 "Apehanger Days"

M-5 "Ride Hard Die Fast"

M-13 "Won't Start"

M-12 "Country Style"

M-8 "Comin' at Ya"

M-11 "Easyriders Forever"

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Man, you've got to hold these to feel and see the quality. Made for pierced ears, each earring, post or dangly, is solid Bronze with either 22k Gold or Sterling Silver Electroplate. The intricate detail is damn near unreal. That means quality like you gotta have. When ordering specify Gold or Silver, post or dangly, and how many. The cost is only $9.50 each or $18.00 per pair. That's so cheap for real Gold or Silver. You can even get your bucks back immediately if you ain't satisfied. Because of some uncool bros sending us bad checks, we must ask for Money Orders only. We're sorry to trouble all you good bros this way, cuz Bare Essentials ain't rippin' off any scoot folk. (Calif. res. add 6% tax)

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Dealers inquire on letterhead.

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THE PHONE GUARD guarantees your privacy. This ingenious electrical device lets you know if someone is listening in to your conversation (through an extension, switchboard or wiretap) by silently lighting up a red signal. Takes only seconds to install by simply unscrewing your phone's mouthpiece & replacing with the **Phone-Guard**. Carry it with you for use on hotel or office phones whenever security counts. A cheap price for peace of mind! Send **$49.95**. (add $4.00 postage & handling. Calif. residents add 6% sales tax). **NOTE:** Indicate phone type: Bell or GTE.

DEALER INQUIRIES INVITED!

COCO COMPANY
P.O. BOX 451
CALABASAS, CALIF.
91302

Kern River Run

Continued from page 31

down into a long, flat valley before bakin' Bakersfield. Then they would take an old highway out through green grape fields, splattering their riding goggles with tiny, plump, grape-eatin' gnats. From the fields off to the right along the mountains, there's a canyon that forms a "Y", like the one formed by a woman's body and open thighs. The road through the flat fields (the body) is straight; it lures riders to wind their throttles up and speed for those curvaceous thighs lying temptingly in the distance. For those watching the sun break over the mountainous horizon, it's a pre-summer rush to see those intense rays light the fields ahead and to feel the warmth penetrate leather as the putts roar over the flat lands.

That's the view we would have had — if we hadn't got lost! We missed the off ramp, slid onto a major south-to-north, flat-out, thirty-miles-between-turnoffs, expressway. Consequently, we slapped an extra fifty or sixty miles under our sixteens before we realized that the straight stretch before us was the wrong path.

"I thought he said to take 184," I shouted at Toby as we pulled into the next gas stop.

"He did, but I ain't seen 184 or anything close to that."

"Hell, 184 don't hit this highway," chuckled the attendant. "It don't even hit 99. Well, it does, but it don't say nothin' about it on the signs."

Easyriders

"Not that dyke, stupid!"

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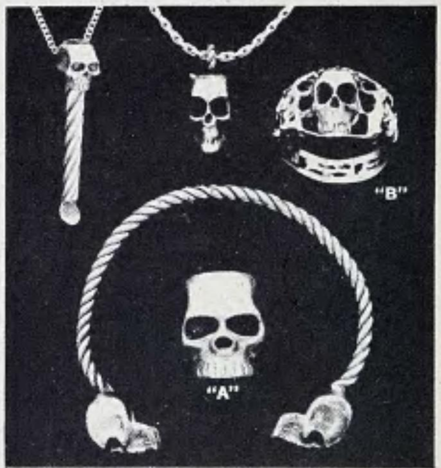
Price $15.00 labor. Any parts required will be extra. Send $30.00 check or money order. If total is over $30.00, your package will be sent to you COD for balance. If less than $30.00, overage will be refunded. Send $30.00 money order with your damaged speedometer to:

Paramount Speedometer
8845 E. Alondra Blvd., Paramount, Calif. 90723
Phone: (213) 630-9753
Calif. res. add 6% tax.



Heavy Jewelry

The cost of silver has forced an increase of all our products—but remember, silver is a good investment for years to come.

Handcrafted, Cast, Sterling Silver Rings, Bracelets, and Pendants.

As featured on the July '77 Easyriders cover. Righteous Sterling Silver Jewelry for those who want the best. Sterling by Nomad is the very finest.

Skull ring "A"—$95.00
Skull ring "B"—$80.00
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Toby and I looked at each other and at the pump jockey like two muggers contemplating their next victim, and then down the road we blazed. After going around and through a couple of old, dilapidated farm communities, we finally spotted those "thighs" we'd been heading for.

Two sex-and-party-hungry bikers rolled their throttles on and streaked through fields and dust in an effort to reach those temptations before every biker south of San Francisco grabbed all the ripe pussy — excuse me, campsites.

Then out of the singing bug fields came a disconcerting sound. I looked around. There wasn't a factory, building, truck, or ringding in sight. We came to a brief, mid-field stop. My clutch wouldn't disengage. Mentally I said "Fuck it." We kept on rolling. Apprehensively, I went through the gears, each shift jerking the steel handlebars gripped in my gloves. I tried to analyze the problem as I rode. Toby's hollerin' interrupted my concentration.

"Hey," he was shoutin' over his drag pipes, "yer clutch is fallin' off. Pull over."

I pulled over carefully. The shovelhead lurched, grabbed, and jerked to a halt. The clutch quit. I took off my hand-made derby.

"Shit!" One of the clutch fingers had broken or come loose and was workin' its way out. The sun was high in the sky and I felt the full intensity of the rays as I stood beside the dusty shovel in a deserted gas station. I began to sweat.

"Fuck it, we'll fix it when we get there." We threw the derby into one of Toby's saddlebags and headed out.

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alluring. There weren't many stops ahead. We rolled comfortably into the hills and along the fast-running Kern River. The road narrowed and wound as we cruised into the bushy canyon. It was a helluva ride that ended in the small town park of Kernville. Toby's pan eased to a stop in the tree-shrouded park while the ailing shovel lurched, skidded, and died.

Almost noon and hot as hell's hinges; it was time for a beer. Clutch or no clutch, we'd made it. The other bikers, lounging in the green grass, drinkin' suds and smokin' dope, weren't on any red-freak trips. We rapped freely, all assisted with tools, diagnoses, and repair suggestions until I had the clutch dismantled and discovered all but three fingers lying sheared off in my grease- and grime-coated paw.

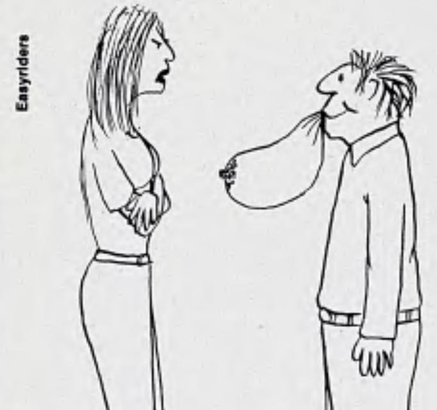
"Well, ain't that the shits," one brother murmured, scratchin' and gawkin'. "Never seen nothin' like that before."

Everybody was baffled. "Best send an ol' lady to Bakersfield for another one."

Toby went to find a welder and something to pull the clutch hub out with, while I flopped in the shade of the park trees, basking in advice and condolences.

"Hey, wanna smoke a joint of good sens?" I looked up from the grass to see a halter top packed full of tits and a pair of big, bright eyes looking down at broken-down me. Maybe that canyon was a woman's cleavage and the mountains her tempting jugs, I thought, looking at the nipples straining against the flimsy blouse.

Easyriders



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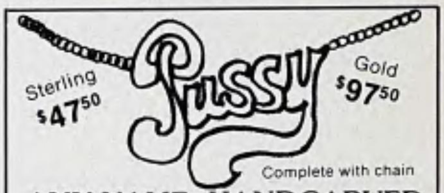

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"Sure." I sat up. For a grubby sonuvabitch with dirt on his face, wind-tangled hair, acid-holed Levi's, and a broken-down motorcycle, I was having a helluva time. Toby scored a station with a welder and then went to round up our campsite along the river. A stubby, friendly young gas station attendant made jokes and shot the shit with me while I, as best I could, tacked all the clutch fingers back into place, sweatin' like a marathon runner in the noon sun. I was, with the assistance of the bikers in the park and the young attendant, back on the road. Lotta good people there. Toby returned. The campsite was secured.

Hellfire, the weather couldn't have been better if God rode a 74 and was coming to this party. The women and brothers were in high spirits, the town folk were supportive and neighborly.

The camping situation was more than ideal. Campsites line the banks of the sometimes raging, occasionally calm, river for fifty miles in either direction from town. Many clubs have selected sites they come to each year. The openness of the area allows the riders to be spaced out along the winding canyon road so that no two groups are camping on top of each other, and a variety of small stops along the highway, cafes, stores, the park, the Kern River, water slides, and an occasional tavern gave us plenty of places to putt to.

The rest of the rockin' weekend was spent splashin' in the river, gawkin' at the broads, puttin' the winding canyon roads, partyin' at the park, and rappin' motorcycles. The Kern River run of 1981 was just what western scooter people needed after rain and rebuilding through the winter. ■

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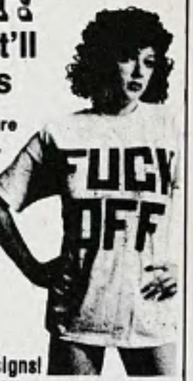

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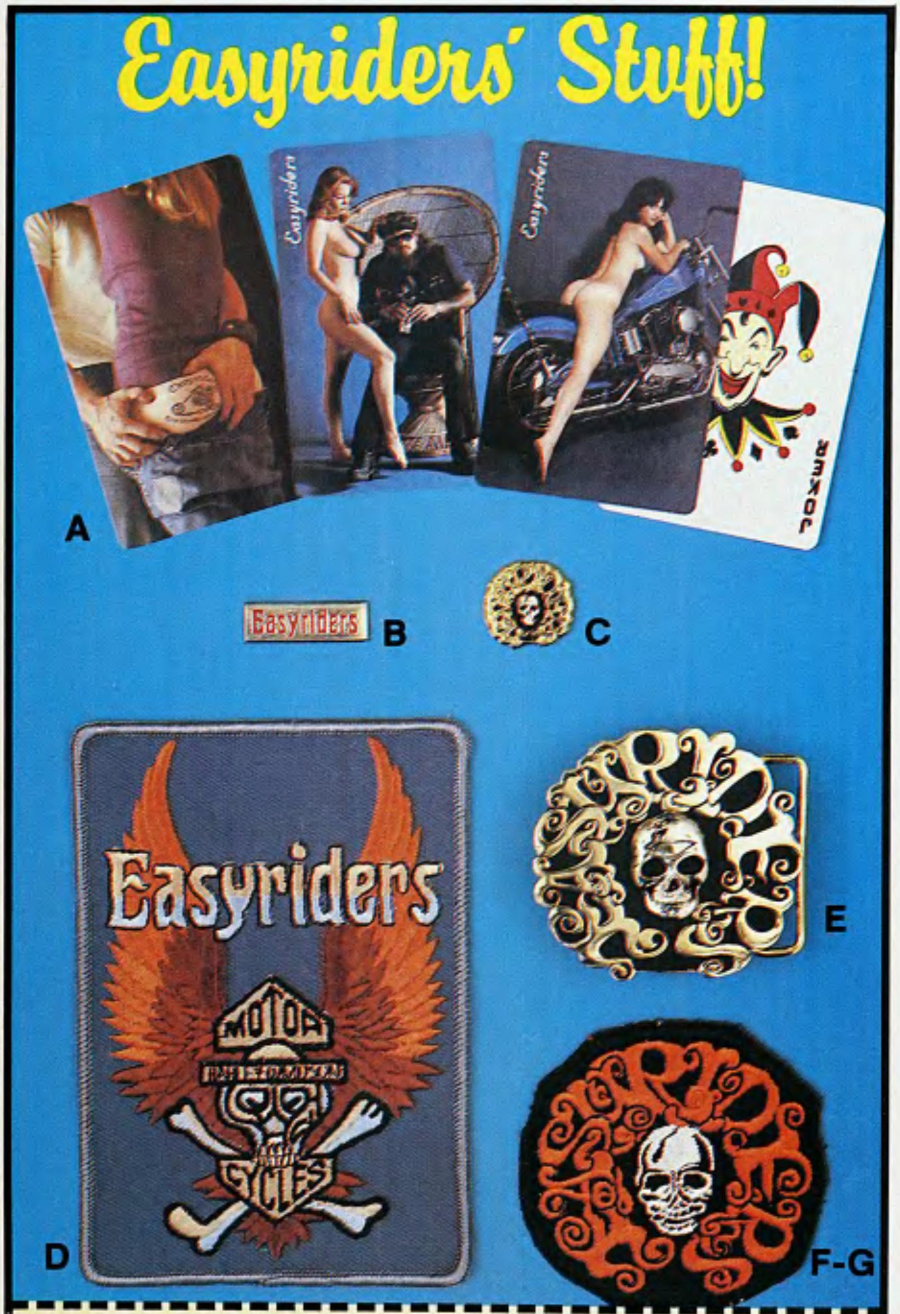

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Can't Tell A Book

Continued from page 71

wheelchair right next to it. He looked like he was maybe nine or ten years old. A woman was standing behind the wheelchair, and when she saw me approaching she started to push the little guy away.

"Wait a minute, Mom," he said.

"Tommy," she answered. The way it came out said more than she'd intended. I could tell that she didn't really want to take the little guy away, because he was grooving on my 74, but she was afraid of me.

"How you doin' there, little man?"

The kid looked up at me from the wheelchair. He looked kind of awe-struck. Like I said before, when you're as big as I am, you get used to it.

"That your motorcycle?" he asked.

"Sure is," I said.

"Tommy, we really have to be going now," his mother said. "Don't bother the man."

"Hey, it's no bother, lady," I looked at her and smiled. She hesitated, and then smiled back.

"Okay," she said. Tommy started smiling, too.

"You into bikin'?" I asked him.

"I read about everything I can get on motorcycles," he said. "That's a Harley-Davidson." The little guy made a statement of fact, like he knew it was a Harley and wasn't asking.

"You bet," I said.

"Fifty-two panhead," he shot back.

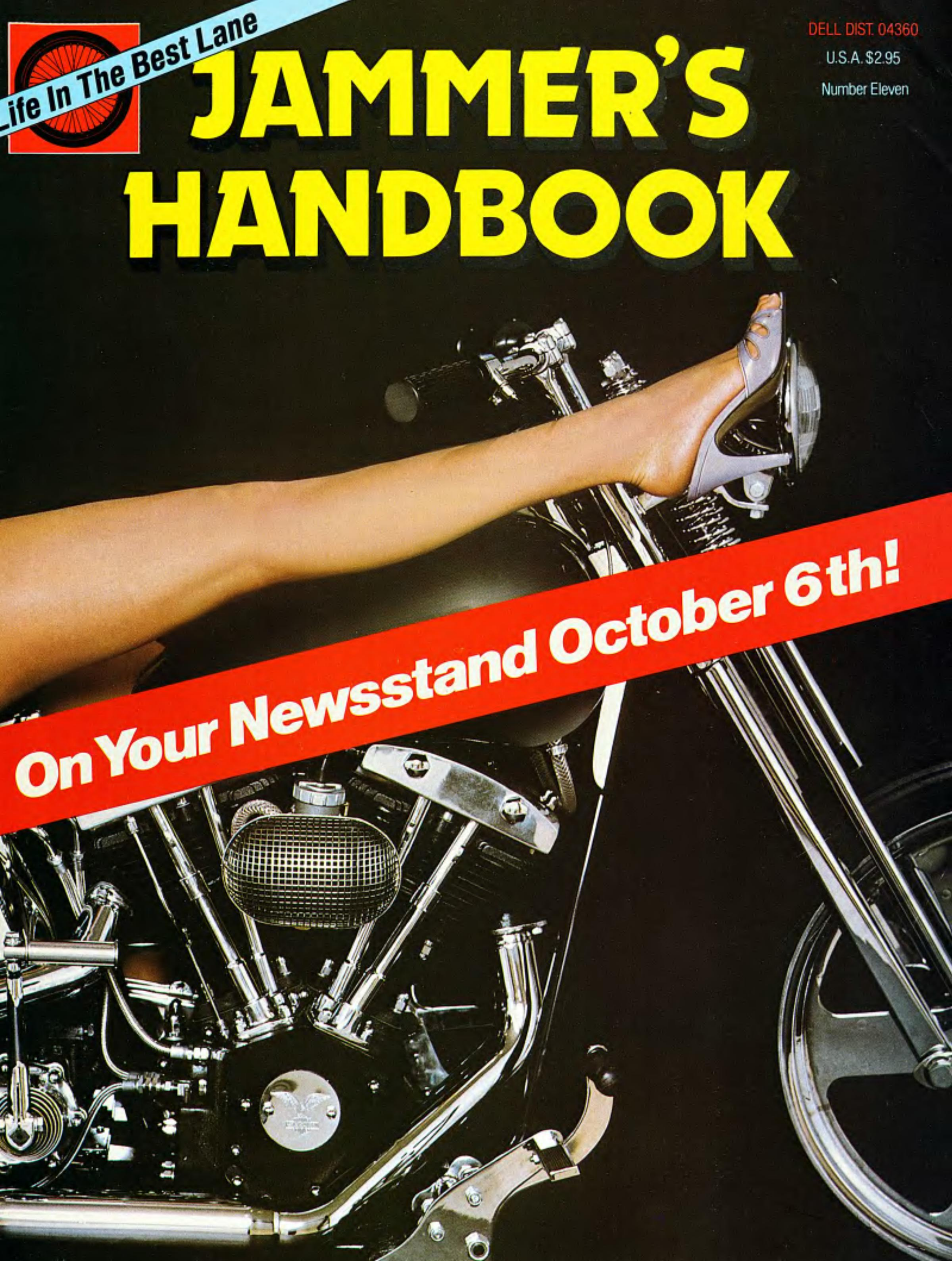
"Yeah," I said with growing admiration. Little Tommy beamed. He might have been confined to a wheelchair, but he knew more about bikes than most of the bikers I hung around with. "You want some pizza, kid?"

Tommy looked up at his mom. She nodded and smiled at him. "Thanks, Mister."

"Hey, my friends call me Fat Albert," I said as I gave him the slice, "so you better start callin' me that, too."

"All right!"

Tommy and I talked bikes for almost an hour, right there on the Boulevard with his mother watching. She was fascinated. It seems the little guy was really into Harleys and had never had anyone he could talk to about them. He lamented the merger with AMF (something that had happened before he was born), and became positively ecstatic when I told him that Harley had finally bought themselves back from the folks who had practically ruined the world's greatest motorcycle company. The kid was a rolling Harley-Davidson encyclopedia.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"Lemme ask you a question, partner," I said. "You ever gone for a ride on a Harley?"

Tommy looked down at the ground. All the enthusiasm that had illuminated his face disappeared.

"I can't," he finally said.

"Yeah, well, that ain't the way I see it."

I looked at his mother. I was probably sticking my nose where it didn't belong, but it wouldn't have been the first time I've been known to do that. I figured if she wanted me to shut up, she'd tell me. She just looked at me, though, without saying anything.

"Whaddaya say, Mom?" I asked.

"Will you be careful?" she responded. Tommy looked up and his face was all aglow again.

"Really?" he said. "Can I go for a ride?"

"C'mon." I lifted him up and, with his mom helping to guide his legs, planted him in the sidehack.

Tommy and I rode all the way up Hollywood Boulevard, switched over to Sunset and rolled up and down the Strip, and finally bopped back over to the pizza place. I can't describe how happy that little guy was, so I'm not going to waste any time trying. His mom was misty-eyed when she saw Tommy, grinning from ear to ear, slide to a stop in a beat-up old Harley sidehack.

"Fat Albert, you're the greatest!" he said as we put him back in the wheelchair.

"You're a pretty slick little dude yourself," I said. "Look, here's my phone number." I scribbled it on a piece of paper his mom had. "You just dial that number and ask for Fat Albert when you feel like talkin' about Harleys or maybe goin' for another ride, you hear?"

I went back into the pizza place and got another slice. When I came out, Tommy and his mother had disappeared into the crowd on the sidewalk. I struggled into the sidecar and was just beginning to enjoy my mushroom and sausage monstrosity when I overheard someone on the sidewalk behind me.

"Good Lord, Harold, will you just look at that fat, filthy slob. . ." ■

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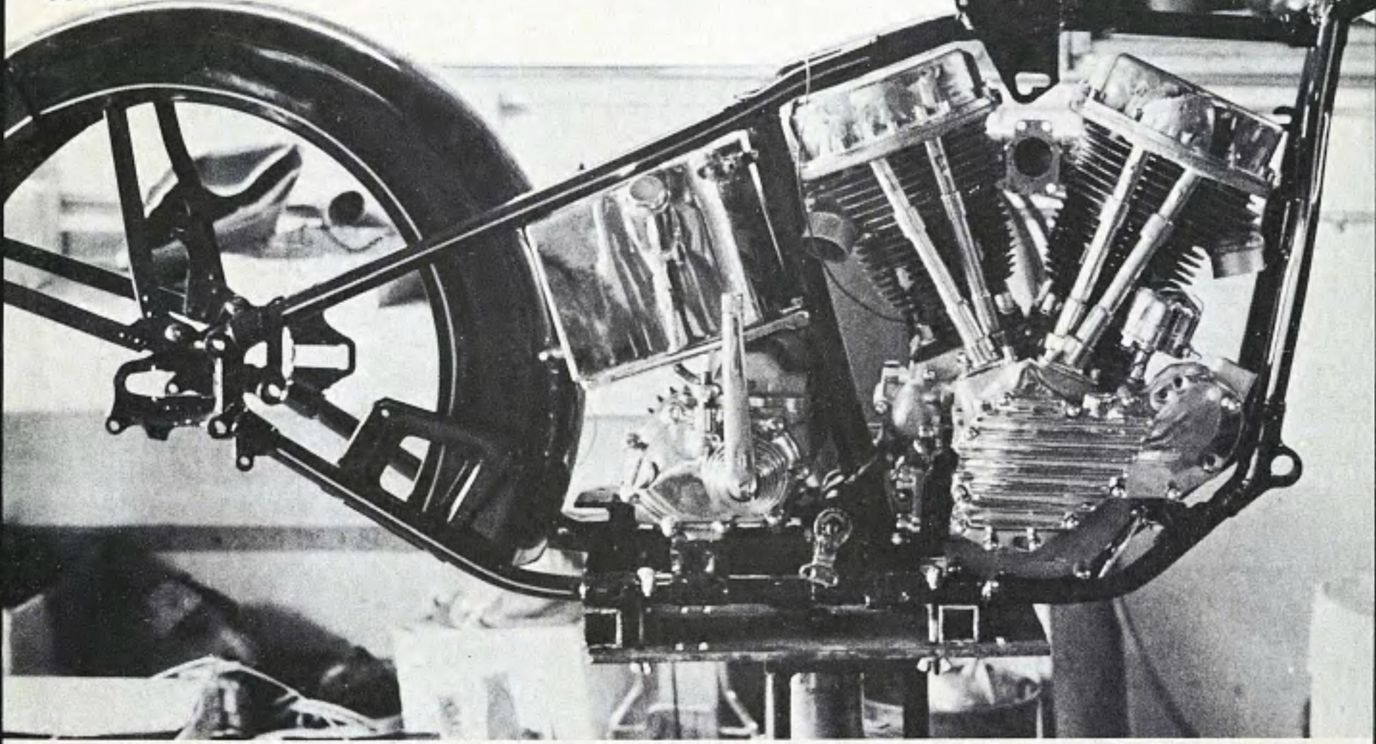

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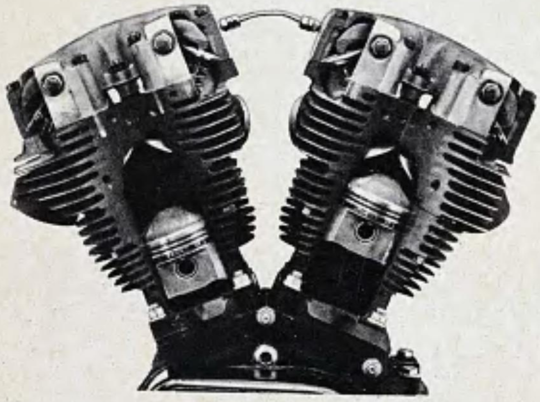
Manley Performance Products, Inc.

Harley Forged Pistons

Manley's Harley pistons are forged from special high silicon aluminum to ride smooth and skuff-free in the cylinders. The unique skirt design, along with the special cam profile and barrel shape, result in a piston up to 100 grams lighter than competitive brands while keeping the rings perpendicular in the bore for maximum seal and power.

The original dome shape promotes maximum flame travel and compression without blocking the spark plug as do most competitive pistons. The valve notches (properly located) will accommodate cam lifts up to .600 without additional fly-cutting.

Here is a true performance piston with unsurpassed durability that is equally appropriate for the most serious competitor as well as the street riding enthusiast. Pistons are shipped with pins, lock rings and piston rings. Pin hole location is stock. Each part number supplies one complete piston.



Harley Plazma Moly Piston Ring Sets

At last! Manley introduces piston rings for Harleys featuring up to date technology for significantly improved seal and horsepower. They are also the ideal match for Manley high performance pistons.

The top ring has a special plazma sprayed moly face for maximum seal and longevity. The ring face is radiused to maintain wall contact even while the piston rocks in the bore. The second ring is a reverse twist, taper face to give improved oil scrapping especially on the highly important — and often neglected — intake stroke when enormous pressure is put on the rings by the combustion chamber vacuum.

The oil ring is a three piece with a stainless steel expander and chrome rails. Tension of the ring is 13 to 15 lbs. which results in a free spinning engine with excellent oil control.

Both top and second rings are .005 oversize which "requires" the installer to file fit the rings. Each part number supplies rings for two pistons.

Forged Aluminum Pistons

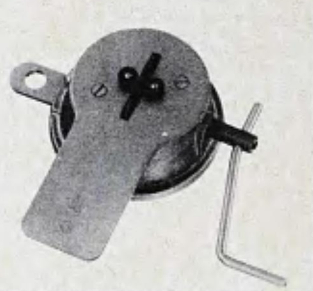
Part #	Application	Size	Comp. Ratio	Price Each
12601	74 Stock Stroke	.010	10.5	58.75
12602	74 Stock Stroke	.020	10.6	58.75
12603	74 Stock Stroke	.030	10.7	58.75
12604	74 Stock Stroke	.040	10.8	58.75
12606	74 4¼" Stroke	.010	10.5	58.75
12607	74 4¼" Stroke	.020	10.6	58.75
12608	74 4¼" Stroke	.030	10.7	58.75
12609	74 4¼" Stroke	.040	10.8	58.75
126011	74 4½" Stroke	.010	10.5	58.75
126012	74 4½" Stroke	.020	10.6	58.75
126013	74 4½" Stroke	.030	10.7	58.75
126014	74 4½" Stroke	.040	10.8	58.75
12605	80 Stock Stroke	.010	10.5	58.75
126010	80 Stock Stroke	.020	10.6	58.75
126015	80 Stock Stroke	.030	10.7	58.75
126020	80 Stock Stroke	.040	10.8	58.75
126016	Sportster 1000	.010	10.5	58.75
126017	Sportster 1000	.020	10.6	58.75
126018	Sportster 1000	.040	10.7	58.75
126019	Sportster 1000	.060	10.8	58.75

Special Note on Piston Sizes
Forged pistons require more clearance than cast pistons because a forging is more dense than a casting (and therefore stronger). Manley pistons are to be measured at the level of the pin. This gives a more realistic picture of the actual clearance required by the piston. Set the Manley pistons at the recommended clearances and they will run quiet and skuff-proof. This desirable condition is achieved by our use of a high silicone aluminum material combined with a scientifically established cam grind and barrel shape to the skirt. We feel no other piston will perform as satisfactorily in your engine.

Plazma Moly Ring Sets

Part #	Application	Size	Comp. Ratio	Price Each
126021	74 Stock Stroke	.010	10.5	34.20
126022	74 Stock Stroke	.020	10.6	34.20
126023	74 Stock Stroke	.030	10.7	34.20
126024	74 Stock Stroke	.040	10.8	34.20
126021	74 4¼" Stroke	.010	10.5	34.20
126022	74 4¼" Stroke	.020	10.6	34.20
126023	74 4¼" Stroke	.030	10.7	34.20
126024	74 4¼" Stroke	.040	10.8	34.20
126021	74 4½" Stroke	.010	10.5	34.20
126022	74 4½" Stroke	.020	10.6	34.20
126023	74 4½" Stroke	.030	10.7	34.20
126024	74 4½" Stroke	.040	10.8	34.20
126025	80 Stock Stroke	.010	10.5	34.20
126030	80 Stock Stroke	.020	10.6	34.20
126033	80 Stock Stroke	.030	10.7	34.20
126044	80 Stock Stroke	.040	10.8	34.20
126026	Sportster 1000	.010	10.5	34.20
126027	Sportster 1000	.020	10.6	34.20
126028	Sportster 1000	.040	10.7	34.20
126029	Sportster 1000	.060	10.8	34.20

Note: 126021-126024 rings will fit all 74 pistons listed.



Piston Ring End Gapping Tool
This clever little hand operated grinder will allow the engine builder to custom tailor the end gaps of his rings for tighter fit and more complete combustion seal.

126031 . . . End Gap Grinder 50.00

126032 . . . Replacement Blade 11.60

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Continued from page 85

Two T-shirts for Vietnam veterans only! (1) "I'm A Vietnam Veteran" shirt is red with yellow lettering. (2) "We're Heroes Too" shirt is white with black lettering and the Vietnam Service Medal in four colors. Send $8, plus $1 postage and handling for each shirt ordered to Coco Company, P.O. Box 451, Calabasas, Calif. 91302. (120)

The time is now! Join the National Association for the Advancement of White People. Write David Duke, National President, NAAWP, P.O. Box 10625, New Orleans, La. 70181. (116)

Wanted: Issues of Easyriders numbers 1 through 19. I have all the rest, but would like to complete my collection. Thanks! Larry Schnakenberg, Rt #2, Crete, Neb. 68333. (100)

Seeking honest and sincere lady for correspondence. Send photo. David Dauchy, Box 87, Menard, Ill. 62259.

Sell your old boots for fast cash. Engineer, Frye, western, etc. Any condition. Write or phone for info. Funky Chuck, Box 511, Altadena, Calif. 91016. (213) 797-0195. (100)

If anyone knows the whereabouts of Kenny Amodie, please contact me! Rhonda McBee, c/o General Delivery, Summit, Ark. (100)

To Mike: I miss you. I was there for you when you needed a friend. Please don't forget about me. Remember, Mike, there are a lot of different types of prisons. I helped you through yours. Wherever you are, I hope you are happy and free. Please write. Kathy, Rt. 1, Box 301C, Dayton, Va. 22801. (100)

John "Lightning": Happy 30th, 9-20-81. You're my knight in shining armor. I love you. Your princess. (100)

Easyriders Vol. 1 No. 1, 2 issues 1972, 6 issues 1973, 7 issues 1974, 6 issues 1975, 9 issue 1976, 12 issues each 1977-1980, 5 issues 1981. $100. You pay postage. Ray Gist, 3634 Bel Pre Rd. #11, Silver Spring, Md. 20906. (100)

Happy 28th (6/7/81) and always, Big John in Turlock, Calif. I will love you forever and always. Your Scorpio lady in Moraga, Calif. (100)

Tim: Happy 27th (9/4/54). You're the only man for me. Love you more than ever, Georgia. (100)

Gasless chili: Effective, easy, and delicious. Send $1 and sase to Chili, P.O. Box 5613, Everett, Wash. 98201. (100)

Fireworks, buy direct. Price list, Send $1 to Ace Fireworks, P.O. Box 221, Dept. ER, Conneaut, Ohio 44030. (100)

Burnout: Happy past birthday (7/3. I love you an' lovin' them bulbs. Turn Signal, Aberdeen, Wash. (100)

Eduardo: Happy belated birthday wishes (7-25-46). Forever it's us! Hoping that your Sportster is on the road before your birthday. Loving you, Kat. (100)

Wanted: Old leather and suede pants, chaps, fringes, shirts, vests, etc. Tom Jr., 933 Sandalwood Ave., Fullerton, Calif. 92635. (100)

Wanted: Old slicked-down, oiled-down Levi's, "rags," Levi's jackets. Tom Jr., 933 Sandalwood Ave., Fullerton, Calif. 92635. (100)

Norby: The best 10 of my life. No complaints—only thanks. Hoping for 50 more! Again, I'm your lucky lady, Nancy. (100)

Turk: It's time to come back to your ol' lady, 'cause she loves you more than anyone ever will. Dago. (100)

Hey, Boots: Candles are a fire hazard. Especially when they're that fat. Edna. (100)

Biker and ol' lady can't have kid; need chick to have one for us. Pays $5,000. Bill Hatley, 94 Prospect Ave., Middletown, R.I. 02840. (100)

25-year-old, w/m, tired of riding solo. Looking for dream girl for partying, living, and possible marriage. Must be one-man woman, level-headed and naturally attractive, with the following: 18-28, blond to brown hair, 5' to 5'6", 90-120 lbs., green, blue, or hazel eyes. Send picture w/reply to Butch, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (100)

Male, 24, good-looking, from New Orleans, is seeking honest and sincere ladies for correspondence. Please send photos. Will answer all. Greg Bell #88963, DCI Dorm G, Box 788, Jackson, La. 70748. (100)

Sincere lady interested in relationship with w/m, 20. Thirty months till freedom. I'm alone just being lonely; please write and include picture. Dave Brunner, Box W.R., Green Bay, Wis. 54305. (100)

Ladies with heart, 16-60, want to make the guards mad at mail call? Write to me. I'm 30 years old, w/m. Glen Chambers #047764, Box 221, Raiford, Fla. 32083. (101)

Lady Jo: Wherever you are, you're always in my heart. Whenever it's right, come home to me. We belong in the wind together. I love you, Joie. Hooker. (100)

Yukon Bob, last seen Camden, N.J. Wishing you were here. Got an address? Short, blue-eyed, and blonde. Your lady. (100)

30-year-old, clean-cut Dutch-Asian male biker wants one-man lady. I am 5'8", 170 lbs. Lady must be 20-24 years old, 5'4", large busted, blue or green eyes; a little plump is okay. Must be interested in establishing a permanent relationship based upon mutual interest, respect, appreciation, and affection. No hardcores or ladies with heavy drug hangups. I have a good job, own a home, cars, and several motorcycles. Honest, open reply with photo and phone no. appreciated, and I will do the same. Only ladies wanting to get their lives together and to live in California need answer. Write to Rich, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (100)

K.Q. Jenkins: Our lives came together four years ago. We are still hanging tough, loving, sharing, and growing. Now, who doesn't believe in miracles? I love you, sweet teeth, with all of me. Loves, kisses, and feels, Punk. (100)

D. Keith Williams: Call Kathy Elbert (602) 266-5872, collect. (100)

Collecting motorcycle license plates. Will swap Michigan for any year, any state. Falcon Fred, 32611 Utica, Fraser, Mich. 48026. (100)

Steve Miller: Shepard did Zeno Colby is free? Don't sacrifice. Always, D.S.A. (714) 894-3874. (100)

Cheryl Boisvenu, don't know where you're at; write me. Tim Bartels, 20 Willow Dr., Whitesboro, N.Y. 13492. (100)

Lonely, shy man, 30, 5'8", and white. Looking for fine ol' lady like the ones in Easyriders, two if possible, teens to 20. Also looking for female pen pals. Please send photo with letter. Jailbird okay. I have a very good job. Write John C. Howard Jr., P.O. Box 547, Loxley, Ala. 36551. (100)

For sale: Easyriders issues #22, #24, #25, #27 thru #76, except #62. Best offer takes all. Kent. (618) 299-8551. (100)

$180 per week part-time at home. Webster, America's foremost dictionary company, needs home workers to update local mailing lists. All ages; experience unnecessary. Call (716) 845-5670, ext. 3081. (100)

Thunder: To the only man I need or want. Happy 8th anniversary 8/13. I'll love you forever. Your Turtle. (100)

Tattooing outfits, instruction manuals for sale (best deal). Artist, Box 242-N, Colorado Springs, Colo. 80901. (100)

How to make money selling scrap. How to reprocess motor oil for big profits. How to make money making lamps and vases from old bottles. These $1 reports will show you how and where. Send $1 for each report, or $2 for 3 and sase to R. Murback, 28 Cedar St., Taunton, Mass. 02780. (100)

My Night Rider: I wish things could have been different. Your California Star. (100)

Magic: You're still on my mind; but without that, I'd have nothing. Still dreamin' of someday. I love you. Chyrise. (100)

In memory of Bobby Love, born 3-13-53—died 3-28-81. Just when our life together was starting, a bullet took you from me. Only now can you ride in peace. We loved you and will miss you. Your ol' lady, Sheila Nichols, and the Love Family. Belleville, Ill. (100)

Lost, Kalustian, Bosch, Otto. Ginny, Box 61, Grovetown, Ga. 30813. (100)

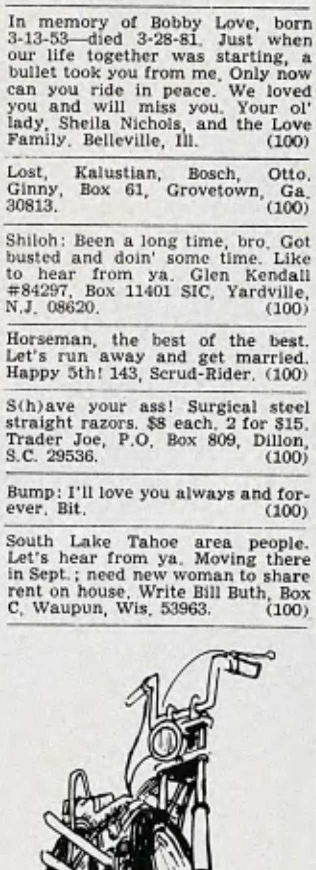
Shiloh: Been a long time, bro. Got busted and doin' some time. Like to hear from ya. Glen Kendall #84297, Box 11401 SIC, Yardville, N.J. 08620. (100)

Horseman, the best of the best. Let's run away and get married. Happy 5th! 143, Scrud-Rider. (100)

S(h)ave your ass! Surgical steel straight razors. $8 each. 2 for $15. Trader Joe, P.O. Box 809, Dillon, S.C. 29536. (100)

Bump: I'll love you always and forever. Bit. (100)

South Lake Tahoe area people. Let's hear from ya. Moving there in Sept.; need new woman to share rent on house. Write Bill Buth, Box C, Waupun, Wis. 53963. (100)



Government surplus: Buy stuff for pennies on the dollar. Learn how; send $2 to P.O. Box 46071, Bedford, Ohio 44146. (100)

Interested in photos of tattooed men and women, especially women. Small payment possible. Send photo to P.O. Box 46071, Bedford, Ohio 44146. (100)

Buck: Happy birthday. It's been a good year, babe. Hope the next goes as fast. Always thinking of you. Love, Sweet Thang. (100)

5'11", brown eyes and hair. Down but still not out. Views from "Abroad" much appreciated! Answer all. Frank Nix #90606, DCI D/F, P.O. Box 788, Jackson, La. 70748. (100)

Be a minister. Marry, bury, etc. Legal all states. Pocket card, certificate $10. Brotherhood, Box 10672, Gladstone, Mo. 64118. (102)

Tex: If you see this, write us. Jim, YoYo, Stormy, and JoJoe. (100)

Wanted: Panhead Duo-Glide, Indian in-line 4, cash. (907) 724-1246. Loose Bruce, Box 1434, APO Seattle, 98715. (102)

Barney: Remember Bakersfield? I miss you. It's been two years, darlin'. Faraway eyes are just a call away, collect, (805) 397-8346. Val. (100)

Pussy-loving mwm, 39, 5'9", 180, gruff but gentle, seeks chick with sweet nest who loves being eaten. No strings, just good lovin'. Age, size, shape, don't matter so long as you enjoy it. If you do, write Russell, Box 11776, Coddingtown, Calif., or phone (707) 526-9974. (101)

Lonely? Need girlfriends? Send stamp. Club, Box 324, Ontario, Calif. 91761. (100)

Annie: If you need a real doctor, please come home to old W. Virginia. If you can't make it we'll come and get you. Your brothers, Corkscrew, Hardtimes, and a whole lot of concerned and infuriated bikers. Peace and love. Dove '81. (100)

To my bros in California: Stay in the wind and think of me here in Alaska. We'll ride together again someday. Got your bike together yet, Pervert? Your brother, Benny Harris. 100)

White, 19-year-old biker, in for four. Want long lines and nice flicks from foxy chicks. Broad-minded and open-hearted gals, please write! All letters will be answered; pix get answered asap. Send to Kelly Robinson #317682, Clemens Unit D-2-3, Rt. 1, Box 1077, Brazoria, Tex. 77422. (100)

Happy belated birthday, Ed Parsons, from the muthas of Hensel, N. Dak. (100)

Sunset, in Pa.: Don't fuck with me, unless you want a divorce. Send some money for stereo and waterbed for kid, you lousy, lying bastard! Oh yeah, happy late 1st anniversary 6/21/81. Love. Midnight. Send to R.R. 2, Box 73, Hooper, Neb. 68031. (100)

Skulls: Life-size, hydrostone cast directly from human skull, $14.95. North Sculpture Company, Box 71, Merrick, N.Y. 11566. Distributors wanted. (100)

H-D dashboard alternative. Fits fatbobs 1936 and up. Replaces all factory dash parts with one light, strong unit. Accepts small speedo. As seen feature, issue 87, page 14. $89.95. For information or order write Dan Spurr Ent., Box 1428, Duxbury, Mass. 02332. (101)

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